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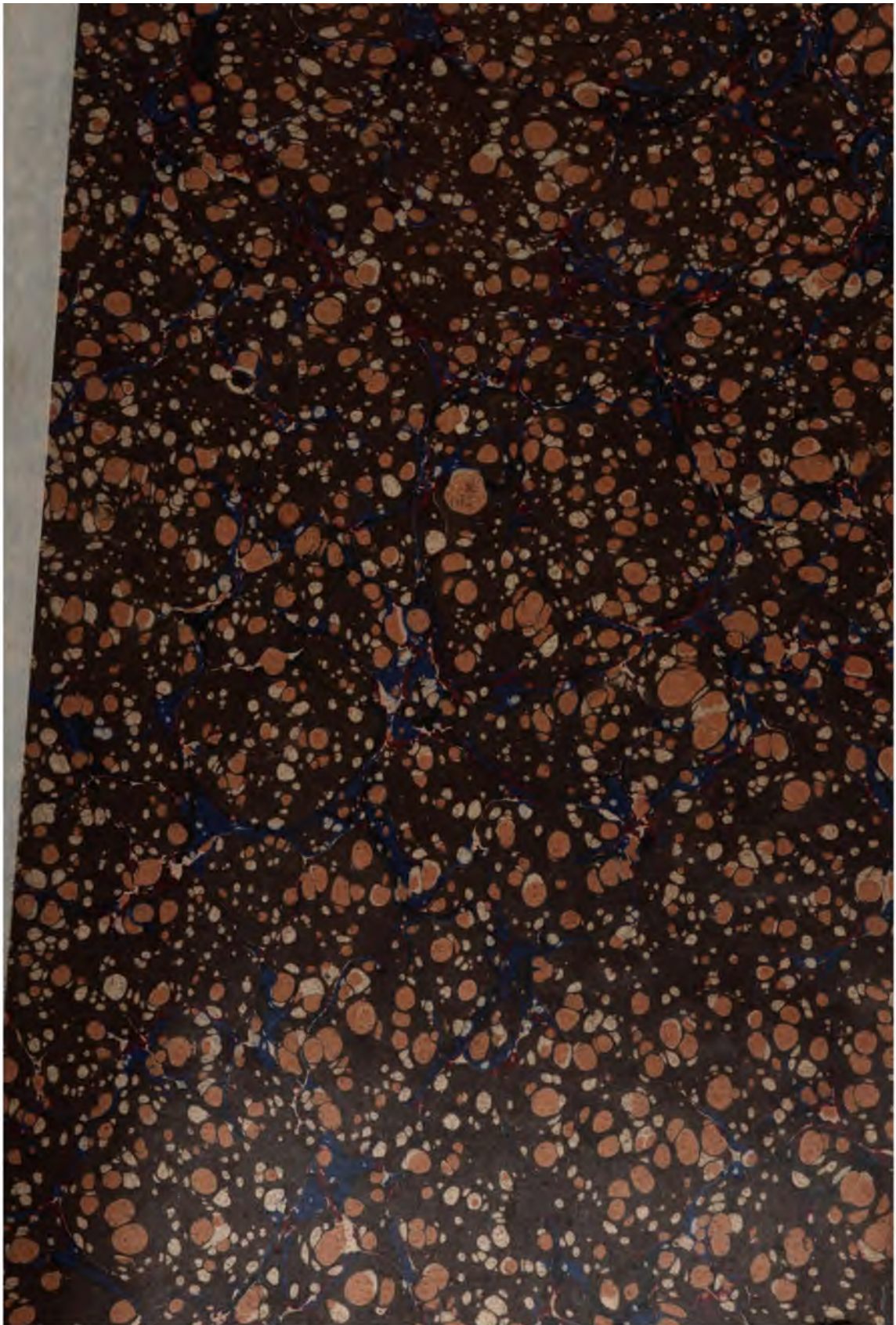
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The Chronicle History

OF

HENRY THE FIFTH.



REPRINT OF FIRST QUARTO, 1600.



PUBLISHED FOR

The New Shakspeare Society

BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57, 59, LUDGATE HILL,

LONDON, 1875.

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Series II. No. 5.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

The Chronicle History
OF
HENRY THE FIFTH.

REPRINT OF FIRST QUARTO, 1600.

THE
CRONICLE

History of Henry the fift,
With his battell fought at *Agin Court* in
France. Together with *Auntient*
Pistoll.

*As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable
the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.*



LONDON

Printed by *Thomas Creede*, for Tho. Milling-
ton, and Iohn Busby And are to be
fold at his house in Carter Lane, next
the Powle head. 1600.

NOTICE.

Henry the Fifth.

QUARTO 1600.

THE following reprint was set up, through the liberality of Mr F. W. Cosens, from his copy of the Ashbee fac-simile of 1868. The proofs were then read with the British Museum original, C. 12. g., King's, and where there was a blurred letter or other cause of doubt, Mr W. Aldis Wright referred for me to the Capell quarto. Afterwards the revises were read with Mr Henry Huth's quarto kindly lent me for that purpose.

Each page, in its general arrangement and in each line, fac-similes the original as much as possible. The old and worn, and sometimes more than worn type, is not of course imitated. Nor the paper, which may be said to be of about the average quality of these quarto pamphlets, thin, but not so poor as in some, nor so good as in others. Nor have those occasional curvings and irregularities of the lines which betoken over-carelessness in the compositor been followed. Nor that over-size of the Roman capitals which caused him now and then to place them rather below line, nor the somewhat varied shapes of some of the italic capitals. Nor is the occasional non-spacing of a colon or semicolon, nor the frequent non-spacing after a comma, followed, unless occasionally by way of example; had it been, the openness of the reprint as compared with the greater closeness of the words in the original would have over-exaggerated an irregularity, which, as regards the comma, is so constant a practice in books of that period that it can hardly be called an irregularity. Nor except on p. 16 have the displacements of letters a little out of the level of the rest been imitated. But all other irregularities and errors have, that the reader may know something of what the old quarto is like, and be enabled to judge, as far as may be, of its character. With this view it may be worth adding by way of note, that as the substitutions of italic capitals for Roman, and the reverse, occur chiefly in groups, it may be inferred that they were not so much due to error, as to the temporary exhaustion of the case.

The original being unpagged, its signatures are given, and below

Notice.

first, the reprint signatures and paging. There being also no general title, scenes or acts, and the folio division being into acts only and that wrongly, the modern numberings of the folio or scene text have been added, each in its corresponding place. Thus the first scene of the quarto corresponds with Act I. Sc. 2 of the folio text, and is numbered [I. 2], and so onwards. I. 1, II. 1, and IV. 2 are wanting, but as the order of sequence is the same,—except that IV. 5 precedes IV. 4,—inter-reference is made there (see).

Second and third editions of this quarto were printed by Thomas Creede for Thomas Pavier in 1602 and 1608. Of these the second may be called a mere reprint. The third—which, whether from exhaustion of the second edition or other cause, was also printed from the first—re-divides some of the lines and adds a few words, chiefly with an intent to improve what the improver took to be the metre. The variations of both will be given in the parallel-text edition of the quarto and folio, but they neither aid in determining the character of this first quarto, nor in the correction of the folio text.

B. NICHOLSON.

The Chronicle Historie

of *Henry* the fift: with his battel fought
at *Agin Court* in *France*. Together with
Auncient Pistoll.

[I. 2] Enter King Henry, Exeter, 2. Bishops Clarence, and other
Attendants.

Exeter.

S Hall I call in Thambassadors my Liege?
King. Not yet my Coufin, til we be resolute
Of some ferious matters touching vs and *France*.

4 *Bi.* God and his Angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Shure we thank you. And good my Lord proceed
Why the Lawe *Salicke* which they haue in *France*,

8 Or should or should not, stop vs in our clayme:
And God forbid my wife and learned Lord,
That you should fashion, frame, or wrest the same.
For God doth know how many now in health,

12 Shall drop their blood in approbation,
Of what your reuerence shall incite vs too.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of warre:

16 We charge you in the name of God take heed.
After this coniuration, speake my Lord:
And we will iudge, note, and beleue in heart,
That what you speake, is washt as pure

20 As sin in baptisme.

A 2

Bi/h.

The Chronicle Historie

Then heare me gracious soueraigne, and you peeres, Which owe your liues, your faith and seruices To this imperiall throne.	[I. 2]
There is no bar to stay your highnesse claime to <i>France</i> But one, which they produce from <i>Faramont</i> , No female shall succeed in falicke land, Which falicke land the French vniustly gloze To be the realme of <i>France</i> :	24 28
And <i>Faramont</i> the founder of this law and female barre : Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme That the land falicke lyes in <i>Germany</i> , Betweene the fouds of <i>Sabeck</i> and of <i>Elme</i> ,	32
Where <i>Charles</i> the fift hauing subdude the Saxons, There left behind, and setled certaine French, Who holding in disdaine the Germaine women, For some dishonest maners of their liues, Establisht there this lawe. To wit,	36
No female shall succeed in falicke land : Which falicke land as I said before, Is at this time in <i>Germany</i> called <i>Mefene</i> :	40
Thus doth it well appeare the falicke lawe Was not deuised for the realme of <i>France</i> , Nor did the French possesse the falicke land, Vntill 400. one and twentie yeares	44
After the function of king <i>Faramont</i> , Godly supposed the founder of this lawe : <i>Hugh Capet</i> also that vsurpt the crowne, To fine his title with some shoue of truth,	48
When in pure truth it was corrupt and naught : Conuaid himselfe as heire to the Lady <i>Inger</i> , Daughter to <i>Charles</i> , the foresaid Duke of <i>Lorain</i> ,	52
So that as cleare as is the sommers Sun, King <i>Pippinus</i> title and <i>Hugh Capets</i> claime, King <i>Charles</i> his satisfaction all appeare. To hold in right and title of the female :	56
So do the Lords of <i>France</i> vntil this day, Howbeit they would hold vp this falick lawe	

To

of Henry the fift.

- [I. 2] To bar your highnesse claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
60 Then amply to imbrace their crooked causes,
Vfurpt from you and your progenitors. (claime ?
K. May we with right & conscience make this
Bi. The sin vpon my head dread soueraigne.
- 64 For in the booke of Numbers is it writ,
When the sonne dies, let the inheritance
Descend vnto the daughter.
Noble Lord stand for your owne,
68 Vnwinde your bloody flagge,
Go my dread Lord to your great graunfirs graue,
From whom you clayme :
And your great Vncle *Edward* the blacke Prince,
72 Who on the French ground playd a Tragedy
Making defeat on the full power of *France*,
Whilest his most mighty father on a hill,
Stood smiling to behold his Lyons whelpe,
76 Foraging blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble English that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces the full power of *France* :
And let an other halfe stand laughing by,
80 All out of worke, and cold for action.
King. We must not onely arme vs against the French,
But lay downe our proportion for the Scot,
Who will make rode vpon vs with all aduantages.
- 84 Bi. The Marches gracious soueraigne, shalbe sufficient
To guardyour *England* from the pilfering borderers.
King. We do not meane the courting sneakers onely,
But feare the mayne entendement of the Scot,
88 For you shall read, neuer my great grandfather
Vnmaskt his power for *France*,
But that the Scot on his vnfurnisht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tide into a breach,
92 That *England* being empty of defences,
Hath shooke and trembled at the brute hereof.
Bi. She hath bin then more feared then hurt my Lord :

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For heare her but examplified by her selfe,	[I. 2]
When all her chialry hath bene in <i>France</i>	96
And she a mourning widow of her Nobles,	
She hath her selfe not only well defended,	
But taken and impounded as a stray, the king of Scots,	
Whom like a caytiffe she did leade to <i>France</i> ,	100
Filling your Chronicles as rich with praise	
As is the owse and bottome of the sea	
With funken wrack and shipleffe treasurie.	
<i>Lord.</i> There is a saying very old and true,	104
If you will <i>France</i> win,	
Then with <i>Scotland</i> first begin :	
For once the Eagle, England being in pray,	
To his vnfurnish nest the weazel Scot	108
Would suck her eggs, playing the mouse in absence of the	
To spoyle and hauock more then she can eat. (cat :	
<i>Exe.</i> It followes then, the cat must stay at home,	
Yet that is but a curst necessitie,	112
Since we haue trappes to catch the petty theeues :	
Whilste that the armed hand doth fight abroad	
The aduised head controlles at home :	
For government though high or lowe, being put into parts,	116
Congrueth with a mutuall consent like musicke.	
<i>Bi.</i> True : therefore doth heauen diuide the fate of man	
in diuers functions.	
Whereto is added as an ayme or but, obedience :	
For so liue the honey Bees, creatures that by awe	120
Ordaine an act of order to a peopeld Kingdome :	
They haue a King and officers of sort,	
Where some like Magistrates correct at home :	
Others like Marchants venture trade abroad :	124
Others like souldiers armed in their stings,	
Make boote vpon the fommers veluet bud :	
Which pillage they with mery march bring home	
To the tent royall of their Emperour,	128
Who busied in his maiestie, behold	
The finging mafons building roofes of gold :	

The

of Henry the fifth.

- [I. 2] The ciuell citizens lading vp the honey,
132 The sad eyde Iustice with his furly humme,
Deliuering vp to executors pale, the lazy caning Drone.
This I infer, that 20. actions once a foote,
May all end in one moment.
- 136 As many Arrowes lofed feuerall wayes, flye to one marke :
As many feuerall wayes meete in one towne :
As many fresh streames run in one selfe sea :
As many lines close in the dyall center :
- 140 So may a thousand actions once a foote,
End in one moment, and be all well borne without defect.
Therefore my Liege to *France*,
Diuide your happy England into foure,
- 144 Of which take you one quarter into *France*,
And you withall, shall make all *Gallia* shake.
If we with thrice that power left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doore from the dogge,
- 148 Let vs be beaten, and from henceforth lose
The name of pollicy and hardinesse.
Ki. Call in the messenger sent frō the Dolphin,
And by your ayde, the noble finewes of our land,
- 152 *France* being ours, weele bring it to our awe,
Or breake it all in peeces :
Eyther our Chronicles shal with full mouth speak
Freely of our acts,
- 156 Or else like toonglesse mutes
Not worshipt with a paper Epitaph :
Enter Thambassādors from France.
Now are we well prepared to know the Dolphins pleasure,
For we heare your comming is from him.
- 160 *Ambassā.* Pleaseth your Maiestie to giue vs leau
Freely to render what we haue in charge :
Or shall I sparingly shew a farre off,
The Dolphins pleasure and our Embassage ?
- 164 *King.* We are no tyrant, but a Christian King,
To whom our spirit is as subiect,
As are our wretches fettered in our prisons.

There-

The Chronicle Historie

Therefore freely and with vncurbed boldnesse [I. 2]
Tell vs the Dolphins minde. 168
Ambaf. Then this in fine the Dolphin saith,
Whereas you clayme certaine Townes in *France*,
From your predecessor king *Edward* the third,
This he returnes. 172
He saith, theres nought in *France* that can be with a nimble
Galliard wonne : you cannot reuel into Dukedomes there :
Therefore he sendeth meeter for your study,
This tunne of treasure : and in lieu of this, 176
Desires to let the Dukedomes that you craue
Hear no more from you : This the Dolphin saith.
King. What treasure Vncle ?
Exc. Tennis balles my Liege. 180
King. We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with vs,
Your message and his present we accept :
When we haue matched our rackets to these balles,
We will by Gods grace play such a fet, 184
Shall strike his fathers crowne into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the Courts of *France* shall be disturbd with chafes.
And we vnderstand him well, how he comes ore vs 188
With our wilder dayes, not meafuring what vse we made
of them.
We neuer valued this poore seate of England.
And therefore gauē our selues to barbarous licence :
As tis common seene that men are merriest when they are 192
from home.
But tell the Dolphin we will keepe our state,
Be like a King, mightie and commaund,
When we do rowse vs in throne of *France* :
Forthis haue we laid by our Maieftie 196
And plodded lide a man for working dayes.
But we will rise there with so full of glory,
That we will dazell all the eyes of *France*,
I strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs, (stones, 200
And tell him this, his mock hath turnd his balles to gun
And

of Henry the fift.

[I. 2.] And his foule shall fit fore charged for the wafffull

(vengeance

That shall flye from them. For this his mocke

204 Shall mocke many a wife out of their deare husbands.

Mocke mothers from their fonnes, mocke Castles downe,

I some are yet vngotten and vnborne,

That shall haue cause to curse the Dolphins scorne.

208 But this lyes all within the will of God, to whom we doo

(appeale,

And in whose name tel you the Dolphin we are coming on

To venge vs as we may, and to put forth our hand

In a rightfull cause: so get you hence, and tell your Prince,

212 His Iest will sauour but of shallow wit,

When thousands weepe, more then did laugh at it.

Conuey them with safe conduct: see them hence.

Exe. This was a merry message.

216 *King.* We hope to make the sencer blush at it:

Therefore let our collectiō for the wars be soone prouided:

For God before, weell check the Dolphin at his fathers

(doore.

Therefore let every man now taske his thought,

220 That this faire action may on foote be brought.

Exeunt omnes.

[II. 1] *Enter Nim and Bardolfe.*

Bar. Godmorrow Corporall *Nim.*

Nim. Godmorrow Lieftenant *Bardolfe.*

Bar. What is antient *Pistoll* and thee friends yet?

4 *Nim.* I cannot tell, things must be as they may:

I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine Iron:

It is a simple one, but what tho; it will ferue to toste cheefe,

And it will endure cold as an other mans sword will,

8 And theres the humor of it.

Bar. Yfaith mistresse quickly did thee great wrong,

For thou weart troth plight to her.

B

Nim. I

The Chronicle Historie

Nim. I must do as I may, tho patience be a tyred mare, [II. 1]
 Yet these piſtols, and some ſay knives haue edges, 12
 And men may ſleepe and haue their throtes about them
 At that time, and there is the humour of it.

Bar. Come yfaith, Ile beſtow a breakfast to make *Piſtoll*
 And theeſe friendes. What a plague ſhould we carrie knives 16
 To cut our owne throates.

Nim. Yfaith Ile liue as long as I may, thats the certaine of it.
 And when I cannot liue any longer, Ile do as I may,
 And theres my reſt, and the rendezuous of it. 20

Enter Piſtoll and Hoſtes Quickly, his wife.

Bar. Godmorrow ancient *Piſtoll*.

Here comes ancient *Piſtoll*, I pritheee *Nim* be quiet.

Nim. How do you my Hoſte?

Piſt. Baſe ſlaue, calleſt thou me hoſte? 24

Now by gods lugges I ſweare, I ſcorne the title,
 Nor ſhall my *Nell* keepe lodging.

Hoſt. No by my troath not I,

For we canot bed nor boord half a ſcore honeſt gētlewomē 28

That liue honeſtly by the prick of their needle,
 But it is thought ſtraight we keepe a bawdy-houſe.

O Lord heeres Corporall *Nims*, now ſhall

We haue wilful adultry and murder committed: 32

Good Corporall *Nim* ſhew the valour of a man,
 And put vp your ſword.

Nim. Puſh.

Piſt. What doſt thou puſh, thou prickeard cur of Iſeland? 36

Nim. Will you ſhog off? I would haue you ſolus.

Piſt. Solus egregious dog, that ſolus in thy throte.

And in thy lungs, and which is worſe, within

Thy meſſull mouth, I do retort that ſolus in thy 40

Bowels, and in thy Iaw, perdie: for I can talke,

And *Piſtolls* flaſhing firy cock is vp.

Nim. I am not *Barbaſom*, you cannot coniure me:

I haue an humour *Piſtoll* to knock you indifferently well, 44

And you fall foule with me *Piſtoll*, Ile ſcoure you with my
 Rapier

of Henry the first.

[II. 1] Rapier in faire termes. If you will walke off a little,
Ile prick your guts a litle in good termes,

48 And theres the humour of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Graue doth gape, and groaning
Death is neare, therefore exall.

They drawe.

52 *Bar.* Heare me, he that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him, as I am a souldier.

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.

Nim. Ile cut your throat at one time or an other in faire

56 And theres the humor of it. (termes,

Pist. Couple gorge is the word, I thee defie agen :

A damned hound, thinkst thou my spoufe to get ?

No, to the powdering tub of infamy,

60 Fetch forth the lazar kite of Crefides kinde,

Doll Tear-sheete, she by name, and her espowfe

I haue, and I will hold, the quandom quickly,

For the onely she and Paco, there it is inough.

Enter the Boy.

64 *Boy.* Hoftes you must come straight to my maister,

And you Hofst *Pistoll.* Good *Bardolfe*

Put thy nose betweene the sheetes, and do the office of a

(warming pan.

Host. By my troath heele yeeld the crow a pudding one

(of these dayes.

68 Ile go to him, husband youle come ?

Bar. Come *Pistoll* be friends.

Nim prithee be friends, and if thou wilt not be

Enemies with me too.

72 *Ni.* I shal haue my eight shillings I woon of you at beating?

Pist. Bafe is the slaue that payes.

Nim. That now I will haue, and theres the humor of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound. *They draw.*

76 *Bar.* He that strikes the first blow,

Ile kill him by this sword.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oathes must haue their course.

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Nim. I shall haue my eight shillings I wonne of you at beating? [II. 1]
Pist. A noble shalt thou haue, and readie pay, 80
And liquor likewise will I giue to thee,
And friendship shall combind and brotherhood :
He liue by *Nim* as *Nim* shall liue by me :
Is not this iust? for I shall Sutler be 84
Vnto the Campe, and profit will occrue.
Nim. I shall haue my noble?
Pist. In cash most truly paid.
Nim. Why theres the humour of it. 88-

Enter Hofles.

Hofles. As euer you came of men come in,
Sir *Iohn* poore soule is so troubled
With a burning tashan contigian feuer, tis wonderfull.
Pist. Let vs condoll the knight: for lamkins we will liue. 92
Exeunt omnes.

Enter Exeter and Gloster. [II. 2]

Glost. Before God my Lord, his Grace is too bold to trust
these traytors.
Exe. They shalbe apprehended by and by.
Glost. I but the man that was his bedfellow
Whom he hath cloyed and graced with princely fauours 4
That he should for a forraine purfe, to fell
His Soueraignes life to death and trechery.
Exe. O the Lord of *Mafsham*.

Enter the King and three Lords.

King. Now firs the windes faire, and we wil aboard; 8
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my Lord of *Mafsham*,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts,
Do you not thinke the power we beare with vs,
Will make vs conquerors in the field of *France*? 12
Mafsa. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.
Cam. Neuer

of Henry the fift.

[II. 2] *Cam.* Neuer was Monarch better feared and loued then
is your maiestie.

Gray. Euent hofe that were your fathers enemies
16 Haue fteeped their galles in honey for your fake.

King. We therefore haue great caufe of thankfulneffe,
And fhall forget the office of our hands :
Sooner then reward and merit,

20 According to their caufe and worthineffe.

Mafha. So feruice fhall with fteeled finewes fhine,
And labour fhall refresh it felfe with hope
To do your Grace inceffant feruice.

24 *King.* Vncle of *Exeter*, enlarge the man
Committed yefterday, that rayled againft our perfon,
We confider it was the heate of wine that fet him on,
And on his more aduice we pardon him.

28 *Mafha.* That is mercie, but too much securitie :
Let him bee punifht Soueraigne, leaft the example of
(him,

Breed more of fuch a kinde.

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

32 *Cam.* So may your highneffe, and punifh too.

Gray. You fhew great mercie if you giue him life,
After the tafte of his correction.

King. Alas your too much care and loue of me
36 Are heauy orifons gainft the poore wretch,
If litle faults proceeding on diftemper fhould not bee
(winked at,

How fhould we fretch our eye, when capitall crimes,
Chewed, fwallowed and digefted, appeare before vs :

40 Well yet enlarge the man, tho Cambridge and the reft
In their deare loues, and tender preferuation of our ftate,
Would haue him punifht.
Now to our French caufes.

44 Who are the late Commiffioners ?

Cam. Me one my Lord, your highneffe bad me afke for
it to day.

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<i>Mash.</i> So did you me my Soueraigne.	[II. 2]
<i>Gray.</i> And me my Lord.	
<i>King.</i> Then <i>Richard Earle of Cambridge</i> there is yours.	48
There is yours my Lord of <i>Masham</i> .	
And fir <i>Thomas Gray</i> knight of <i>Northumberland</i> , this fame is	
Read them, and know we know your worthinesse. (yours :	
Vnckle <i>Exeter</i> I will aboard to night.	52
Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour ?	
What see you in those papers	
That hath so chafed your blood out of apparence ?	
<i>Cam.</i> I do confesse my fault, and do submit me	56
To your highnesse mercie.	
<i>Mash.</i> To which we all appeale.	
<i>King.</i> The mercy which was quit in vs but late,	
By your owne reasons is forestald and done :	60
You must not dare for shame to aske for mercy,	
For your owne conscience turue vpon your bosomes,	
As dogs vpon their maisters worrying them.	
See you my Princes, and my noble Peeres,	64
These English monsters :	
My Lord of <i>Cambridge</i> here,	
You know how apt we were to grace him,	
In all things belonging to his honour :	68
And this vilde man hath for a fewe light crownes,	
Lightly conspired and sworne vnto the practises of <i>France</i> :	
To kill vs here in <i>Hampton</i> . To the which,	
This knight no lesse in bountie bound to vs	72
Then <i>Cambridge</i> is, haah likewise sworne.	
But oh what shall I say to thee false man,	
Thou cruell ingratefull and inhumane creature,	
Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsell,	76
That knewst the very secrets of my heart,	
That almost mightest a coyned me into gold,	
Wouldest thou a practise on me for thy vse :	
Can it be possible that out of thee	80
Should proceed one sparke that might annoy my finger ?	

Tis

of Henry the first.

- [II. 2] Tis so strange, that tho the truth doth shoue as grosse
As black from white, mine eye wil scarcely see it.
84 Their faults are open, arrest them to the answer of the lawe,
And God acquit them of their practises.
Exe. I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Richard*, Earle of *Cambridge*.
88 I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Henry*, Lord of *Masham*.
I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Thomas Gray*, knight of *Northumberland*.
92 *Mash.* Our purposes God iustly hath discovered,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beseech your maiestie forgieue,
Altho my body pay the price of it.
96 *King.* God quit you in his mercy. Heare your sentence.
You haue conspired against our royall person,
Ioyned with an enemy proclaimed and fixed.
And fro his coffers receiued the golden earnest of our death
100 Touching our person we seeke no redresse.
But we our kingdomes safetie must so tender
Whose ruine you haue fought,
That to our lawes we do deliuer you. death,
104 Get ye therefore hence: poore miserable creatures to your
The taste whereof, God in his mercy giue you (amisse:
Patience to endure, and true repentance of all your deeds
Beare them hence.
- Exit three Lords.*
- 108 Now Lords to *France*. The enterprise whereof,
Shall be to you as vs, successiuelly.
Since God cut off this dangerous treason lurking in our way
Cheerly to sea, the signes of war aduance:
112 No King of England, if not King of *France*.

Exit omnes.

Enter

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Enter Nim, Pistoll, Bardolfe, Hoftes and a Boy. [II. 3]

Hofst. I prethy sweete heart, let me bring thee so farre as
(*Stanes.*)

Pist. No fur, no fur.

Bar. Well fir *John* is gone. God be with him.

Hofst. I, he is in *Arthors* bosom, if euer any were: 4
He went away as if it were a crysombd childe,

Betweene twelue and one,

Iust at turning of the tide:

His nose was as sharpe as a pen: 8

For when I saw him fumble with the sheetes,

And talk of floures, and smile vpō his fingers ends

I knew there was no way but one.

How now fir *John* quoth I? 12

And he cryed three times, God, God, God,

Now I to comfort him, bad him not think of God,

I hope there was no such need.

Then he bad me put more cloathes at his feete: 16

And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any stone:

And to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone.

And so vpward, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nim. They say he cride out on Sack. 20

Hofst. I that he did.

Boy. And of women.

Hofst. No that he did not.

Boy. Yes that he did: and he fed they were diuels incarnat. 24

Hofst. Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued.

Nim. Well he did cry out on women.

Hofst. Indeed he did in some fort handle women,

But then he was rumaticke, and talkt of the whore of 28

(*Babylon.*)

Boy. Hoftes do you remember he saw a Flea stand

Vpon *Bardolfes* Nose, and fed it was a black soule

Burning in hell fire?

Bar.

of Henry the fift.

- [II. 3] *Bar.* Well, God be with him,
That was all the wealth I got in his seruice.
Nim. Shall we shog off?
The king wil be gone from *Southampton*.
36 *Pist.* Cleare vp thy cristalles,
Looke to my chattels and my moueables.
Trust none: the word is pitch and pay:
Mens words are wafer cakes,
40 And holdfast is the only dog my deare.
Therefore cophetua be thy counfellow,
Touch her soft lips and part.
Bar. Farewell hostes.
44 *Nim.* I cannot kis: and theres the humor of it.
But adieu
Pist. Keepe fast thy buggle boe.

Exit omnes.

- [II. 4] *Enter King of France, Bourbon, Dolphin,*
and others.

King. Now you Lords of *Orleance*,
Of Bourbon, and of *Berry*,
You see the King of England is not slack,
4 For he is footed on this land alreadie.
Dolphin. My gracious Lord, tis meet we all goe
And arme vs against the foe: (foorth,
And view the weak & sickly parts of *France*:
8 But let vs do it with no show of feare,
No with no more, then if we heard
England were busied with a Moris dance.
For my good Lord, she is so idely kingd,
12 Her sceptor so fantastically borne,
So guided by a shallow humorous youth,
That feare attends her not.
Con. O peace Prince *Dolphin*, you deceiue your selfe,
C Question

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Question your grace the late Embassador, [II. 4]
With what regard he heard his Embassage,
How well supplied with aged Counsellours,
And how his resolution answered him,
You then would say that *Harry* was not wilde. 20
King. Well thinke we *Harry* strong :
And strongly arme vs to preuent the foe.
Con. My Lord here is an Embassador
From the King of England. 24
Kin. Bid him come in.
You see this chafe is hotly followed Lords.
Dol. My gracious father, cut vp this English short,
Selfeloue my Liege is not so vile a thing, 28
As selfe neglecting.
Enter Exeter.
King. From our brother England ?
Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maiestie :
He wils you in the name of God Almightye, 32
That you deuest your selfe and lay apart
That borrowed tytle, which by gift of heauen,
Of lawe of nature, and of nations, longs
To him and to his heires, namely the crowne 36
And all wide stretched titles that belongs
Vnto the Crowne of *France*, that you may know
Tis no sinister, nor no awkeward claime,
Pickt from the wormeholes of old vanisht dayes, 40
Nor from the dust of old obliuion rackte,
He sends you these most memorable lynes,
In euery branch truly demonstrated :
Willing you ouerlooke this pedigree, 44
And when you finde him euenly deriued
From his most famed and famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resigne
Your crowne and kingdome, indirectly held 48
From him, the natiue and true challenger.

King.

of Henry the first.

- [II. 4] *King.* If not, what follows?
Exe. Bloody constraint, for if you hide the crown
52 Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempest is he comming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Ioue*,
That if requiring faile, he will compell it:
56 And on your heads turnes he the widowes teares,
The Orphanes cries, the dead mens bones,
The pining maydens grones,
For husbands, fathers, and distressed louers,
60 Which shall be swallowed in this controuersie.
This is his claime, his threatning, and my message.
Vnles the *Dolphin* be in presence here,
To whom expressly we bring greeting too.
64 *Dol.* For the *Dolphin*? I stand here for him,
What to heare from England.
Exe. Scorn & defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
68 The mightie sencer, doth he prife you at:
Thus faith my king. Vnles your fathers highnesse
Sweeten the bitter mocke you sent his Maiestie,
Heele call you to so loud an answere for it,
72 That caues and wombely vaultes of *France*
Shall chide your trespassse, and return your mock,
In second accent of his ordenance.
Dol. Say that my father render faire reply,
76 It is against my will:
For I desire nothing so much,
As oddes with England.
And for that cause according to his youth
80 I did present him with those *Paris* balles.
Exe. Heele make your *Paris* Louer shake for it,
Were it the mistresse Court of mightie *Europe*.
And be assured, youle finde a difference
84 As we his subiects haue in wonder found:

C 2

Betweene

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Betweene his yonger dayes and these he musters now, [II. 4]
 Now he wayes time euen to the latestt graine,
 Which you shall finde in your owne losses
 If he stay in *France*. 88

King. Well for vs, you shall returne our answere backe
 To our brother England.

Exit omnes.

Enter Nim, Bardolfe, Pistoll, Boy.

[III. 2]

Nim. Before God here is hote seruice.

Pist. Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come,
 Gods vassals drop and die.

Nim. Tis honor, and theres the humor of it. 4

Boy. Would I were in London :

Ide giue all my honor for a pot of Ale.

Pist. And I. If wishes would preuaile,
 I would not stay, but thither would I hie. 8

Enter Flewellen aud beates them in.

Flew. Godes plud vp to the breaches
 You rascals, will you not vp to the breaches ?

Nim. Abate thy rage sweete knight,
 Abate thy rage. 12

Boy. Well I would I were once from them :
 They would haue me as familiar
 With mens pockets, as their gloues, and their
 Handkerchers, they will steale any thing. 16

Bardolfe stole a Lute case, carryed it three mile,
 And fold it for three hapence.

Nim stole a fier shouell.

I knew by that, they meant to carry coales : 20
 Well, if they will not leaue me,
 I meane to leaue them.

Exit Nim, Bardolfe, Pistoll, and the Boy.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Gaptain *Flewellen*, you must come strait
 To the Mines, to the Duke of *Gloster*. 24

Looke

of Henry the first.

[III. 2] *Fleu.* Looke you, tell the Duke it is not so good
To come to the mines : the concuaeties is otherwife.
You may discusse to the Duke, the enemy is digd
28 Himfelfe fiue yardes vnder the countermines :
By *Iesus* I thinke heele blowe vp all
If there be no better direction.

[III. 3] *Enter the King and his Lords alarum.*

King. How yet resolues the Gouvernour of the Towne ?
This is the latest parley weele admit :
Therefore to our best mercie giue your selues,
4 Or like to men proud of destruction, desie vs to our worst,
For as I am a fouldier, a name that in my thoughts
Becomes me best, if we begin the battery once againe
I will not leaue the halfe atchieued Harflew,
8 Till in her ashes she be buried,
The gates of mercie are all shut vp.
What say you, will you yeeld and this auoyd,
Or guiltie in defence be thus destroyed ?

Enter Gouvernour.

12 *Gouer.* Our expectation hath this day an end :
The Dolphin whom of succour we entreated,
Returnes vs word, his powers are not yet ready,
To raise so great a siege : therefore dread King,
16 We yeeld our towne and liues to thy soft mercie :
Enter our gates, dispose of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defenfue now.

[III. 4] *Enter Katherine, Alice.*

Kate. *Alice* venecia, vous aues cates en,
Vou parte fort bon Angloys englatara,
Coman sae palla vou la main en francoy.

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Alice. La main madam de han. [III. 4]
Kate. E da bras.
Alice. De arma madam.
Kate. Le main da han la bras de arma.
Alice. Owy e madam. 8
Kate. E Coman fa pella vow la menton a la coll.
Alice. De neck, e de cin, madam.
Kate. E de neck, e de cin, e de code.
Alice. De cudie ma foy Ie oblye, mais Ie remembre, 12
Le tude, o de elbo madam.
Kate. Ecowte Ie reherfera, towt cella que Iac apoandre,
De han, de arma, de neck, du cin, e de bilbo.
Alice. De elbo madam. 16
Kate. O Iesu, Iea obloye ma foy, ecoute Ie recontera
De han, de arma, de neck, de cin, e de elbo, e ca bon.
Alice. Ma foy madam, vow parla au fé bon Angloys
Afie vous aues ettue en Englatara. 20
Kate. Par la grace de deu an pettie tanes, Ie parle milleur
Coman fé pella vou le peid e le robe.
Alice. Le foot, e le con.
Kate. Le fot, e le con, ô Iesu ! Ie ne vew poinct parle, 24
Sie plus deuant le che cheualires de franca,
Pur one million ma foy.
Alice, Madam, de foote, e le con.
Kate. O et ill aufie, ecowte *Alice,* de han, de arma, 28
De neck, de cin, le foote, e de con.
Alice. Cet fort bon madam.
Kate. Aloues a diner.

Exit omnes.

*Enter King of France Lord Constable, the Dolphin, [III. 5]
and Burbon.*

King. Tis certaine he is paff the Riuer Some.
Con. Mordeu ma via : Shall a few spranes of vs,

The

of Henry the first.

[III. 5] The emptying of our fathers luxerie,

4 Outgrow their grafters.

Bur. Normanes, basterd Normanes, mor du

And if they passe vnfoughtwithall,

Ile sell my Dukedome for a foggy farme

8 In that short nooke Ile of England.

Const. Why whence haue they this mettall ?

Is not their clymate raw, foggy and colde.

On whom as in disdaine, the Sunne lookes pale ?

12 Can barley broath, a drench for swolne Iades

Their sodden water decockt such liuely blood ?

And shall our quick blood spirited with wine

Seeme frosty ? O for honour of our names,

16 Let vs not hang like frozen Iicesickles

Vpon our houses tops, while they a more frosty clymate

Sweate drops of youthfull blood.

King. Constable dispatch, send Montioy forth,

20 To know what willing raunfome he will giue ?

Sonne *Dolphin* you shall stay in *Rone* with me.

Dol. Not so I do beseech your Maiestie.

King. Well, I say it shalbe so.

Excunt omnes.

[III. 6]

Enter Gower.

Go. How now Captain *Flewellen*, come you frō the bridge?

Flew. By Iesus thers excellēt seruice cōmitted at ȝ bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of *Exeter* safe?

4 *Flew.* The duke of *Exeter* is a mā whom I loue, & I honor,

And I worship, with my soule, and my heart, and my life,

And my lands and my liuings,

And my vttermoost powers.

8 The Duke is looke you,

God be praised and pleased for it, no harme in the worrell,

He is maintain the bridge very gallently : there is an Ensigne

There,

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There, I do not know how you call him, but by Iesus I think [III. 6]
He is as valient a man as *Marke Anthonie*, he doth maintain 12
the bridge most gallantly: yet he is a man of no reckoning:
But I did see him do gallant seruice.

Gouer. How do you call him?

Flew. His name is ancient *Pistoll*. 16

Gouer. I know him not.

Enter Ancient Pistoll.

Flew. Do you not know him, here comes the man.

Pist. Captaine, I thee beseech to do me fauour,
The Duke of *Exeter* doth loue thee well. 20

Flew. I, and I praise God I haue merrited some loue at
(his hands.

Pist. *Bardolfe* a souldier, one of buxfome valour,
Hath by furious fate
And giddy Fortunes fickle wheele, 24

That Godes blinde that stands vpon the rowling restlesse
(stone.

Flew. By your patience ancient *Pistoll*,
Fortune, looke you is painted,
Plind with a muffler before her eyes, 28

To signifie to you, that Fortune is plind:
And she is moreouer painted with a wheele,
Which is the morall that Fortune is turning,
And inconstant, and variation; and mutabilities: 32

And her fate is fixed at a sphericall stone
Which rouses, and rouses, and rouses:
Surely the Poet is make an excellēt descriptiō of Fortune.
Fortune looke you is and excellent morall. 36

Pist. Fortune is *Bardolfe's* foe, and frownes on him,
For he hath stolne a packs, and hanged must he be:
A damned death, let gallowes gape for dogs,
Let man go free, and let not death his windpipe stop. 40

But

of Henry the fift.

- [III. 6] But *Exeter* hath giuen the doome of death,
For packs of pettie price :
Therefore go speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce,
44 And let not *Bardolfes* vitall threed be cut,
With edge of penny cord, and vile approach.
Speake Captaine for his life, and I will thee requite.
Flew. Captain *Pistoll*, I partly vnderstand your meaning.
48 *Pist.* Why then reioyce therefore.
Flew. Certainly Antient *Pistol*, tis not a thing to reioyce at,
For if he were my owne brother, I would wish the Duke
To do his pleasure, and put him to executions : for look you,
52 Disciplines ought to be kept, they ought to be kept.
Pist. Die and be damned, and figa for thy friendship.
Flew. That is good.
Pist. The figge of *Spaine* within thy Iawe.
56 *Flew.* That is very well.
Pist. I say the fig within thy bowels and thy durty maw.
Exit Pistoll.
Fle. Captain *Gour*, cannot you hear it lighten & thunder ?
Gour. Why is this the Ancient you told me of ?
60 I remember him now, he is a bawd, a cutpurfe.
Flew. By Iesus heeis vtter as prauē words vpon the bridge
As you shall desire to see in a fommers day, but its all one,
What he hath fed to me, looke you, is all one.
64 *Go.* Why this is a gull, a foole, a rogue that goes to the wars
Onely to grace himselfe at his returne to London :
And such fellowes as he,
Are perfect in great Commaunders names.
68 They will learne by rote where seruices were done,
At such and such a sponce, at such a breach,
At such a conuoy : who came off brauely, who was shot,
Who disgraced, what termes the enemie stood on.
72 And this they con perfectly in phrafe of warre,
Which they trick vp with new tuned oathes, & what a berd
Of the Generalls cut, and a horid shout of the campe

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Will do among the foming bottles and alewafht wits [III. 6]
Is wonderfull to be thought on : but you must learne 76
To know such flanders of this age,
Or else you may maruellously be mistooke.

Flew. Certain captain *Gower*, it is not the man, looke you,
That I did take him to be : but when time shall serue, 80
I shall tell him a litle of my desires : here comes his Maiestie.

Enter King, Clarence, Gloster and others.

King. How now *Flewellen*, come you from the bridge ?
Flew. I and it shall please your Maiestie,
There is excellent seruice at the bridge. 84

King. What men haue you lost *Flewellen* ?
Flew. And it shall please your Maiestie,
The partition of the aduersarie hath bene great,
Very reasonably great : but for our own parts, like you now, 88
I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one
For robbing of a church, one *Bardolfe*, if your Maiestie
Know the man, his face is full of whelkes and knubs,
And pumple, and his breath blowes at his nose 92
Like a cole, sometimes red, sometimes plew :
But god be praised, now his nose is executed, & his fire out.

King. We would haue all offenders so cut off,
And we here giue expresse commaundment, 96
That there be nothing taken from the villages but paid for,
None of the French abused,
Or abraided with disdainfull language :
For when cruelty and lenitie play for a Kingdome, 100
The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.

Enter French Herald.

Hera. You know me by my habit.
Ki. Well thē, we know thee, what shuld we know of thee ?
Hera. My maisters miude. 104
King. Vnfold it.
Heral. Go thee vnto *Harry of England*, and tell him,
Aduantage is a better souldier then rashnesse :

Altho

of Henry the first.

- [III. 6] Altho we did feeme dead, we did but slumber.
Now we speake vpon our kue, and our voyce is imperiall,
England shall repent her folly : see her rashnesse,
And admire our sufferance. Which to raunfome,
112 His pettinesse would bow vnder :
For the effusion of our blood, his army is too weake :
For the disgrace we haue borne, himselfe
Kneeling at our feete, a weake and worthlesse satisfaction.
116 To this, adde defyanee. So much from the king my maister.
King. What is thy name? we know thy qualitie.
Herald. Montioy.
King. Thou dost thy office faire, returne thee backe,
120 And tell thy King, I do not seeke him now :
But could be well content, without impeach,
To march on to *Callis* : for to say the sooth,
Though tis no wifdome to confesse so much
124 Vnto an enemie of craft and vantage.
My souldiers are with sicknesse much infeeblede,
My Army lessened, and those fewe I haue,
Almost no better then so many French :
128 Who when they were in heart, I tell thee Herauld,
I thought vpon one paire of English legges,
Did march three French mens.
Yet forgiue me God, that I do brag thus :
132 This your heire of *France* hath blowne this vice in me.
I must repent, go tell thy maister here I am,
My raunfome is this frayle and worthlesse body,
My Army but a weake and sickly garde.
136 Yet God before, we will come on,
If *France* and such an other neighbour stood in our way :
If we may passe, we will : if we be hindered,
We shal your tawny ground with your red blood discolour.
140 So *Montioy* get you gone, there is for your paines :
The sum of all our answere is but this,
We would not seeke a battle as we are :

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Nor as we are, we fay we will not shun it.	[III. 6]
<i>Herauld.</i> I shall deliuer fo : thanks to your Maieftie.	144
<i>Glof.</i> My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs now.	
<i>King.</i> We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs :	
To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,	
And on to morrow bid them march away.	148
<i>Enter</i> Burbon, Constable, Orleance, Gebon.	[III. 7]
<i>Const.</i> Tut I haue the best armour in the world.	
<i>Orleance.</i> You haue an excellent armour,	
But let my horſe haue his due.	
<i>Burbon.</i> Now you talke of a horſe, I haue a ſteed like the	4
Palfrey of the fun, nothing but pure ayre and fire,	
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.	
<i>Orleance.</i> He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.	
<i>Bur.</i> And of the heate, a the Ginger.	8
Turne all the ſands into eloquent tongues,	
And my horſe is argument for them all :	
I once writ a Sonnet in the praife of my horſe,	
And began thus. Wonder of nature.	12
<i>Con.</i> I haue heard a Sonnet begin fo,	
In the praife of ones Miſtreſſe.	
<i>Burb.</i> Why then did they immitate that	
Which I writ in praife of my horſe,	16
For my horſe is my miſtreſſe.	
<i>Con.</i> Ma foy the other day, me thought	
Your miſtreſſe ſhooke you ſhrewdly.	
<i>Bur.</i> I bearing me. I tell thee Lord Conſtable,	20
My miſtreſſe weares her owne haire.	
<i>Con.</i> I could make as good a boaft of that,	
If I had had a ſow to my miſtreſſe.	
<i>Bur.</i> Tut thou wilt make vſe of anything.	24
<i>Con.</i> Yet I do not vſe my horſe for my miſtreſſe.	
<i>Bur.</i> Will it neuer be morning ?	
Ile ride too morrow a mile,	
And my way ſhalbe paued with Engliſh faces.	28
	<i>Con. By</i>

of Henry the fifth.

- [III. 7] *Con.* By my faith so will not I,
For feare I be outfaced of my way.
Bur. Well ile go arme my felfe, hay.
- 32 *Gebon.* The Duke of *Burbon* longs for morning
Or. I he longs to eate the English.
Con. I thinke heele eate all he killes.
Orle. O peace, ill will neuer said well.
- 36 *Con.* Ile cap that prouerbe,
With there is flattery in friendship.
Or. O fir, I can answere that,
With giue the diuel his due.
- 40 *Con.* Haue at the eye of that prouerbe,
With a Iogge of the diuel.
Or. Well the Duke of *Burbon*, is simply,
The most actiue Gentleman of *France*.
- 44 *Con.* Doing his actiuitie, and heele stil be doing.
Or. He neuer did hurt as I heard off.
Con. No I warrant you, nor neuer will.
Or. I hold him to be exceeding valiant.
- 48 *Con.* I was told so by one that knows him better the you.
Or. Whose that?
Con. Why he told me so himfelfe :
And said he cared not who knew it.
- 52 *Or.* Well who will go with me to hazard,
For a hundred English prisoners?
Con. You must go to hazard your felfe,
Before you haue them.
- Enter a Messenger.*
- 56 *Mess.* My Lords, the English lye within a hundred
Paces of your Tent.
Con. Who hath measured the ground?
Mess. The Lord *Granpeere*.
- 60 *Con.* A valiant man, a. an expert Gentleman.
Come, come away :
The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day. *Exit omnes.*

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<i>Enter the King disguised, to him Pistoll.</i>	[IV. 1]
<i>Pist.</i> Ke ve la?	
<i>King.</i> A friend.	
<i>Pist.</i> Difcus vnto me, art thou Gentleman?	
Or art thou common, base, and popeler?	4
<i>King.</i> No fir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.	
<i>Pist.</i> Trailes thou the puiffant pike?	
<i>King.</i> Euen so fir. What are you?	
<i>Pist.</i> As good a gentleman as the Emperour.	8
<i>King.</i> O then thou art better then the King?	
<i>Pist.</i> The kings a bago, and a hart of gold.	
<i>Pist.</i> A lad of life, an impe of fame:	
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:	12
I kis his durtie shoe: and from my hart strings	
I loue the louely bully. What is thy name?	
<i>King.</i> Harry le Roy.	
<i>Pist.</i> Le Roy, a Cornish man:	16
Art thou of Cornish crew?	
<i>Kin.</i> No fir, I am a Wealchman.	
<i>Pist.</i> A Wealchman: knowst thou <i>Flewellen</i> ?	
<i>Kin.</i> I fir, he is my kinsman.	20
<i>Pist.</i> Art thou his friend?	
<i>Kin.</i> I fir.	
<i>Pist.</i> Figa for thee then: my name is <i>Pistoll</i> .	
<i>Kin.</i> It forts well with your fiercenesse.	24
<i>Pist.</i> <i>Pistoll</i> is my name.	
<i>Exit Pistoll.</i>	
<i>Enter Gower and Flewellen.</i>	
<i>Gour.</i> Captaine <i>Flewellen</i> .	
<i>Flew.</i> In the name of Iesu speake lewer.	
It is the greatest folly in the worell, when the auncient	28
Prerogatiues of the warres be not kept.	
I warrant you, if you looke into the warres of the Romanes,	
You shall finde no tittle tattle, nor bible bable there:	
But	

of Henry the fift.

[IV. 1] But you fhall finde the cares, and the feares,
And the ceremonies, to be otherwife.

Gour. Why the enemy is loud : you heard him all night.

Flew. Godes follud, if the enemy be an Affe & a Foole,
36 And a prating cocks-come, is it meet that we be alfo a foole,
And a prating cocks-come, in your confcience now ?

Gour. Ile fpeake lower.

Flew. I befeech you do, good Captaine *Gower.*

Exit Gower, and Flewellen.

40 *Kin.* Tho it appeare a litle out of fashion,
Yet theres much care in this.

Enter three Souldiers.

1. *Soul.* Is not that the morning yonder ?

2. *Soul.* I we fee the beginning,

44 God knowes whether we fhall fee the end or no.

3. *Soul.* Well I thinke the king could with himfelfe

Vp to the necke in the middle of the Thames,

And fo I would he were, at all aduentures, and I with him.

48 *Kin.* Now mafters god morrow, what cheare ?

3. *S.* I faith fmall cheer fome of vs is like to haue,

Ere this day ende.

Kin. Why fear nothing man, the king is frolike.

52 2. *S.* I he may be, for he hath no fuch caufe as we

Kin. Nay fay not fo, he is a man as we are.

The Violet fmels to him as to vs :

Therefore if he fee reafons, he feares as we do.

56 2. *Sol.* But the king hath a heauy reckoning to make,

If his caufe be not good : when all thofe foules

Whofe bodies fhall be flaugtered here,

Shall ioyne together at the latter day,

60 And fay *I* dyed at fuch a place. Some fwearing :

Some their wiues rawly left :

Some leauing their children poore behind them.

Now

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Now if his cause be bad, I think it will be a greuous matter [IV. 1]
(to him.

King. Why fo you may say, if a man fend his seruants 64
As Factor into another Countrey,
And he by any meanes miscarry,
You may say the bufinesse of the maister,
Was the author of his seruants misfortune. 68
Or if a sonne be employd by his father,
And he fall into any leaud action, you may say the father
Was the author of his sonnes damnation.
But the master is not to answere for his seruants, 72
The father for his sonne, nor the king for his subiects :
For they purpose not their deaths, whē they craue their ser-
Some there are that haue the gift of premeditated (uices :
Murder on them : 76
Others the broken seale of Forgery, in beguiling maydens.
Now if these outstrip the lawe,
Yet they cannot escape Gods punishment.
War is Gods Beadel. War is Gods vengeance : 80
Euery mans seruice is the kings :
But euery mans soule is his owne.
Therefore I would haue euery souldier examine himselfe,
And wash euery moath out of his conscience : 84
That in so doing, he may be the readier for death :
Or not dying, why the time was well spent,
Wherein such preparation was made.
3. *Lord.* Yfaith he saies true : 88
Euery mans fault on his owne head,
I would not haue the king answere for me.
Yet I intend to fight lustily for him.
King. Well, I heard the king, he wold not be ranfomde. 92
2. *L.* I he said so, to make vs fight :
But when our throates be cut, he may be ranfomde,
And we neuer the wifer.
King. If I liue to see that, Ile neuer trust his word againe. 96
2. *Lord,*

of Henry the fifth.

- [IV. 1] 2. *Sol.* Mas youle pay him then, tis a great displeasure
That an elder gun, can do against a cannon,
Or a subiect against a monarke.
100 Youle nere take his word again, your a nasse goe.
King. Your reproofe is fomewhat too bitter :
Were it not at this time I could be angry.
2. *Sol.* Why let it be a quarrell if thou wilt.
104 *King.* How shall I know thee ?
2. *Sol.* Here is my gloue, which if euer I see in thy hat,
Ile challenge thee, and strike thee.
Kin. Here is likewise another of mine,
108 And assure thee ile weare it.
2. *Sol.* Thou dar'ft as well be hangd.
3. *Sol.* Be friends you fooles,
We haue French quarrels anow in hand :
112 We haue no need of English broyles.
Kin. Tis no treason to cut French crownes,
For to morrow the king himselfe wil be a clipper.
Exit the souldiers.

Enter the King, Gloster, Epingam, and Attendants.

- K.* O God of battels steele my souldiers harts,
116 Take from them now the fence of rekoning,
That the apposed multitudes which stand before them,
May not appall their courage.
O not to day, not to day ô God,
120 Thinke on the fault my father made,
In compassing the crowne.
I *Richards* bodie haue interred new,
And on it hath bestowd more contrite teares,
124 Then from it issued forced drops of blood :
A hundred men haue I in yearly pay,

E

Which

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Which euery day their withered hands hold vp [IV. 1]
To heauen to pardon blood,
And I haue built rwo chanceries, more wil I do: 128
Tho all that I can do, is all too litle.

Enter Gloster.

Glost. My Lord.
King. My brother *Glosters* voyce.
Glost. My Lord, the Army staves vpon your prefence. 132
King. Stay *Gloster* stay, and I will go with thee,
The day my friends, and all things staves for me.

Enter Clarence, Glofter, Exeter, and Salisburie. [IV. 3]

War. My Lords the French are very strong.
Exe. There is fieu to one, and yet they all are fresh.
War. Of fighting men they haue full fortie thousand.
Sal. The oddes is all too great. Farewell kind Lords: 4
Braue Clarence, and my Lord of *Gloster,*
My Lord of Warwicke, and to all farewell.
Clar. Farewell kind Lord, fight valiantly to day,
And yet in truth, I do thee wrong, 8
For thou art made on the rruer sparkes of honour.

Enter King.

War. O would we had but ten thousand men
Now at this instant, that doth not worke in England.
King. Whose that, that wishes so, my Cousen *Warwick*? 12
Gods will, I would not loofe the honour
One man would share from me,
Not for my Kingdome.
No faith my Cousen, with not one man more, 16
Rather proclaime it presently through our campe,
That he that hath no stomacke to this feaft,
Let him depart, his passport shall bee drawne,
And crownes for conuoy put into his purse, 20

We

of Henry the fift.

- [IV. 3] We would not die in that mans company,
That feares his fellowship to die with vs.
This day is called the day of Cryſpin,
24 He that outliues this day, and fees old age,
Shall ſtand a tiptoe when this day is named,
And rowſe him at the name of Cryſpin.
He that outliues this day, and comes ſafe home,
28 Shall yearely on the vygill feaſt his friends,
And ſay, to morrow is S. Cryſpines day :
Then ſhall we in their flowing bowles
Be newly remembred. *Harry the King,*
32 *Bedford and Exeter, Clarence and Gloſter,*
Warwick and Yorke.
Familiar in their mouthes as houſhold words.
This ſtory ſhall the good man tell his ſonne,
36 And from this day, vnto the generall doome :
But we in it ſhall be remembred.
We fewe, we happie fewe, we bond of brothers,
For he to day that ſheads his blood by mine,
40 Shalbe my brother : be he nere ſo baſe,
This day ſhall gentle his condition.
Then ſhall he ſtrip his fleeces, and ſhew his ſkars,
And ſay, theſe wounds I had on Criſpines day :
44 And Gentlemen in England now a bed,
Shall thinke themſelues accurſt,
And hold their manhood cheape,
While any ſpeake that fought with vs
48 Vpon Saint Criſpines day.
Gloſt. My gracious Lord,
The French is in the field.
Kin. Why all things are ready, if our minds be ſo.
52 *War.* Perith the man whoſe mind is backward now.
King. Thou doſt not wiſh more help frō England couſen ?
War. Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, might fight this battle out.

E 2

King. Why

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Why well said. That doth please me better, [IV. 3]
Then to wish me one. You know your charge,
God be with you all.

Enter the Herald from the French.

Herald. Once more I come to know of thee king *Henry*,
What thou wilt giue for raunfome? 60

Kin. Who hath sent thee now?

Her. The Constable of *France*.

Kin. I prethy beare my former answer backe :
Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones. 64

Good God, why should they mock good fellows
The man that once did sell the Lions skin, (thus ?
While the beaft liued, was kild with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt 68

Finde graues within your realme of *France* :
Tho buried in your dunghils, we shalbe famed,
For there the Sun shall greete them,
And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heauen, 72

Leauing their earthly parts to choke your clyme :
The sinel wherof, shall breed a plague in *France* :
Marke then abundant valour in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullets crasing. 76

Breakes forth into a second course of mischiefe,
Killing in relaps of mortalitie :
Let me speake proudly,
Ther's not a peece of feather in our campe, 80

Good argument I hope we shall not flye :
And time hath worne vs into flouendry.
But by the mas, our hearts are in the trim,
And my poore souldiers tel me, yet ere night 84

Thayle be in fresher robes, or they will plucke
The gay new cloathes ore your French souldiers eares,
And turne them out of seruice. If they do this,
As if it please God they shall, 88

Then shall our ranfome soone be leuied.

Saue

of Henry the fift.

[IV. 3] Saue thou thy labour Herauld :

Come thou no more for ranfom, gentle Herauld.

92 They shall haue nought I sweare, but these my bones :

Which if they haue, as *I* wil leaue am them,
Will yeeld them litle, tell the Constable.

Her. *I* shall deliuer so.

Exit Herauld.

96 *Yorke.* My gracious Lord, vpon my knee *I* craue,

The leading of the vaward.

Kin. Take it braue *Yorke.* Come souldiers lets away :
And as thou pleafest God, difpofe the day.

Exit.

[IV. 5] • *Enter the foure French Lords.*

Ge. O diabello.

Confl. Mor du ma vie.

Or. O what a day is this !

4 *Bur.* O Iour dei houte all is gone, all is loft.

Con. We are inough yet liuing in the field,
To smother vp the English,
If any order might be thought vpon.

8 *Bur.* A plague of order, once more to the field,

And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,
Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,
Like a bace leno hold the chamber doore,

12 Why leaft by a flauie no gentler then my dog,
His faireft daughter is contamuracke.

Con. Diforder that hath fpoyle vs, right vs now,
Come we in heapes, wee le offer vp our liues

16 Vnto these English, or else die with fame.

Come, come along,
Lets dye with honour, our shame doth laft too long.

Exit omnes.

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<i>Enter Pistoll, the French man, and the Boy.</i>	[IV. 4]
<i>Pist.</i> Eyld cur, eyld cur.	
<i>French.</i> O Monfire, ie vous en pree aues petie de moy.	
<i>Pist.</i> Moy shall not ferue. I will haue fortie moys.	
Boy aske him his name.	4
<i>Boy.</i> Comant ettes vous apelles ?	
<i>French.</i> Monfier Fer.	
<i>Boy.</i> He saies his name is Master Fer.	
<i>Pist.</i> Ile Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him :	8
Boy difcus the same in French.	
<i>Boy.</i> Sir I do not know, whats French	
For fer, ferit and fearkt.	
<i>Pist.</i> Bid him prepare, for I wil cut his throate.	12
<i>Boy.</i> Feate, vou preat, ill voulles coupele votre gage.	
<i>Pist.</i> Ony e ma foy couple la gorge.	
Vnlesse thou giue to me egregious raunfome, dye.	
One poynt of a foxe.	16
<i>French.</i> Qui dit ill monfiere.	
Ill ditye si vou ny vouly pa domy luy.	
<i>Boy.</i> La gran ranfome, ill vou tueres.	
<i>French.</i> O Iee vous en pri petit gentelhome, parle	20
A cee, gran capataine, pour auez mercie	
A moy, ey Iee donerees pour mon ranfome	
Cinquante ocios. Ie suyes vngentelhome de France.	
<i>Pist.</i> What sayes he boy ?	24
<i>Boy.</i> Marry fir he sayes, he is a Gentleman of a great	
Houfe, of France : and for his ranfome,	
He will giue you 500. crownes.	
<i>Pist.</i> My fury shall abate,	28
And I the Crownes will take.	
And as I suck blood, I will some mercie shew.	
Follow me cur.	
<i>Exit omnes.</i>	
<i>Enter the King and his Nobles, Pistoll.</i>	[IV. 6]
<i>King.</i> What the French retire ?	
Yet	

of Henry the fifth.

[IV. 6] Yet all is not done, yet keepe the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of *Yorke* commends him to your Grace.

4 *King.* Liues he good Vnckle, twife I fawe him downe,
Twife vp againe :
From helmet to the fpurre, all bleeding ore.

Exe. In which aray, braue fouldier doth he lye,

8 Larding the plaines, and by his bloody fide,
Yoake fellow to his honour dying wounds,
The noble Earle of *Suffolke* alfo lyes.

Suffolke firft dyde, and *Yorke* all hafted ore,

12 Comes to him where in blood he lay fteept,
And takes him by the beard, kifles the gafhes
That bloodily did yane vpon his face,
And cryde aloud, tary deare coufin *Suffolke* :

16 My foule fhall thine keep company in heauen :
Tary deare foule awhile, then flie to reft :
And in this glorious and well foughten field,
We kept together in our chiualdry.

20 Vpon thefe words I came and cheerd them vp,
He tooke me by the hand, faid deare my Lord,
Commend my feruice to my foueraigne.

So did he turne, and ouer *Suffolkes* necke

24 He threw his wounded arme, and fo espoufed to death,
With blood he fealed. An argument
Of neuer ending loue. The pretie and sweet maner of it,
Forft thofe waters from me, which I would haue ftopt,

28 But I not fo much of man in me,
But all my mother came into my eyes,
And gae me vp to teares.

Kin. I blame you not : for hearing you,

32 I muft conuert to teares.

Alarum foundes.

What new alarum is this ?

Bid euery fouldier kill his prifoner.

Pift. Couple gorge.

Exit omnes.

Enter

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Enter Flewellen, and Captaine Gower.

[IV. 7]

Flew. Godes plud kil the boyes and the luyge,
Tis the arrants peece of knauery as can be defired,
In the worell now, in your conscience now.

Gour. Tis certaine, there is not a Boy left aliue,
And the cowerdly rascals that ran from the battell,
Themselues haue done this slaughter :
Beside, they haue carried away and burnt,
All that was in the kings Tent :
Whervpon the king caused euery prisoners
Throat to be cut. O he is a worthy king.

4

8

Flew. I he was born at *Monmorth.*
Captain *Gower*, what call you the place where
Alexander the big was borne ?

12

Gour. *Alexander* the great.

Flew. Why I pray, is nat big great ?
As if I say, big or great, or magnanimous,
I hope it is all one reconing,
Saue the fraße is a litle varation.

16

Gour. I thinke *Alexander* the great
Was borne at *Macedon.*
His father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*,
As I take it.

20

Flew. I thinke it was *Macedon* indeed where *Alexander*
Was borne : looke you captaine *Gower*,
And if you looke into the mappes of the worell well,
You fhall finde litle difference betweene
Macedon and *Monmorth.* Looke you, there is
A Riuer in *Macedon*, and there is also a Riuer
In *Monmorth*, the Riuers name at *Monmorth*,
Is called *Wye.*

24

28

But tis out of my braine, what is the name of the other :
But tis all one, tis so like, as my fingers is to my fingers,
And there is Samons in both.

32

Looke you captaine *Gower*, and you marke it,

You

of Henry the fift.

[IV. 7] You shall finde our King is come after *Alexander*.

36 God knowes, and you know, that *Alexander* in his
Bowles, and his alles, and his wrath, and his displeafures,
And indignations, was kill his friend *Clitus*.

Gower. I but our King is not like him in that,
40 For he neuer killd any of his friends.

Flew. Looke you, tis not well done to take the tale out
Of a mans mouth, ere it is made an end and finished :
I speake in the comparifons, as *Alexander* is kill
44 His friend *Clitus* : fo our King being in his ripe
Wits and iudgements, is turne away, the fat knife
With the great belly doublet : I am forget his name.

Gower. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

48 *Flew*. I, I thinke it is Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* indeed,
I can tell you, theres good men borne at *Monmorth*.

Enter King and the Lords.

King. I was not angry fince I came into *France*,
Vntill this houre.

52 Take a trumpet Herauld,
And ride vnto the horfmen on yon hill :
If they will fight with vs bid them come downe,
Or leaue the field, they do offend our fight :

56 Will they do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skyr away, as fast
As ftones enforft from the old Affirian flings.
Besides, wee le cut the throats of thofe we haue,
60 And not one aliuie fhall tafte our mercy.

Enter the Herauld.

Gods will what meanes this? knowft thou no
That we haue fined thefe bones of ours for ranfome?

Herauld. I come great king for charitable fauour,
64 To fort our Nobles from our common men,
We may haue leaue to bury all our dead,
Which in the field lye fpoyled and troden on.

Kin. I tell thee truly Herauld, I do not know whether

F

The

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The day be ours or no :	[IV. 7]
For yet a many of your French do keep the field.	
<i>Hera.</i> The day is yours.	
<i>Kin.</i> Praised be God therefore.	
What Cattle call you that ?	72
<i>Hera.</i> We call it <i>Agincourt</i> .	
<i>Kin.</i> Then call we this the field of <i>Agincourt</i> .	
Fought on the day of <i>Cryspin</i> , <i>Cryspin</i> .	
<i>Flew.</i> Your grandfather of famous memorie,	76
If your grace be remembred,	
Is do good seruice in <i>France</i> .	
<i>Kin.</i> Tis true <i>Flewellen</i> .	
<i>Flew.</i> Your Maieftie faves verie true.	80
And it please your Maieftie,	
The Wealchmen there was do good seruice,	
In a garden where Leekes did grow.	
And I thinke your Maieftie wil take no fcorne,	84
To weare a Leake in your cap vpon S. <i>Dauies</i> day.	
<i>Kin.</i> No <i>Flewellen</i> , for I am wealch as well as you.	
<i>Flew.</i> All the water in <i>VVye</i> wil not wash your wealch	
Blood out of you, God keep it, and preferue it,	88
To his graces will and pleasure.	
<i>Kin.</i> Thankes good countryman.	
<i>Flew.</i> By Iefus I am your Maiefties countryman :	
I care not who know it, fo long as your maiefty is an honeft	92
<i>K.</i> God keep me fo. Our Herald go with him, (man.	
And bring vs the number of the fcattred French.	
<i>Exit Heralds.</i>	
Call yonder souldier hither.	
<i>Flew.</i> You fellow come to the king.	96
<i>Kin.</i> Fellow why dooft thou weare that gloue in thy hat ?	
<i>Soul.</i> And please your maieftie, tis a rascals that fwagard	
With me the other day : and he hath one of mine,	
Which if euer I fee, I haue sworne to ftrike him.	100
	So

of Henry the fift.

[IV. 7] So hath he sworne the like to me.

K. How think you *Flewellen*, is it lawfull he keep his oath?

Fl. And it please your maiefty, tis lawful he keep his vow.

104 If he be periur'd once, he is as arrant a beggerly knaue,
As treads vpon too blacke fhues.

Kin. His enemy may be a gentleman of worth.

Flew. And if he be as good a gentleman as Lucifer

108 And Belzebub, and the diuel himfelfe,

Tis meete he keepe his vowe.

Kin. Well firrha keep your word.

Vnder what Captain serueft thou?

112 *Soul.* Vnder Captaine *Gower*.

Flew. Captaine *Gower* is a good Captaine:
And hath good liltrature in the warres.

Kin. Go call him hither.

116 *Soul.* I will my Lord.

Exit souldier.

Kin. Captain *Flewellen*, when *Alonson* and I was
Downe together, I tooke this gloue off from his helmet,
Here *Flewellen*, weare it. If any do challenge it,

120 He is a friend of *Alonsons*,
And an enemy to mee.

Fl. Your maieftie doth me as great a fauour
As can be desired in the harts of his subiects.

124 I would see that man now that should challenge this gloue:
And it please God of his grace. I would but see him,
That is all.

Kin. *Flewellen* knowft thou Captaine *Gower*?

128 *Fl.* Captaine *Gower* is my friend.

And if it like your maieftie, I know him very well.

Kin. Go call him hither.

Flew. I will and it shall please your maieftie.

132 *Kin.* Follow *Flewellen* closely at the heeles,
The gloue he weares, it was the souldiers:

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It may be there will be harme betweene them, [IV. 7]
For I do know *Flewellen* valiant,
And being toucht, as hot as gunpowder : 15
And quickly will returne an iniury.
Go see there be no harme betweene them.
Enter Gower, Flewellen, and the Souldier. [IV. 8]
Flew. Captain *Gower*, in the name of Iesu,
Come to his Maiestie, there is more good toward you,
Then you can dreame off.
Soul. Do you heare you fir? do you know this gloue? 4
Flew. I know the the gloue is a gloue.
Soul. Sir I know this, and thus I challenge it.
He strikes him.
Flew. Gode plut, and his. Captain *Gower* stand away :
He giue treason his due presently. 8
Enter the King, VVarwicke, Clarence, and Exeter.
Kin. How now, what is the matter?
Flew. And it shall please your Maiestie,
Here is the notablest peece of treason come to light,
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day. 12
Here is a rascall, beggerly rascall, is strike the gloue,
Which your Maiestie tooke out of the helmet of *Alonson* :
And your Maiestie will beare me witnes, and testimony,
And auouchments, that this is the gloue. 16
Soul. And it please your Maiestie, that was my gloue.
He that I gaue it too in the night,
Promised me to weare it in his hat :
I promised to strike him if he did. 20
I met that Gentleman, with my gloue in his hat,
And I thinke I haue bene as good as my word.
Flew. Your Maiestie beares, vnder your Maiesties
Manhood, what a beggerly lowfie knaue it is. 24
Kin. Let me see thy gloue. Looke you,
This is the fellow of it.
It was I indeed you promised to strike.

And

of Henry the fift.

[IV. 8] And thou thou haft giuen me moft bitter words.
How canft thou make vs amends?

Flew. Let his necke anfwere it,
If there be any marfhals lawe in the worell.

32 *Soul.* My Liege, all offences come from the heart :
Neuer came any from mine to offend your Maieftie.
You appeard to me as a common man :

Witneffe the night, your garments, your lowlineffe,
36 And whatfoeuer you receiued vnder that habit,
I befeech your Maieftie impute it to your owne fault
And not mine. For your felfe came not like your felfe :
Had you bene as you feemed, I had made no offence.
40 Therefore I befeech your grace to pardon me.

Kin. Vnckle, fill the gloue with crownes,
And giue it to the fouldier. Weare it fellow,
As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it.

44 Giue him the crownes. Come Captaine *Flewellen*,
I muft needs haue you friends.

Flew. By Iefus, the fellow hath mettall enough
In his belly. Harke you fouldier, there is a fhilling for you,
48 And keep your felfe out of brawles & brables, & diffentiōs,
And looke you, it fhall be the better for you.

Soul. He none of your money fir, not I.

Flew. Why tis a good fhilling man.

52 Why fhould you be queamifh? Your fhoes are not fo good :
It will ferue you to mend your fhoes.

Kin. What men of fort are taken vnckle ?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King.

56 *Iohn* Duke of *Burbon*, and Lord *Bowchquall*.
Of other Lords and Barrons, Knights and Squiers,
Full fiftene hundred, befides common men.
This note doth tell me of ten thoufand
60 French, that in the field lyes flaine.

Of Nobles bearing banners in the field,

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<i>Charles de le Brute</i> , hie Constable of France.	[IV. 8]
<i>Iaques of Chattillian</i> , Admirall of France.	
The Maister of the crosbows, <i>Iohn Duke Alðson</i> .	64
Lord <i>Ranbieres</i> , hie Maister of France.	
The braue fir <i>Guigzard</i> , <i>Dolphin</i> . Of <i>Nobelle Charillas</i> ,	
<i>Gran Prie</i> , and <i>Roffe</i> , <i>Fauconbridge</i> and <i>Foy</i> .	
<i>Gerard</i> and <i>Verton</i> . <i>Vandemant</i> and <i>Lestra</i> .	68
Here was a royall fellowship of death.	
Where is the number of our English dead ?	
<i>Edward</i> the Duke of <i>Yorke</i> , the Earle of <i>Suffolke</i> ,	
Sir <i>Richard Ketly</i> , <i>Dauy Gam</i> Esquier :	72
And of all other, but fwe and twentie.	
O God thy arme was here,	
And vnto thee alone, ascribe we praise.	
When without strategem,	76
And in euen shock of battle, was euer heard	
So great, and litle losse, on one part and an other.	
Take it God, for it is onely thine.	
<i>Exe</i> . Tis wonderfull.	80
<i>King</i> . Come let vs go on proceffion through the camp :	
Let it be death proclaimed to any man,	
To boast hereof, or take the praise from God,	
Which is his due.	84
<i>Flew</i> . Is it lawful, and it please your Maiestie	
To tell how many is kild ?	
<i>King</i> . Yes <i>Flewellen</i> , but with this acknowledgement,	
That God fought for vs.	88
<i>Flew</i> . Yes in my conscieucr, he did vs great good.	
<i>King</i> . Let there be sung, Nououes and te Deum.	
The dead with charitie entered in clay :	
Weele then to <i>Calice</i> , and to England then,	92
Where nere from France, arriude more happier men.	
<i>Exit omnes</i> .	
<i>Enter Gower, and Flewellen</i> .	[V. 1]
<i>Gower</i> . But why do you weare your Leeke to day ?	
Saint	

of Henry the fift.

[V. 1] Saint *Dauies* day is past ?

Flew. There is occasion Captaine *Gower*,
4 Looke you why, and wherefore,
The other day looke you, *Pistolles*
Which you know is a man of no merites
In the worell, is come where I was the other day,
8 And brings bread and fault, and bids me
Eate my *Leeke* : twas in a place, looke you,
Where *I* could moue no difcentions :
But if *I* can see him, *I* shall tell him,
12 A litle of my defires.

Gow. Here a comes, fwelling like a Turkecocke.

Enter Pistoll.

Flew. Tis no matter for his fwelling, and his turkecocks,
God pleffe you Antient *Pistoll*, you scall,
16 Beggerly, lowfie knaue, God pleffe you.

Pift. Ha, art thou bedlem ?
Dost thou thurst bafe Troyan,
To haue me folde vp *Parcas* fatall web ?
20 Hence, *I* am qualmish at the smell of *Leeke*.

Flew. Antient *Pistoll*. I would defire you becaufe
It doth not agree with your stomacke, and your appetite,
And your digeftions, to eate this *Leeke*.

24 *Pift.* Not for *Cadwalleder* and all his goates.

Flew. There is one goate for you Antient *Piftol*.

He strikes him.

Pift. Bace Troyan, thou shall dye.

Flew. I, I know I shall dye, meane time, I would
28 Defire you to liue and eate this *Leeke*.

Gower. Inough Captaine, you haue astonisht him.

Flew. Astonisht him, by *Iefu*, Ile beate his head
Foure dayes, and foure nights, but Ile
32 Make him eate fome part of my *Leeke*.

Pist. Well muft I byte ?

Flew. I

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Flew. I out of question or doubt, or ambiguities [V. 1]
You must byte.

Pist. Good good. 36

Flew. I Leekes are good, Antient *Pistoll*.

There is a shilling for you to heale your bloody coxkome.

Pist. Me a shilling.

Flew. If you will not take it, 40
I haue an other Leeke for you.

Pist. I take thy shilling in earnest of reconing.

Flew. If I owe you any thing, ile pay you in cudgels,
You shalbe a woodmonger, 44

And by cudgels, God bwy you,

Antient *Pistoll*, God bleffe you,

And heale your broken pate.

Antient *Pistoll*, if you see Leekes an other time, 48

Mocke at them, that is all : God bwy you.

Exit Flewellen.

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Doth Fortune play the hufwe with me now ?

Is honour cudgeld from my warlike lines ? 52

Well *France* farwell, newes haue I certainly

That Doll is sicke. One mallydie of *France*,

The warres affordeth nought, home will I trug.

Bawd will I turne, and vse the slyte of hand : 56

To England will I steale,

And there Ile steale.

And patches will I get vnto these skarres,

And sweare I gat them in the Gallia warres. 60

Exit Pistoll.

Enter at one doore, the King of England and his Lords. And at [V. 2]

the other doore, the King of France, Queene Katherine, the

Duke of Burbon, and others.

Harry. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met.

And

of Henry the fift.

- [V. 2] And to our brother *France*, Faire time of day.
Faire health vnto our louely coufen *Katherine*.
4 And as a branch, and member of this stock :
We do salute you Duke of *Burgondie*.
Fran. Brother of *England*, right ioyous are we to behold
Your face, so are we Princes English euery one.
8 *Duk.* With pardon vnto both your mightines.
Let it not displeafe you, if I demaund
What rub or bar hath thus far hindred you,
To keepe you from the gentle speech of peace?
12 *Har.* If Duke of *Burgondy*, you wold haue peace,
You must buy that peace,
According as we haue drawne our articles.
Fran. We haue but with a cursenary eye,
16 Oreviewd them pleaseth your Grace,
To let some of your Counsell fit with vs,
We shall returne our peremptory answere.
Har. Go Lords, and fit with them,
20 And bring vs answere backe.
Yet leaue our coufen *Katherine* here behind.
France. Withall our hearts.

Exit King and the Lords. Manet, Hrry, Katherine, and the Gentlewoman.

- Hate.* Now *Kate*, you haue a blunt wooer here
24 Left with you.
If I could win thee at leapfrog,
Or with vawting with my armour on my backe,
Into my saddle,
28 Without brag be it spoken,
Ide make compare with any
But leauing that *Kate*,
If thou takest me now,
32 Thou shalt haue me at the worft :

G

And

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And in wearing, thou shalt haue me better and better. [V. 2]
Thou shalt haue a face that is not worth sun-burning.
But dost thou thinke, that thou and I,
Betweene Saint Denis, 35
And *Sain' George*, shall get a boy,
That shall goe to *Constantinople*,
And take the great Turke by the beard, ha *Kate* ?
Kate. Is it possible dat me fall
Loue deemie de France. 40
Harry. No *Kate*, tis vnpossible
You should loue the enemie of *France* :
For *Kate*, I loue *France* so well, 44
That Ile not leaue a Village,
Ile haue it all mine : then *Kate*,
When *France* is mine,
And I am yours, 48
Then *France* is yours,
And you are mine.
Kate. I cannot tell what is dat.
Harry. No *Kate*, 52
Why Ile tell it you in French,
Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride
On her new married Husband.
Let me see, *Saint Dennis* be my speed. 56
Quan *France* et mon.
Kate. Dat is, when *France* is yours.
Harry. Et vous ettes amoy.
Kate. And I am to you. 60
Harry. Douck *France* ettes a vous :
Kate. Den *France* fall be mine.
Harry. Et le suyues a vous.
Kate. And you will be to me. 64
Har. Wilt belecue me *Kate* ? tis easier for me
To conquer the kingdome, thē to speak so much
More French.

of *Henry the fift.*

[V. 2] *Kate.* A your Maiefty has false *France* inough
To deceiue de best Lady in *France*.

Harry. No faith *Kate* not I. But *Kate*,
In plaine termes, do you loue me ?

72 *Kate.* I cannot tell.

Harry. No, can any of your neighbours tell ?
Ile aske them.

Come *Kate*, I know you loue me.

76 And soone when you are in your cloffet,
Youle question this Lady of me.

But I pray thee sweete *Kate*, vse me mercifully,
Because I loue thee cruelly.

80 That I shall dye *Kate*, is sure :

But for thy loue, by the Lord neuer.

What Wench,

A fraight backe will growe crooked.

84 A round eye will growe hollowe.

A great leg will waxe small,

A curld pate proue balde :

But a good heart *Kate*, is the sun and the moone,

88 And rather the Sun and not the Moone :

And therefore *Kate* take me,

Take a souldier : take a souldier,

Take a King.

92 Therefore tell me *Kate*, wilt thou haue me ?

Kate. Dat is as please the King my father.

Harry. Nay it will please him :

Nay it shall please him *Kate*.

96 And vpon that condition *Kate* Ile kisse you.

Ka. O mon du Ie ne voudroy faire quelke choffe

Pour toute le monde,

Ce ne poynt votree fashion en fouor.

100 *Harry.* What saies she Lady ?

Lady. Dat it is not de fashion en *France*,

For de maides, before da be married to

The Chronicle Historie

May foy ie oblye, what is to baffie? [V. 2]
Har. To kis, to kis. O that tis not the 104
Fashion in *Frannce*, for the maydes to kis
Before they are married.
Lady. Owye see votree grace.
Har. Well, weele breake that custome. 108
Therefore *Kate* patience perforce and yeeld.
Before God *Kate*, you haue witchcraft
In your kisses :
And may perswade with me more, 112
Then all the French Councill.
Your father is returned.

*Enter the King of France, and
the Lordes.*

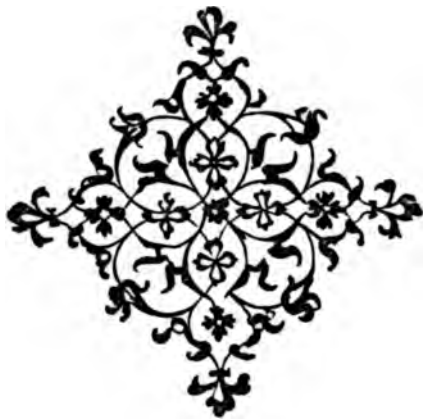
How now my Lords?
France. Brother of England, 116
We haue oreded the Articles,
And haue agreed to all that we in sedule had.
Exe. Only he hath not subscribed this,
Where your maiestie demaunds, 120
That the king of *France* hauing any occasion
To write for matter of graunt,
Shall name your highnesse, in this forme :
And with this addition in French. 124
*Nostre tresher filz, Henry Roy D'anglaterre,
E heare de France.* And thus in Latin :
*Preclarissimus filius noster Henricus Rex Anglie,
Et heres Francie.* 128
Fran. Nor this haue we so nicely stood vpon,
But you faire brother may intreat the same.
Har. Why then let this among the rest,
Haue his full course : And withall, 132
Your daughter *Katherine* in mariage.

France.

of Henry the fift.

[V. 2] *Fran.* This and what else,
Your maiestie shall craue.
136 God that disposeth all, giue you much ioy.
Har. Why then faire *Katherine*,
Come giue me thy hand :
Our mariage will we present solemniſe,
140 And end our hatred by a bond of loue.
Then will I sweare to *Kate*, and *Kate* to mee :
And may our vowes once made, vnbroken bee.

F I N I S



The
Life of Henry the Fifth.



REPRINTED FROM THE FIRST FOLIO, 1623.

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The Life of Henry the Fift.

Enter Prologue.

- [COL. 1] O For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend
The brightest Heav'n of Invention:
A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to Act,
And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene.
4 Then should the Warlike Harry, like himselfe,
Assume the Port of Mars, and at his heeles
(Least in, like Hounds) should Famine, Sword, and Fire
8 Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all:
The flat vnrayed Spirits, that hath dar'd,
On this vnworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Obiect. Can this Cock-Pit hold
12 The vastie fields of France? Or may we cramme
Within this Woodden O, the very Caskes
That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt?
O pardon: since a crooked Figure may
16 Attest in little place a Million,
And let vs, Cyphers to this great Accompt,
[COL. 2] On your imaginarie Forces worke.
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
20 Are now confin'd two mightie Monarchies,
Whose high, vp-reared, and abutting Fronts,
The perillous narrow Ocean parts asunder.
Peece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
24 Into a thousand parts diuide one Man,
And make imaginarie Puissance.
Thinke when we talke of Horses, that you see them,
Printing their proud Hoofes i'th' receiuing Earth:
28 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there: Jumping o're Times;
Turning th' accomplishment of many yeeres
Into an Howre-glasse: for the which supplie,
32 Admit me Chorus to this Historie;
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to heare, kindly to iudge our Play.

Exit.

[The Life of Henry the Fift.]

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.

[COL. 1]

Bish. Cant.



Y Lord, Ile tell you, that selfe Bill is vrg'd,
Which in th'eleuēth yere of ſy laſt Kings reign
Was like, and had indeed againſt vs paſt,

[L. 1]

But that the ſcrambling and vnquiet time
Did puſh it out of farther queſtion.

4

Bish. Ely. But how my Lord ſhall we reſiſt it now?

Bish. Cant. It muſt be thought on : if it paſſe againſt vs,
We looſe the better halfe of our Poſſeſſion :

8

For all the Temporall Lands, which men deuout
By Teſtament haue giuen to the Church,
Would they ſtrip from vs; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
Full fiftene Earles, and fiftene hundred Knights,
Six thouſand and two hundred good Eſquires :

12

- [I. 1] And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age
 16 Of indigent faint Soules, past corporall toyle,
 A hundred Almes-houfes, right well fupply'd:
 And to the Coffers of the King befide,
 A thoufand pounds by th'yeere. Thus runs the Bill.
- 20 *Bifh. Ely.* This would drinke deepe.
Bifh. Cant. 'Twould drinke the Cup and all.
Bifh. Ely. But what preuention?
- [COL. 2] *Bifh. Cant.* The King is full of grace, and faire re-
 gard.
- 24 *Bifh. Ely.* And a true louer of the holy Church.
Bifh. Cant. The courfes of his youth promis'd it not.
 The breath no fooner left his Fathers body,
 But that his wildneffe, mortify'd in him,
 28 Seem'd to dye too: yea, at that very moment,
 Confideration like an Angell came,
 And whipt th'offending *Adam* out of him;
 Leauing his body as a Paradife,
 32 T'inuelop and containe Celeftiall Spirits.
 Neuer was fuch a fodaine Scholler made:
 Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,
 With fuch a heady currance fcowring faults:
 36 Nor neuer *Hidra*-headed Wilfulneffe
 So foone did loofe his Seat; and all at once;
 As in this King.
Bifh. Ely. We are bleffed in the Change.
- 40 *Bifh. Cant.* Heare him but reafon in Diuinitie;
 And all-admiring, with an inward wifh
 You would defire the King were made a Prelate:
 Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires;
 44 You would fay, it hath been all in all his ftudy:
 Lift his difcourfe of Warre; and you fhall heare
 A fearefull Battaile rendred you in Mufique.

Turne him to any Cause of Pollicy,	[I. 1]
The Gordian Knot of it he will vnloofe,	48
Familiar as his Garter : that when he ſpeakes,	
The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is ſtill,	
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,	
To ſteale his ſweet and honyed Sentences :	52
So that the Art and Praëtique part of Life,	
Muſt be the Miſtreſſe to this Theorique.	
Which is a wonder how his Grace ſhould gleane it,	
Since his addiëtion was to Courſes vaine,	56
His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and ſhallow,	
His Houres fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports ;	
And neuer noted in him any ſtudie,	
Any retyrement, any ſequeſtration,	60
From open Haunts and Popularitie.	
<i>B. Ely.</i> The Strawberry growes vnderneath the Nettle,	
And holeſome Berryes thriue and ripen beſt,	
Neighbour'd by Fruit of baſer qualitie :	64
And ſo the Prince obſcur'd his Contemplation	
Vnder the Veyle of Wildneſſe, which (no doubt)	
Grew like the Summer Graſſe, faſteſt by Night,	
Vnſeene, yet creſſiue in his facultie.	68
<i>B. Cant.</i> It muſt be ſo ; for Miracles are ceaſt :	
And therefore we muſt needes admit the meanes,	
How things are perfected.	
<i>B. Ely.</i> But my good Lord :	72
How now for mittigation of this Bill,	
Vrg'd by the Commons ? doth his Maieſtie	
Incline to it, or no ?	
<i>B. Cant.</i> He ſeemes indifferent :	76
Or rather ſwaying more vpon our part,	
Then cheriſhing th'exhibitors againſt vs ;	
For I haue made an offer to his Maieſtie,	

[I. 1] Vpon our Spirituall Conuocation,
 And in regard of Causes now in hand,
 Which I haue open'd to his Grace at large,
 As touching France, to giue a greater Summe,
 84 Then euer at one time the Clergie yet
 Did to his Predeceffors part withall.

B. Ely. How did this offer seeme receiu'd, my Lord?

B. Cant. With good acceptance of his Maieftie :

88 Saue that there was not time enough to heare,
 As I perceiu'd his Grace would faine haue done,
 The feueralls and vnhidden passages
 Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,
 92 And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,
 Deriu'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather.

B. Ely. What was th'impediment that broke this off?

B. Cant. The French Embassador vpon that instant

96 Crau'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come,
 To giue him hearing: I it foure a Clock?

B. Ely. It is.

B. Cant. Then goe we in, to know his Embassie :

100 Which I could with a ready guesse declare,
 Before the Frenchman speake a word of it.

B. Ely. Ile wait vpon you, and I long to heare it.

Exeunt.

[I. 2] *Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence,
 Warwick, Westmerland, and Exeter.*

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exeter. Not here in presence.

King. Send for him, good Vnckle.

4 *Westm.* Shall we call in th'Ambassador, my Liege?

King. Not yet, my Cousin: we would be resolu'd,
 Before we heare him, of some things of weight,
 That taske our thoughts, concerning vs and France.

Enter two Bishops.

[I. 2]

B. Cant. God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,
 And make you long become it. 8

King. Sure we thanke you.
 My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
 And iustly and religiously vnfold, 12
 Why the Law *Salike*, that they haue in France,
 Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayme :
 And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,
 That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading, 16
 Or nicely charge your vnderstanding Soule,
 With opening Titles miscreate, whose right
 Sutes not in natiue colours with the truth :
 For God doth know, how many now in health, 20
 Shall drop their blood, in approbation
 Of what your reuerence shall incite vs to.
 Therefore take heed how you impawue our Person,
 How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre; 24
 We charge you in the Name of God take heed :
 For neuer two such Kingdomes did contend,
 Without much fall of blood, whose guiltesse drops
 Are euery one, a Woe, a fore Complaint, 28
 'Gainst him, whose wrongs giues edge vnto the Swords,
 That makes such waste in briefe mortalitie.
 Vnder this Coniuration, speake my Lord :
 For we will heare, note, and beleeeue in heart, 32
 That what you speake, is in your Conscience washt,
 As pure as sinne with Baptisme.

B. Can. Then heare me gracious Soueraign, & you Peers,
 That owe your selues, your liues, and seruices, 36
 To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre
 To make against your Highnesse Clayme to France,

- [I. 2] But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
 40 *In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedant*,
 No Woman shall succeed in *Salike* Land :
 Which *Salike* Land, the French vniuersally gloze
 To be the Realme of France, and *Pharamond*
 44 The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.
 Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,
 That the Land *Salike* is in Germanie,
 Betweene the Flouds of Sala and of Elue :
 48 Where *Charles* the Great hauing subdu'd the Saxons,
 There left behind and settled certaine French :
 Who holding in disdain the German Women,
 For some dishonest manners of their life,
 52 Establisht then this Law ; to wit, No Female
 Should be Inheritrix in *Salike* Land :
 Which *Salike* (as I said) 'twixt Elue and Sala,
 Is at this day in Germanie, call'd *Meisen*.
 56 Then doth it well appeare, the *Salike* Law
 Was not deuised for the Realme of France :
 Nor did the French possess the *Salike* Land,
 Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres
 60 After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
 Idly suppos'd the founder of this Law,
 Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,
 Foure hundred twentie six : and *Charles* the Great
 64 Subdu'd the Saxons, and did feat the French
 Beyond the Riuer Sala, in the yeere
 Eight hundred five. Besides, their Writers say,
 King *Pepin*, which deposed *Childerike*,
 68 Did as Heire Generall, being descended
 Of *Bliithild*, which was Daughter to King *Clothair*,
 Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France.
Hugh Capet also, who vsurpt the Crowne

Of

Of <i>Charles</i> the Duke of Loraine, sole Heire male	[1. 2]
Of the true Line and Stock of <i>Charles</i> the Great :	
To find his Title with some shewes of truth,	
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,	
Conuey'd himselfe as th'Heire to th' Lady <i>Lingare</i> ,	76
Daughter to <i>Charlemaine</i> , who was the Sonne	
To <i>Lewes</i> the Emperour, and <i>Lewes</i> the Sonne	
Of <i>Charles</i> the Great : also King <i>Lewes</i> the Tenth,	
Who was sole Heire to the Vfurper <i>Capet</i> ,	80
Could not keepe quiet in his conscience,	
Wearing the Crowne of France, 'till satisfied,	
That faire Queene <i>Isabel</i> , his Grandmother,	
Was Lineall of the Lady <i>Ermengare</i> ,	84
Daughter to <i>Charles</i> the foresaid Duke of Loraine :	
By the which Marriage, the Lyne of <i>Charles</i> the Great	
Was re-vnited to the Crowne of France.	
So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne,	88
King <i>Pepins</i> Title, and <i>Hugh Capets</i> Clayme,	
King <i>Lewes</i> his satisfaction, all appeare	
To hold in Right and Title of the Female :	
So doe the Kings of France vnto this day.	92
Howbeit, they would hold vp this Salique Law,	
To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female,	
And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,	
Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,	96
Vfurpt from you and your Progenitors.	
<i>King.</i> May I with right and conscience make this claim ?	
<i>Bish. Cant.</i> The sinne vpon my head, dread Soueraigne :	
For in the Booke of <i>Numbers</i> is it writ,	100
When the man dyes, let the Inheritance	
Descend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,	
Stand for your owne, vnwind your bloody Flagge,	
Looke back into your mightie Ancestors :	104

- [I. 2] Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandfires Tombe,
 From whom you clayme; inuoke his Warlike Spirit,
 And your Great Vnckles, *Edward* the Black Prince,
- 108 Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,
 Making defeat on the full Power of France:
 Whiles his most mightie Father on a Hill
 Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelpe
- 112 Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.
 O Noble English, that could entertaine
 With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,
 And let another halfe stand laughing by,
- 116 All out of worke, and cold for action.
Bish. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
 And with your puissant Arme renew their Feats;
 You are their Heire, you fit vpon their Throne:
- 120 The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
 Runs in your Veines: and my thrice-puissant Liege
 Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,
 Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprises.
- 124 *Exe.* Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
 Doe all expect, that you should rowse your selfe,
 As did the former Lyons of your Blood. (might;
- West.* They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and
- 128 So hath your Highnesse: neuer King of England
 Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subiects,
 Whose hearts haue left their bodyes here in England,
 And lye pauillion'd in the fields of France.
- 132 *Bish. Can.* O let their bodyes follow my deare Liege
 With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
 In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualtie
 Will rayse your Highnesse such a mightie Summe,
- 136 As neuer did the Clergie at one time
 Bring in to any of your Ancestors.

King. We muſt not onely arme t'inuade the French,
But lay downe our proportions, to defend [L. 2]
Againſt the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs,
With all aduantages. 140

Biſh. Can. They of thoſe Marches, gracious Soueraign,
Shall be a Wall ſufficient to defend
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers. 144

King. We do not meane the courſing fnatchers onely,
But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been ſtill a giddy neighbour to vs:
For you ſhall reade, that my great Grandfather 148
Neuer went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his vn furniſht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
With ample and brim fulneſſe of his force, 152
Galling the gleaned Land with hot Affayes,
Girding with grieuous ſiege, Caſtles and Townes :
That England being emptie of defence,
Hath ſhooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood. 156

B. Can. She hath bin thē more fear'd thē harm'd, my Liege:
For heare her but exampl'd by her ſelfe,
When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,
And ſhee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles, 160
Shee hath her ſelfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots: whom ſhee did ſend to France,
To fill King *Edwards* fame with priſoner Kings, 164
And make their Chronicle as rich with prayſe,
As is the Owſe and bottome of the Sea
With ſunken Wrack, and ſum-leſſe Treafuries.

Biſh. Ely. But there's a ſaying very old and true, 168
If that you will France win, then with Scotland firſt begia.
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,

- [I. 2] To her vnguarded Nest, the Weazell (Scot)
 172 Comes sneaking, and so sucks her Princely Egges,
 Playing the Moufe in absence of the Cat,
 To tame and hauocke more then she can eate.
Exet. It followes theu, the Cat must stay at home,
 176 Yet that 'is but a crush'd necessity,
 Since we haue lockes to safegard necessaries,
 And pretty traps to catch the petty theeues.
 While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
 180 Th'aduised head defends it selfe at home :
 For Gouernment, though high, and low, and lower,
 Put into parts, doth keepe in one consent,
 Congreeing in a full and natural close,
 184 Like Musicke.
Cant. Therefore doth heauen diuide
 The state of man in diuers functions,
 Setting endeuour in continual motion :
 188 To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,
 Obedience : for so worke the Hony Bees,
 Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
 The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome.
 192 They haue a King, and Officers of forts,
 Where some like Magistrates correct at home :
 Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad :
 Others, like Souldiers armed in their stings,
 196 Make boote vpon the Summers Veluet budde :
 Which pillage, they with merry march bring home
 To the Tent-royal of their Emperor :
 Who busied in his Maiesties surueyes
 200 The singing Mafons building roofes of Gold,
 The ciuil Citizens kneading vp the hony ;
 The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in
 Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate :

The sad-ey'd Iustice with his furly humme, [I. 2]
 Deliuering ore to Executors pale
 The lazfe yawning Drone : I this inferre,
 That many things hauing full reference
 To one consent, may worke contrarioufly, 208
 As many Arrowes loofed feuerall wayes
 Come to one marke : as many wayes meet in one towne,
 As many fresh streames meet in one salt sea ;
 As many Lynes clofe in the Dials center : 212
 So may a thousand actions once a foote,
 And in one purpose, and be all well borne
 Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,
 Diuide your happy England into foure, 216
 Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
 And you withall shall make all Gallia shake.
 If we with thrice such powers left at home,
 Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge, 220
 Let vs be worried, and our Nation lose
 The name of hardinesse and policie.

King. Call in the Messengers sent from the Dolphin.
 Now are we well resolu'd, and by Gods helpe 224
 And yours, the noble finewes of our power,
 France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Awe,
 Or breake it all to peeces. Or there wee'l fit,
 (Ruling in large and ample Emperie, 228
 Ore France, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukedomes)
 Or lay these bones in an vnworthy Vrne,
 Tombleffe, with no remembrance ouer them :
 Either our History shall with full mouth 232
 Speake freely of our Acts, or else our graue
 Like Turkish mute, shall haue a tonguelesse mouth,
 Not worshipt with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

- [1. 2] Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
 Of our faire Cofin Dolphin : for we heare,
 Your greeting is from him, not from the King.
Amb. May't please your Maiestie to giue vs leaue
 240 Freely to render what we haue in charge :
 Or shall we sparingly shew you farre off
 The Dolphins meauing, and our Embasie.
King. We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,
 244 Vnto whose grace our pafsion is as subiect
 As is our wretches fettred in our prisons,
 Therefore with franke and with vncurbed plainnesse,
 Tell vs the *Dolphins* miude.
 248 *Amb.* Thus than in few :
 Your Highnesse lately sending into France,
 Did claime some certaine Dukedomes, in the right
 Of your great Predecessor, King *Edward* the third.
 252 In answer of which claime, the Prince our Master
 Sayes, that you fauour too much of your youth,
 And bids you be aduis'd : There's nought in France,
 That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne :
 256 You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there.
 He therefore sends you meeter for your spirit
 This Tun of Treasure; and in lieu of this,
 Desires you let the dukedomes that you claime
 260 Heare no more of you. This the *Dolphin* speakes.
King. What Treasure Vncle?
Exe. Tennis balles, my Liege.
Kin, We are glad the *Dolphin* is so pleafant with vs,
 264 His Present, and your paines we thanke you for :
 When we haue matcht our Rackets to these Balles,
 We will in France (by Gods grace) play a fet,
 Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.
 268 Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,

That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd
 With Chaces. And we vnderstand him well, [I. 2]
 How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes,
 Not measuring what vse we made of them. 272
 We neuer valew'd this poore seate of England,
 And therefore liuing hence, did giue our selfe
 To barbarous license : As 'tis euer common,
 That men are merriest, when they are from home. 276
 But tell the *Dolphin*, I will keepe my State,
 Be like a King, and shew my sayle of Greatnesse,
 When I do rowse me in my Throne of France.
 For that I haue layd by my Maiestie, 280
 And plodded like a man for working dayes :
 But I will rise there with so full a glorie,
 That I will dazle all the eyes of France,
 Yea strike the *Dolphin* blinde to looke on vs, 284
 And tell the pleafant Prince, this Mocke of his
 Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-stones, and his soule
 Shall stand sore charged, for the wastefull vengeance
 That shall flye with them : for many a thousand widows 288
 Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deer husbands ;
 Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mock Castles downe :
 And some are yet vngotten and vnborne,
 That shal haue cause to curse the *Dolphins* scorne. 292
 But this lyes all within the wil of God,
 To whom I do appeale, and in whose name
 Tel you the *Dolphin*, I am comming on,
 To venge me as I may, and to put forth 296
 My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd cause.
 So get you hence in peace : And tell the *Dolphin*,
 His Iest will fauour but of shallow wit,
 When thousands weepe more then did laugh at it. 300
 Couuey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambassadors.

[I. 2] *Exe.* This was a merry Message.

King. We hope to make the Sender blush at it :

- 304 Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,
That may giue furth'rance to our Expedition :
For we haue now no thought in vs but France,
Saue those to God, that runne before our businesse.
- 308 Therefore let our proportions for these Warres
Be soone collected, and all things thought vpon,
That may with reasonable swiftnesse adde
More Feathers to our Wings: for God before,
- 312 Wee'le chide this *Dolphin* at his fathers doore.
Therefore let euery man now taske his thought,
That this faire Action may on foot be brought.

Exeunt.

[II.]

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

- Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
And silken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes :
Now thriue the Armorers, and Honors thought
- 4 Reignes soley in the breast of euery man.
They sell the Pasture now, to buy the Horse;
Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings,
With winged heeles, as English *Mercuries*.
- 8 For now fits Expectation in the Ayre,
And hides a Sword, from Hilts vnto the Point,
With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets.
Promis'd to *Harry*, and his followers.
- 12 The French aduis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadfull preparation,
Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy
Seeke to diuert the English purposes.
- 16 O England: Modell to thy inward Greatnesse,
Like little Body with a mightie Heart:

What

What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do, [II.]
 Were all thy children kinde and naturall :
 But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out, 20
 A nest of hollow bosomes, which he filles
 With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:
 One, *Richard Earle of Cambridge*, and the second
Henry Lord Scroope of Masham, and the third 24
Sir Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland,
 Haue for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)
 Confirm'd Conspiracy with fearefull France,
 And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye. 28
 If Hell and Treason hold their promises,
 Ere he take ship for France; and in Southampton.
 Linger your patience on, and wee'l digest
 Th'abuse of distance; force a play : 32
 The summe is payde, the Traitors are agreed,
 The King is fet from London, and the Scene
 Is now transported (Gentles) to Southampton,
 There is the Play-house now, there must you sit, 36
 And thence to France shall we conuey you safe,
 And bring you backe : Charming the narrow seas
 To giue you gentle Passe : for if we may,
 Wee'l not offend one stomacke with our Play. 40
 But till the King come forth, and not till then,
 Vnto Southampton do we shift our Scene. *Exit.*

Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe. [II. 1]

Bar. Well met Corporall Nym.

Nym. Good morrow Lieutenant Bardolfe.

Bar. What, are Ancient Pistoll and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little: but when 4
 time shall serue, there shall be smiles, but that shall be as
 it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out

[II. 1] mine yron: it is a simple one, but what though? It will
8 toste Cheefe, and it will endure cold, as another mans
sword will: and there's an end.

Bar. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friendes,
and wee'l bee all three sworne brothers to France: Let't
12 be so good Corporall *Nym*.

Nym. Faith, I will liue so long as I may, that's the cer-
taine of it: and when I cannot liue any longer, I will doe
as I may: That is my rest, that is the rendezous of it.

16 *Bar.* It is certaine Corporall, that he is marryed to
Nell Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong, for you
were troth-plaint to her.

Nym. I cannot tell, Things must be as they may: men
20 may sleepe, and they may haue their throats about them
at that time, and some say, kniues haue edges: It must
be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet shee
will plodde, there must be Conclusions, well, I cannot
24 tell.

Enter Pistoll, & Quickly.

Bar. Heere comes Ancient *Pistoll* and his wife: good
Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hoaste *Pi-
stoll*?

28 *Pist.* Bafe Tyke, cal'ft thou mee Hofte, now by this
hand I sweare I scorne the terme: nor shall my *Nel* keep
Lodgers.

Hofst. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge
32 and board a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that liue
honestly by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee
thought we keepe a Bawdy-house fraight. O welliday
Lady, if he be not hewne now, we shall see wilful adulte-
36 ry and murther committed.

Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporal offer nothing
heere.

Nym. Pish.

Pist. Pist for thee, Island dogge : thou prickeard cur [II. 1]
of Island. 40

Hofst. Good Corporall *Nym* shew thy valor, and put
vp your sword.

Nym. Will you shogge off? I would haue you solus.

Pist. Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile; The solus 44
in thy most meruailous face, the solus in thy teeth, and
in thy throate, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw
perdy; and which is worfe, within thy nastie mouth. I
do retort the solus in thy bowels, for I can take, and *Pi-* 48
stols cocke is vp, and flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not *Barbafon*, you cannot coniuere mee : I
haue an humor to knocke you indifferently well : If you
grow fowle with me Pistoll, I will scoure you with my 52
Rapier, as I may, in fayre tearmes. If you would walke
off, I would pricke your guts a little in good tearmes, as
I may, and that's the humor of it.

Pist. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight, 56
The Graue doth gape, and doting death is neere,
Therefore exhale.

Bar. Heare me, heare me what I say : Hee that strikes
the first stroake, Ile run him vp to the hilts, as I am a sol- 60
dier.

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
Giue me thy fist, thy fore-foote to me giue : Thy spirites 64
are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throate one time or other in faire
termes, that is the humor of it.

Pistoll. *Couple a gorge*, that is the word. I desie thee a-
gaine. O hound of Creet, think'ft thou my spouse to get? 68
No, to the spittle goe, and from the Poudring tub of in-
famy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of *Cressids* kinde, *Doll*
Teare-sheete, the by name, and her espouse. I haue, and I

[II. 1] will hold the *Quondam Quickly* for the onely shee : and
Pauca, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine Hoast *Pistoll*, you must come to my May-
 ster, and your Hofteffe : He is very ficke, & would to bed.
 76 Good *Bardolfe*, put thy face betweene his sheets, and do
 the Office of a Warming-pan : Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away you Rogue.

Host. By my troth he'l yeeld the Crow a pudding one
 80 of these dayes : the King has kild his heart. Good Huf-
 band come home presently. *Exit*

Bar. Come, shall I make you two friends. Wee must
 to France together : why the diuel should we keep kniues
 84 to cut one anothers throats ?

Pist. Let floods ore-swell, and fiends for food howle
 on.

Nym. You'l pay me the eight shillings I won of you
 88 at Betting ?

Pist. Bafe is the Slaue that payes.

Nym. That now I wil haue : that's the humor of it.

Pist. As manhood shal compound : push home. *Draw*

92 *Bard.* By this sword, hee that makes the first thrust,
 Ile kill him : By this sword, I wil.

Pi. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths must haue their course

Bar. Coporall *Nym*, & thou wilt be friends be friends,
 96 and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to : pre-
 thee put vp.

Pist. A Noble shalt thou haue, and present pay, and
 Liquor likewise will I giue to thee, and friendshippe
 100 shall combyne, and brotherhood. Ile liue by *Nymme*, &
Nymme shall liue by me, is not this iust ? For I shal Sut-
 ler be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Giue mee
 thy hand.

h 3

Nym.

Nym. I shall haue my Noble?

[II. 1]

Pist. In cash, most iustly payd.

Nym. Well, then that the humor of't.

Enter Hostesse.

Host. As euer you come of women, come in quickly
to sir *Iohn*: A poore heart, hee is so shak'd of a burning
quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold.
Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humors on the Knight,
that's the euen of it.

112

Pist. *Nym.*, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is fra-
cted and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good King, but it must bee as it
may: he passes some humors, and carreeres.

116

Pist. Let vs condole the Knight, for (*Lambekins*) we
will liue.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westmerland.

[II. 2]

Bed Fore God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and euen they do bear themselues,
As if allegiance in their bosomes fate
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

4

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception, which they dreame not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious fauours;
That he should for a forraigne purse, so sell
His Soueraignes life to death and treachery.

8

Sound Trumpets.

Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.

King. Now fits the winde faire, and we will aboard.
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my kinde Lord of *Masham*,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts:

12

- [II. 2] Thinke you not that the powres we beare with vs
 16 Will cut their passage through the force of France?
 Doing the execution, and the acte,
 For which we haue in head assembled them.
Scro. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.
- 20 *King.* I doubt not that, since we are well perswaded
 We carry not a heart with vs from hence,
 That growes not in a faire consent with ours:
 Nor leaue not one behinde, that doth not wish
 24 Successe and Conquest to attend on vs.
Cam. Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd,
 Then is your Maiesty; there's not I thinke a subiect
 That fits in heart-greefe and vneafinesse
- 28 Vnder the sweet shade of your gouernment.
Kni. True: those that were your Fathers enemies,
 Haue steep'd their gauls in hony, and do serue you
 With hearts create of duty, and of zeale.
- 32 *King.* We therefore haue great cause of thankfulness,
 And shall forget the office of our hand
 Sooner then quittance of desert and merit,
 According to the weight and worthinesse.
- 36 *Scro.* So seruice shall with steeled finewes toyle,
 And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope
 To do your Grace incessant seruices.
King. We Iudge no lesse. Vnkle of *Exeter*,
- 40 Inlarge the man committed yesterday,
 That rayl'd against our person: We consider
 It was excessse of Wine that set him on,
 And on his more aduice, We pardon him.
- 44 *Scro.* That's mercy, but too much security:
 Let him be punish'd Soueraigne, least example
 Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind.
King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

74	<i>The Life of Henry the Fifth.</i>	[COL. 2.]
	<i>Cam.</i> So may your Highnesse, and yet punish too.	[II. 2]
	<i>Grey.</i> Sir, you shew great mercy if you giue him life, After the taste of much correction.	
	<i>King.</i> Alas, your too much loue and care of me, Are heauy Orifons 'gainst this poore wretch:	52
	If little faults proceeding on distemper, Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye When capitall crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested, Appeare before vs? Wee'l yet inlarge that man,	56
	Though <i>Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray</i> , in their deere care And tender preferuation of our person Wold haue him punish'd. And now to our French causes, Who are the late Commiffioners ?	60
	<i>Cam.</i> I one my Lord, Your Highnesse bad me aske for it to day.	
	<i>Scro.</i> So did you me my Liege.	
	<i>Gray.</i> And I my Royall Soueraigne.	64
	<i>King.</i> Then <i>Richard Earle of Cambridge</i> , there is yours: There yours Lord <i>Scroope of Malham</i> , and Sir Knight: <i>Gray of Northumberland</i> , this fame is yours: Reade them, and know I know your worthinesse.	68
	My Lord of <i>Westmerland</i> , and Vnkle <i>Exeter</i> , We will aboard to night. Why how now Gentlemen? What see you in those papers, that you loose So much complexion? Looke ye how they change:	72
	Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there, That haue so cowarded and chac'd your blood Out of apparance.	
	<i>Cam.</i> I do confesse my fault,	76
	And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy.	
	<i>Gray. Scro.</i> To which we all appeale.	
	<i>King.</i> The mercy that was quicke in vs but late, By your owne counsaile is supprest and kill'd:	80

- [II. 2] You must not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy,
 For your owne reasons turne into your bosomes,
 As dogs vpon their maisters, worrying you :
- 84 See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,
 These English monsters : My Lord of *Cambridge* heere,
 You know how apt our loue was, to accord
 To furnish with all appertinents
- 88 Belonging to his Honour ; and this man,
 Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conspir'd
 And sworne vnto the practises of France
 To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which,
- 92 This Knight no lesse for bounty bound to Vs
 Then Cambridge is, hath likewise sworne. But O,
 What shall I say to thee Lord *Scroope*, thou cruell,
 Ingratefull, sauage, and inhumane Creature ?
- 96 Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsailes,
 That knew'st the very bottome of my soule,
 That (almost) might'st haue coyn'd me into Golde,
 Would'st thou haue practis'd on me, for thy vse ?
- 100 May it be possible, that forraigne hyer
 Could out of thee extract one sparke of euill
 That might annoy my finger ? 'Tis so strange,
 That though the truth of it stands off as grosse
- 104 As blacke and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
 Treason, and murther, euer kept together,
 As two yoake diuels sworne to eythers purpose,
 Working so grossely in an naturall cause,
- 108 That admiration did not hoope at them.
 But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in
 Wonder to waite on treason, and on murther :
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
- 112 That wrought vpon thee so preposterously,
 Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence :

And

And other diuels that suggest by treasons,	[II. 2]
Do botch and bungle vp damnation,	
With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht	116
From glift'ring semblances of piety :	
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand vp,	
Gaue thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,	
Vnlesse to dub thee with the name of Traitor.	120
If that same Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,	
Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world,	
He might returne to vastie Tartar backe,	
And tell the Legions, I can neuer win	124
A soule so easie as that Englishmans.	
Oh, how hast thou with iealousie infected	
The sweetnesse of affiance? Shew men dutifull,	
Why so didst thou : seeme they graue and learned?	128
Why so didst thou. Come they of Noble Family?	
Why so didst thou. Seeme they religious?	
Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,	
Free from grosse passion, or of mirth, or anger,	132
Constant in spirit, not sweruing with the blood,	
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,	
Not working with the eye, without the eare,	
And but in purged iudgement trusting neither,	136
Such and so finely boulded didst thou seeme :	
And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot,	
To make thee full fraught man, and best indued	
With some suspition, I will weepe for thee.	140
For this reuolt of thine, me thinkes is like	
Another fall of Man. Their faults are open,	
Arrest them to the answer of the Law,	
And God acquit them of their practises.	144
<i>Ere. I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of</i>	
<i>Richard Earle of Cambridge .</i>	

[II. 2] I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of *Thomas*
 148 *Lord Scroope of Marsham.*

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of *Thomas*
Grey, Knight of Northumberland.

Scro. Our purposes, God iustly hath discover'd,
 152 And I repent my fault more then my death,
 Which I beseech your Highness to forgive,
 Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not seduce,
 156 Although I did admit it as a motive,
 The sooner to effect what I intended:
 But God be thanked for prevention,
 Which in suffering heartily will receive,
 160 Beseeching God, and you, to pardon me.

Gray. Neuer did faithful subject more receive
 At the discovery of most dangerous Treason,
 Then I do at this hour joy ore my selfe,
 164 Prevented from a damned enterprise;
 My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne.

King. God quit you in his mercy: Hear your sentence
 You haue conspir'd against Our Royall person,
 168 Ioynd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers,
 Receyvd the Golden Earnest of Our death:
 Wherein you would haue sold your King to slaughter,
 His Princes, and his Peeres to seruitude,
 172 His Subjects to oppression, and contempt,
 And his whole Kingdome into desolation:
 Touching our person, seeke we no reuenge,
 But we our Kingdomes safety must so tender,
 176 Whose ruine you sought, that to her Lawes
 We do deliuer you. Get you therefore hence,
 (Poore miserable wretches) to your death:
 The taste whereof, God of his mercy giue

You patience to indure, and true Repentance
Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence. [II. 2]
Erit.

Now Lords for France: the enterprife whereof
Shall be to you as vs,like glorious.

We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre, 184

Since God so graciously hath brought to light

This dangerous Treafon, lurking in our way,

To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,

But euery Rubbe is smoothed on our way. 188

Then forth, deare Countreymen: Let vs deliuer

Our Puiffance into the hand of God,

Putting it fraight in expedition.

Chearely to Sea, the signes of Warre aduance, 192

No King of England, if not King of France. *Flourish.*

Enter Pistoll, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hostesse. [II. 3]

Hostesse. 'Prythee honey sweet Husband, let me bring
thee to Staines.

Pistoll. No: for my manly heart doth erne. *Bardolph,*
be blythe: *Nim,* rowse thy vaunting Veines: *Boy,* brisle
thy Courage vp: for *Falstaffe* hee is dead, and wee must
erne therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wherefomere hee is,
eyther in Heauen, or in Hell. 8

Hostesse. Nay sure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in *Arthurs*
Bosome, if euer man went to *Arthurs Bosome:* a made a
finer end, and went away and it had beene any Christome
Child: a parted eu'n iust betweene Twelue and One, eu'n 12
at the turning o'th'Tyde: for after I saw him fumble with
the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile vpon his fin-
gers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Nose was
as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now 16
Sir Iohn (quoth I?) what man? be a good cheare: so
cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I,

[II. 3] to comfort him, bid him a should not thinke of God; I
 20 hop'd there was no neede to trouble himfelfe with any
 fuch thoughts yet: fo a bad me lay more Clothes on his
 feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they
 were as cold as any ftone: then I felt to his knees, and fo
 24 vp-peer'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any ftone.

Nim. They fay he cryed out of Sack.

Hofteffe. I, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

28 *Hofteffe.* Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes that a did, and faid they were Deules incarnate.

Woman. A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Co-
 32 lour he neuer lik'd.

Boy. A faid once, the Deule would haue him about
 Women.

Hofteffe. A did in fome fort (indeed) handle Women:
 36 but then hee was rumatique, and talk'd of the Whore of
 Babylon.

Boy. Doe you not remember a faw a Flea ficke vpon
Bardolphs Nofe, and a faid it was a blacke Soule burning
 40 in Hell.

Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fire:
 that's all the Riches I got in his feruice.

Nim. Shall wee fhogg? the King will be gone from
 44 Southampton.

Pift. Come, let's away. My Loue, giue me thy Lippes:
 Looke to my Chattels, and my Moueables: Let Sences
 rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: trust none: for Oathes
 48 are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-faft
 is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore *Caueto* bee
 thy Counfaillor. Goe, cleare thy Chryftalls. Yoke-
 fellowes in Armes, let vs to France, like Horie
 leeches

leeches my Boyes, to sucke, to sucke, the very blood to [II. 3]
sucke.

Boy. And that's but vnwholesome food, they say.

Pijl. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farwell Hostesse.

56

Nim. I cannot kiſſe, that is the humor of it: but
adieu.

Pijl. Let Huſwiferie appeare: keepe close, I thee
command.

60

Hostesse. Farwell: adieu.

*Exeunt.**Flourish.*

[II. 4]

*Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes
of Berry and Britaine.*

King. Thus comes the English with full power vpon vs,
And more then carefully it vs concernes,
To answer Royally in our defences.

Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine,
Of Brabant and of Orleance, shall make forth,
And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch
To lye and new repayre our Townes of Warre

4

With men of courage, and with meanes defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As Waters to the sucking of a Gulfe.

8

It fits vs then to be as prouident,
As feare may teach vs, out of late examples
Lest by the fatall and neglected English,
Vpon our fields.

12

Dolphin. My most redoubted Father,
It is most meet we arme vs 'gainst the Foe:
For Peace it selfe should not so dull a Kingdome,
(Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in question)
But that Defences, Musters, Preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,

16

20

[II. 4] As were a Warre in expectation.

Therefore I say, 'tis meet we all goe forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France :

24 And let us doe it with no shew of feare,
No, with no more, then if we heard that England
Were bufied with a Whitson Morris-dance :
For, my good Liege, thee is so idly King'd,

28 Her Scepter so phantaftically borne,
By a vaine giddie shallow humorous Youth,
That feare attends her not.

Const. O peace, Prince Dolphin,

32 You are too much mistaken in this King :
Question your Grace the late Embassadors,
With what great State he heard their Embassie,
How well supply'd with Noble Councillors,

36 How modest in exception ; and withall,
How terrible in constant resolution :
And you shall find, his Vanities fore-spent,
Were but the out-side of the Roman *Brutus*,

40 Couering Discretion with a Coat of Folly ;
As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide those Roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dolphin. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Conftable.

44 But though we thinke it so, it is no matter :
In cafes of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The Enemie more mightie then he seemes,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd :

48 Which of a weake and niggardly proiection,
Doth like a Miser spoyle his Coat, with scanting
A little Cloth.

King. Thinke we King *Harry* strong :

52 And Princes, looke you strongly arme to meet him.
The Kindred of him hath beene sleht vpon vs :

And he is bred out of that bloodie straine, That haunted vs in our familiar Pathes :	[II. 4]
Witnesse our too much memorable shame, When Cressy Battell fatally was strucke, And all our Princes captiu'd, by the hand Of that black Name, <i>Edward</i> , black Prince of Wales :	56
Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine standing Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne, Saw his Heroicall Seed, and smil'd to see him Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers Had twentie yeeres been made. This is a Stem Of that Victorious Stock : and let vs feare The Natiue mightinesse and fate of him.	60
<i>Enter a Messenger.</i>	
<i>Mess.</i> Embassadors from <i>Harry</i> King of England, Doe craue admittance to your Maiestie.	68
<i>King.</i> Weele giue them present audience. Goe, and bring them.	
You see this Chafe is hotly followed, friends.	72
<i>Dolphin.</i> Turne head, and stop pursuit: for coward Dogs Most spend their mouths, whē what they seem to threaten Runs farre before them. Good my Soueraigne Take vp the English short, and let them know Of what a Monarchie you are the Head : Selfe-loue, my Liege, is not so vile a sinne, As selfe-neglecting.	76
<i>Enter Exeter.</i>	
<i>King.</i> From our Brother of England ?	80
<i>Exe.</i> From him, and thus he greets your Maiestie : He wills you in the Name of God Almightye, That you deuest your selfe, and lay apart The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heauen,	84

- [II. 4] By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs
 To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne,
 And all wide-ftretched Honors, that pertaine
 88 By Custome, and the Ordinance of Times,
 Vnto the Crowne of France : that you may know
 'Tis no finifter, nor no awk-ward Clayme,
 Pickt from the worme-holes of long-vanifht dayes,
 92 Nor from the duft of old Obliuion rakt,
 He fend you this moft memorable Lyne,
 In euery Branch truly demonstratiue ;
 Willing you ouer-looke this Pedigree :
 96 And when you find him euenly deriu'd
 From his moft fam'd, of famous Ancestors,
Edward the third ; he bids you then refigne
 Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirec'tly held
 100 From him, the Natiue and true Challenger.
King. Or else what followes ?
Exe. Bloody constraint : for if you hide the Crowne
 Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
 104 Therefore in fierce Tempest is he comming,
 In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a *Ioue* :
 That if requiring faile, he will compell.
 And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
 108 Deliuer vp the Crowne, and to take mercie
 On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre
 Opens his vastie Iawes: and on your head
 Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes,
 112 The dead-mens Blood, the priuy Maidens Groanes,
 For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers,
 That shall be fwallowed in this Controuerfie.
 This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Messäge :
 116 Vnlesse the Dolphin be in prefence here ;
 To whom expreffely I bring greeting to.

King. For

- King.* For vs, we will confider of this further : [II. 4]
 To morrow shall you beare our full intent
 Back to our Brother of England. 120
- Dolph.* For the Dolphin,
 I stand here for him : what to him from England?
- Exe.* Scorne and defiance, sleight regard, contempt,
 And any thing that may not mis-become 124
 The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at.
 Thus sayes my King : and if your Fathers Highnesse
 Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large,
 Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Maiestie ; 128
 Hee'le call you to so hot an Answer of it,
 That Caues and Wombie Vaultages of France
 Shall chide your Trespas, and returne your Mock
 In second Accent of his Ordinance. 132
- Dolph.* Say : if my Father render faire returne,
 It is against my will : for I desire
 Nothing but Oddes with England.
 To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanitie, 136
 I did present him with the Paris-Balls.
- Exe.* Hee'le make your Paris Louer shake for it,
 Were it the Mistresse Court of mightie Europe :
 And be assur'd, you'le find a difference, 140
 As we his Subiects haue in wonder found,
 Betweene the promise of his greener dayes,
 And these he masters now : now he weighes Time
 Euen to the vtmost Graine : that you shall reade 144
 In your owne Losses, if he stay in France.
- King.* To morrow shall you know our mind at full.
Flourish.
- Exe.* Dispatch vs with all speed, leaft that our King
 Come here himselfe to question our delay ; 148
 For he is footed in this Land already.

[II. 4] *King.* You shalbe soone dispatcht, with faire conditions.
 A Night is but small breathe, and little pawfe,
 152 To answer matters of this consequence. *Exeunt.*

[III.]

*Actus Secundus.**Flourish. Enter Chorus.*

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flies,
 In motion of no lesse celeritie then that of Thought.
 Suppose, that you haue seene
 4 The well-appointed King at Douer Peer,
 Embarke his Royaltie : and his braue Fleet,
 With silken Streamers, the young *Phebus* fayning ;
 Play with your Fancies : and in them behold,
 8 Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing ;
 Heare the shrill Whistle, which doth order giue
 To sounds confus'd : behold the threaten Sayles,
 Borne with th'inuifible and creeping Wind,
 12 Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,
 Breasting the loftie Surge. O, doe but thinke
 You stand vpon the Riuage, and behold
 A Citie on th'inconstant Billowes dauncing :
 16 For so appeares this Fleet Maiefticall,
 Holding due courfe to Harflew. Follow, follow
 Grapple your minds to sternage of this Nauie,
 And leaue your England as dead Mid-night, still,
 20 Guarded with Grandfires, Babyes, and old Women,
 Eyther past, or not arriu'd to pyth and puiffance :
 For who is he, whose Chin is but enrich

77	<i>The Life of Henry the Fifth.</i>	[COL. 2.]
	With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow	[III.]
	These cull'd and choyse-drawne Cauaiers to France?	24
	Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege :	
	Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages,	
	With fatall mouthes gaping on girded Harflew.	
	Suppose th'Embassador from the French comes back :	28
	Tells <i>Harry</i> , That the King doth offer him	
	<i>Katherine</i> his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,	
	Some petty and vnprofitable Dukedomes.	
	The offer likes not : and the nimble Gunner	32
	With Lynstock now the diuellish Cannon touches,	
	<i>Alarum, and Chambers goe off.</i>	
	And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,	
	And eech out our performance with your mind. <i>Exit</i>	
	<i>Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester.</i>	[III. 1]
	<i>Alarum : Scaling Ladders at Harflew.</i>	
	<i>King.</i> Once more vnto the Breach,	
	Deare friends, once more ;	
	Or close the Wall vp with our English dead :	
	In Peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,	4
	As modeft stillnesse, and humilitie :	
	But when the blast of Warre blowes in our eares,	
	Then imitate the action of the Tyger :	
	Stiffen the sinewes, commune vp the blood,	8
	Disguise faire Nature with hard-fauour'd Rage :	
	Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect :	
	Let it pry through the portage of the Head,	
	Like the Brasse Cannon : let the Brow o'rewhelme it,	12
	As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke	
	O're-hang and iutty his confounded Base,	
	Swill'd with the wild and wastfull Ocean.	
	Now set the Teeth, and stretch the Nostrill wide,	16

- [III. 1] Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp every Spirit
 To his full height. On, on, you Noblish English,
 Whose blood is fet from Fathers of Warre-prooffe:
 20 Fathers, that like so many *Alexanders*,
 Haue in these parts from Morne till Euen fought,
 And sheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument.
 Dishonour not your Mothers: now attest,
 24 That those whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.
 Be Coppy now to me of greater blood,
 And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen,
 Whose Lyms were made in England; shew vs here
 28 The mettell of your Pasture: let vs sweare,
 That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:
 For there is none of you so meane and base,
 That hath not Noble luster in your eyes.
 32 I see you stand like Grey-hounds in the slips,
 Straying vpon the Start. The Game's afoot:
 Follow your Spirit; and vpon this Charge,
 Cry, God for *Harry*, England, and *S. George*.

Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

- [III. 2] *Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistoll, and Boy.*

Bard. On, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee Corporall stay, the Knocks are too
 hot: and for mine owne part, I haue not a Case of Liues:
 4 the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song
 of it.

Pist. The plaine-Song is most iust: for humors doe a-
 bound: Knocks goe and come: Gods Vassals drop and
 8 dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne
 immortall fame.

Boy. Would I were in an Ale-house in London, I
 would giue all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and safetie.

Pist. And

Pist. And I: If withes would preuayle with me, my [III. 2] purpose should not fayle with me; but thither would I high.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing on bough. 16

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Vp to the breach, you Dogges; auaunt you Cullions.

Pist. Be mercifull great Duke to men of Mould: abate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage, 20 great Duke. Good Bawcock bate thy Rage: vse lenitie sweet Chuck.

Nim. These be good humors: your Honour wins bad humors. *Exit.* 24

Boy. As young as I am, I haue obseru'd these three Swafhers: I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serue me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three such Antiques doe not amount to a man: 28 for *Bardolph*, hee is white-liuer'd, and red-fac'd; by the means whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for *Pistol*, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the meanes whereof, a breakes Words, and keepes whole 32 Weapons: for *Nim*, hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the best men, and therefore hee scornes to say his Prayers, lest a should be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for 36 a neuer broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was against a Post, when he was drunke. They will steale any thing, and call it Purchase. *Bardolph* stole a Lute-case, bore it twelue Leagues, and sold it for three halfe-pence. 40 *Nim* and *Bardolph* are sworne Brothers in filching: and in Callice they stole a fire-shouell. I knew by that peece of Seruice, the men would carry Coales. They would

[III. 2] haue me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloues
 or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much against my
 Manhood, if I should take from anothers Pocket, to put
 into mine; for it is plaine pocketting vp of Wrongs.
 48 I must leaue them, and seeke some better Seruice: their
 Villany goes against my weake stomacke, and therefore
 I must cast it vp. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen*, you must come presently to
 52 the Mynes; the Duke of Gloucester would speake with
 you.

Flu. To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not so
 good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the Mynes
 56 is not according to the disciplines of the Warre; the con-
 cauities of it is not sufficient: for looke you, th'athuer-
 sarie, you may discusse vnto the Duke, looke you, is digt
 himselfe foure yard vnder the Countermines: by *Chefhu*,
 60 I thinke a will plowe vp all, if there is not better directi-
 ons.

Gower. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the Order
 of the Siege is giuen, is altogether directed by an Irish
 64 man, a very valiant Gentleman yfaith.

Welch. It is Captaine *Makmorrice*, is it not?

Gower. I thinke it be.

Welch. By *Chefhu* he is an Assè, as, in the World, I will
 68 verifie as much in his Beard: he ha's no more directions
 in the true disciplines of the Warres, looke you, of the
 Roman disciplines, then is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Makmorrice, and Captaine Iamy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine
 72 *Iamy*, with him.

Welch. Captaine *Iamy* is a maruellous falorous Gen-
 tleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and know-

ledge in th'aunchiant Warres, vpon my particular know- [III. 2]
ledge of his directions: by *Cheshu* he will maintaine his 76
Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in
the disciplines of the Pristine Warres of the Romans.

Scot. I say gudday, Captaine *Fluellen*.

Welch. Godden to your Worship, good Captaine 80
James.

Gower. How now Captaine *Mackmorrice*, haue you
quit the Mynes? haue the Pioners giuen o're?

Irish. By Chrish Law tish ill done: the Worke ish 84
giue ouer, the Trompet sound the Retreat. By my Hand
I sweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke ish ill done:
it ish giue ouer: I would haue blowed vp the Towne,
so Chrish faue me law, in an heure. O tish ill done, tish ill 88
done: by my Hand tish ill done.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I beseech you now,
will you voutsafe me, looke you, a few disputations with
you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of 92
the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument,
looke you, and friendly communication: partly to satisfie
my Opiniou, and partly for the satisfaction, looke you, of
my Mind: as touching the direction of the Militarie dif- 96
cipline, that is the Point.

Scot. It fall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath,
and I fall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick occasion:
that fall I mary. 100

Irish. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish faue me:
the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the
King, and the Dukes: it is no time to discourse, the Town
is beseech'd: and the Trumpet call vs to the breech, and 104
we talke, and be Chrish do nothing, tis shame for vs all:
so God sa'me tis shame to stand still, it is shame by my
hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be

[III. 2] done, and there ish nothing done, fo Chrif fa'me law.

Scot. By the Mes, ere theife eyes of mine take them-
felues to flomber, ayle de gud feruice, or Ile ligge i'th'
grund for it; ay, or goe to death: and Ile pay't as valo-
112 rously as I may, that fal I fuerly do, that is the breff and
the long: mary, I wad full faine heard fome question
tween you tway.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I thinke, looke you,
116 vnder your correction, there is not many of your Na-
tion.

Irish. Of my Nation? What ish my Nation? Ish a
Villaine, and a Basterd, and a Knaue, and a Rascall. What
120 ish my Nation? Who talkes of my nation?

Welch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwise
then is meant, Captaine *Mackmorrice*, peradventure I
shall thinke you doe not vse me with that affabilitie, as in
124 discretion you ought to vse me, looke you, being as good
a man as your selfe, both in the disciplines of Warre, and
in the deriuation of my Birth, and in other particula-
rities.

128 *Irish.* I doe not know you fo good a man as my selfe:
fo Chrif faue me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Scot. A, that's a foule fault. *A Parley.*

132 *Gower.* The Towne founds a Parley.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, when there is more
better oportunitie to be required, looke you, I will be
fo bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of Warre:
136 and there is an end. *Exit.*

[III. 3] *Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.*

King. How yet resolues the Gouvernour of the Towne?
This is the latest Parle we will admit:

There-

Therefore to our best mercy giue your selues,	[III. 3]
Or like to men prowde of destruction,	4
Defie vs to our worst : for as I am a Souldier,	
A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best ;	
If I begin the batt'rie once againe,	
I will not leaue the halfe-atchieued Harflew,	8
Till in her ashes she lye buried.	
The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut vp,	
And the flesh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,	
In libertie of bloody hand, shall raunge	12
With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like Grass	
Your fresh faire Virgins, and your flowring Infants.	
What is it then to me, if impious Warre,	
Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,	16
Doe with his smyrcht complexion all fell feats,	
Enlynckt to wast and defolation ?	
What is't to me, when you your selues are cause,	
If your pure Maydens fall into the hand	20
Of hot and forcing Violation ?	
What Reyne can hold licentious Wickednesse,	
When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere ?	
We may as bootlesse spend our vaine Command	24
Vpon th'enraged Souldiers in their spoyle,	
As send Precepts to the <i>Leuiathan</i> , to come ashore.	
Therefore, you men of Harflew,	
Take pittie of your Towne and of your People,	28
Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command,	
Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace	
O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds	
Of headly Murther, Spoyle, and Villany.	32
If not : why in a moment looke to see	
The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand	
Desire the Locks of your shrill-shrieking Daughters :	

- [III. 3] Your Fathers taken by the filuer Beards,
 And their most reuerend Heads dasht to the Walls :
 Your naked Infants spitted vpon Pykes,
 Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd,
 40 Doe breake the Clouds ; as did the Wiues of Iewry,
 At *Herods* bloody-hunting slaughter-men.
 What say you? Will you yeeld, and this auoyd
 Or guiltie in defence, be thus defstroy'd.

Enter Gouvernour.

- 44 *Gouer.* Our expectation hath this day an end :
 The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated,
 Returnes vs, that his Powers are yet not ready,
 To rayse so great a Siege : Therefore great King,
 48 We yeeld our Towne and Liues to thy soft Mercy :
 Enter our Gates, dispose of vs and ours,
 For we no longer are defensible.

King. Open your Gates : Come Vnckle *Exeter*,

- 52 Goe you and enter Harflew ; there remaine,
 And fortifie it strongly 'gainst the French :
 Vse mercy to them all for vs, deare Vnckle.
 The Winter comming on, and Sicknesse growing
 56 Vpon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis.
 To night in Harflew will we be your Guest,
 To morrow for the March are we addrest.

Flourish, and enter the Towne.

- [III. 4] *Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.*

Kathe. *Alice, tu as este en Angleterre, & tu bien parlas
 le Language.*

Alice. *En peu Madame.*

- 4 *Kath.* *Je te prie m'enseigniez, il faut que ie apprend a par-
 len : Comient appelle vous le main en Anglois ?*

Alice. *Le main il & appelle de Hand.*

Kath. De Hand.

[III. 4.]

Alice. E le doysts.

8

Kat. Le doysts, ma foy le oublie, e doyt mayz, ie me souemeray le doysts ie pense qu'ils ont appelle de fingres, ou de fingres.

Alice. Le main de Hand, le doysts le Fingres, ie pense que ie suis le bon escholier.

12

Kath. Fay gainie diux mots d' Anglois viftement, coment appelle vous le ongles?

Alice. Le ongles, les appellons de Nayles.

Kath. De Nayles escoute: dites moy, si ie parle bien: de 16 Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.

Alice. C'est bien dict Madame, il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy l' Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De Arme, Madame.

20

Kath. E de coudee.

Alice. D' Elbow.

Kath. D' Elbow: Ie men fay le repiticio de tous les mots que vous maves, apprins des a present.

24

Alice. Il est trop difficile Madame, comme Ie pense.

Kath. Excuse moy Alice escoute, d' Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d' Arma, de Bilbow.

Alice. D' Elbow, Madame.

28

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, ie men oublie d' Elbow, coment appelle vous le col.

Alice. De Nick, Madame.

Kath. De Nick, e le menton.

32

Alice. De Chin.

Kath. De Sin: le col de Nick, le menton de Sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur en verite vous pronouncies les mots aussi droict, que le Natifs d' Angleterre.

36

Kath. Ie ne doute point d'apprendre par de grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. N' aue vos y desia oublie ce que ie vous a enseignie.

[III. 4] *Kath.* *Nome ie recitera a vous promptement, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Maylees.*

Alice. *De Nayles, Madame.*

Kath. *De Nayles, de Arme, de Ilbow.*

44 *Alice.* *Sans vostre honeus d'Elbow.*

Kath. *Ainsi de ie d'Elbow, de Nick, & de Sin: coment appelle vous les pied & de roba.*

Alice. *Le Foot Madame, & le Count.*

48 *Kath.* *Le Foot, & le Count: O Seignieur Dieu, il font le mots de son mauvais corruptible grosse & impudique, & non pour le Dames de Honeur d'vser: Je ne voudray pronouncer ce mots deuant le Seigneurs de France, pour toute le monde, fo le*
52 *Foot & le Count, neant moys, Je recitera vn autrefois ma lecon ensemble, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, d'Elbow, de Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count.*

Alice. *Excellent, Madame.*

56 *Kath.* *C'est asses pour vne foyes, alons nous a diner.*

Exit.

[III. 5] *Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the Constable of France, and others.*

King. 'Tis certaine he hath past the Riuer Some.

Const. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord,

Let vs not liue in France: let vs quit all,

4 And giue our Vineyards to a barbarous People.

Dolph. *O Dieu viuant:* Shall a few Sprayes of vs,

The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie,

Our Syens, put in wilde and fauage Stock,

8 Spirt vp so suddenly into the Clouds,

And ouer-looke their Grafters?

Brit. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards:

Mort du ma vie, if they march along

12 Vnfought withall, but I will fell my Dukedome,

To

80	<i>The Life of Henry the Fift.</i>	[COL. I.
	To buy a flobbry and a durtie Farme In that nooke-shotten Ile of Albion.	[III. 5]
	<i>Const. Dieu de Battailes</i> , where haue they this mettell? Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull? On whom, as in despight, the Sunne lookes pale, Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can sodden Water, A Drench for sur-reyn'd Iades, their Barly broth, Deco& their cold blood to such valiant heat? And shall our quick blood, spirited with Wine, Seeme frostie? O, for honor of our Land, Let vs not hang like roping Ifyckles Vpon our Houfes Thatch, whiles a more frostie People Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields: Poore we call them, in their Natiue Lords.	16 20 24
	<i>Dolphin</i> . By Faith and Honor, Our Madames mock at vs, and plainly fay, Our Mettell is bred out, and they will giue Their bodyes to the Luft of English Youth, To new-store France with Bastard Warriors.	28
	<i>Brit</i> . They bid vs to the English Dancing-Schooles, And teach <i>Lauolta's</i> high, and swift <i>Carranto's</i> , Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles, And that we are most loftie Run-awayes.	32
	<i>King</i> . Where is <i>Montioy</i> the Herald? speed him hence, Let him greet England with our sharpe defiance. Vp Princes, and with spirit of Honor edged, More sharper then your Swords, high to the field: <i>Charles Delabreth</i> , High Constable of France, You Dukes of <i>Orleance</i> , <i>Burbon</i> , and of <i>Berry</i> , <i>Alanfon</i> , <i>Brabant</i> , <i>Bar</i> , and <i>Burgonie</i> , <i>Iaques Chattillion</i> , <i>Rambures</i> , <i>Vandemont</i> , <i>Beumont</i> , <i>Grand Pree</i> , <i>Rouffi</i> , and <i>Faulconbridge</i> , <i>Louys</i> , <i>Lestrале</i> , <i>Bouciquall</i> , and <i>Charaloyes</i> ,	36 40 44

[III. 5] High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;

For your great Seats, now quit you of great shames:

48 Barre *Harry* England, that sweepes through our Land

With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew:

Rush on his Hoast, as doth the melted Snow

Vpon the Valleys, whose low Vassall Seat,

52 The Alpes doth spit, and void his rhowme vpon.

Goe downe vpon him, you haue Power enough,

And in a Captiue Chariot, into Roan

Bring him our Prisoner.

56 *Const.* This becomes the Great.

Sorry am I his numbers are so few,

His Souldiers sick, and famisht in their March:

For I am sure, when he shall see our Army,

60 Hee'le drop his heart into the finck of feare,

And for atchieuement, offer vs his Ransome.

King. Therefore Lord Conftable, haft on *Montioy*,

And let him say to England, that we send,

64 To know what willing Ransome he will giue.

Prince *Dolphin*, you shall stay with vs in Roan.

Dolph. Not so, I doe beseech your Maiestie.

King. Be patient, for you shall remaine with vs.

68 Now forth Lord Conftable, and Princes all,

And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. *Exeunt.*

[III. 6] *Enter Captaines, English and Welch, Gower
and Fluellen.*

Gower. How now Captaine *Fluellen*, come you from
the Bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent Seruices com-
mitted at the Bridge.

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as *Ag-*

memnon, and a man that I loue and honour with my foule, [III. 6] and my heart, and my dutie, and my liue, and my liuing, 8 and my vttermoſt power. He is not, God be prayſed and bleſſed, any hurt in the World, but keeps the Bridge moſt valiantly, with excellent diſcipline. There is an aunchient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very 12 conſcience hee is as valiant a man as *Marke Anthony*, and hee is a man of no eſtimation in the World, but I did ſee him doe as gallant ſeruice.

Gower. What doe you call him? 16

Flu. Hee is call'd aunchient *Piſtoll*.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Piſtoll.

Flu. Here is the man.

Piſt. Captaine, I thee beſeech to doe me fauours: the 20 Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well.

Flu. I, I prayſe God, and I haue merited ſome loue at his hands.

Piſt. *Bardolph*, a Souldier firme and ſound of heart, 24 and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddie Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that Goddeſſe blind, that ſtands vpon the rolling reſtleſſe Stone.

Flu. By your patience, aunchient *Piſtoll*: Fortune is 28 painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to ſignifie to you, that Fortune is blinde; and ſhee is painted alſo with a Wheele, to ſignifie to you, which is the Morall of it, that ſhee is turning and inconstant, and mutabilitie, 32 and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed vpon a Spherickall Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles: in good truth, the Poet makes a moſt excellent deſcription of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall. 36

Piſt. Fortune is *Bardolphs* foe, and frownes on him: for he hath ſtolne a Pax, and hanged muſt a be: a damned

[III. 6] death: let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let man goe free,
 40 and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe suffocate: but *Exeter*
 hath giuen the doome of death, for Pax of little price.
 Therefore goe speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce;
 and let not *Bardolphs* vitall thred bee cut with edge of
 44 Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Captaine for
 his Life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient *Pistoll*, I doe partly vnderstand your
 meaning.

48 *Pist.* Why then reioyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to reioyce
 at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would desire
 the Duke to vse his good pleasure, and put him to execu-
 52 tion; for discipline ought to be vsed.

Pist. Dye, and be dam'd, and *Figo* for thy friendship.

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The Figge of Spaine *Exit.*

56 *Flu.* Very good.

Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rascall, I
 remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purse.

Flu. Ile assure you, a vtt'ed as praue words at the
 60 Pridge, as you shall see in a Summers day: but it is very
 well: what he ha's spoke to me, that is well I warrant you,
 when time is serue.

Gower. Why 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and
 64 then goes to the Warres, to grace himselfe at his returne
 into London, vnder the forme of a Souldier: and such
 fellowes are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and
 they will learne you by rote where Seruices were done;
 68 at such and such a Sconce, at such a Breach, at such a Con-
 uoy: who came off brauely, who was shot, who dis-
 grac'd, what termes the Enemy stood on: and this they
 conne perfitly in the phraze of Warre; which they tricke

vp with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Ge- [III. 6]
neralls Cut, and a horride Sute of the Campe, will doe a-
mong foming Bottles, and Ale-wafht Wits, is wonder-
full to be thought on: but you must learne to know such
flanders of the age, or else you may be maruellously mi- 75
flooce.

Flu. I tell you what, Captaine *Gower*: I doe perceiue
hee is not the man that hee would gladly make shew to
the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell 80
him my minde: hearke you, the King is comming, and I
must speake with him from the Pridge.

*Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his
poore Souldiers.*

Flu. God pleffe your Maieftie.

King. How now *Fluellen*, cam'ft thou from the Bridge? 84

Flu. I, so please your Maieftie: The Duke of Exeter
ha's very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the French is
gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and most prau
passages: marry, th'athuerfarie was haue possession of 88
the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of
Exeter is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Maieftie,
the Duke is a prau man.

King. What men haue you lost, *Fluellen*? 92

Flu. The perdition of th'athuerfarie hath beene very
great, reasounable great: marry for my part, I thinke the
Duke hath lost neuer a man, but one that is like to be exe-
cuted for robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Maie- 96
ftie know the man: his face is all bubukles and whelkes,
and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his
nose, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and
sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's 100
out.

[III. 6] *King.* Wee would haue all such offenders so cut off:
 and we giue expresse charge, that in our Marches through
 104 the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Vil-
 lages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French
 vpbroyded or abused in disdaineful Language; for when
 Leuitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentler
 108 Gamester is the sooneft winne

Tucket. Enter Mountioy.

Mountioy. You know me by my habit.

King. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of
 thee?

112 *Mountioy.* My Masters mind.

King. Vnfold it.

Mountioy. Thus sayes my King: Say thou to *Harry*
 of England, Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleepe:
 116 Aduantage is a better Souldier then rashnesse. Tell him,
 wee could haue rebuk'd him at Harflewe, but that wee
 thought not good to bruisse an iniurie, till it were full
 ripe. Now wee speake vpon our Q. and our voyce is im-
 120 periall: England shall repent his folly, see his weake-
 nesse, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore con-
 sider of his ranfome, which must proportion the losses we
 haue borne, the subiects we haue lost, the disgrace we
 124 haue digested; which in weight to re-answer, his petti-
 nesse would bow vnder. For our losses, his Exchequer is
 too poore; for th' effusion of our bloud, the Muster of his
 Kingdome too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his
 128 owne person kneeling at our feet, but a weake and worth-
 lesse satisfaction. To this adde defiance: and tell him for
 conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose con-
 demnation is pronounc't: So farre my King and Master;
 132 so much my Office.

King. What is thy name? I know thy qualitie.

[III. 6]

Mount. Mountioy.

King. Thou doo'st thy Office fairely. Turne thee back,

And tell thy King, I doe not seeke him now, 136

But could be willing to march on to Callice,

Without impeachment: for to say the sooth,

Though 'tis no wisdom to confesse so much

Vnto an enemie of Craft and Vantage, 140

My people are with sicknesse much enfeebled,

My numbers lessen'd: and those few I haue,

Almost no better then so many French;

Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald, 144

I thought, vpon one payre of English Legges

Did march three Frenchmen. Yct forgiue me God,

That I doe bragge thus; this your ayre of France

Hath blowne that vice in me. I must repent: 148

Goe therefore tell thy Master, heere I am;

My Ranfome, is this frayle and worthlesse Trunke;

My Army, but a weake and sickly Guard:

Yet God before, tell him we will come on, 152

Though France himselfe, and such another Neighbor

Stand in our way. There's for thy labour *Mountioy.*

Goe bid thy Master well aduise himselfe.

If we may passe, we will: if we be hindred, 156

We shall your tawnie ground with your red blood

Discolour: and so *Mountioy*, fare you well.

The summe of all our Answer is but this:

We would not seeke a Battaile as we are, 160

Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it:

So tell your Master.

Mount. I shall deliuer so: Thanks to your Highnesse.

Glouc. I hope they will not come vpon vs now. 164

[III. 6] *King.* We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs :
 March to the Bridge, it now draws toward night,
 Beyond the Riuer wee'le encampe our felues,
 168 And on to morrow bid them march away *Exeunt.*

[III. 7] *Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ramburs,
 Orleance, Dolphin, with others.*

Const. Tut, I haue the best Armour of the World :
 would it were day.

Orleance. You haue an excellent Armour : but let my
 4 Horfe haue his due.

Const. It is the best Horfe of Europe.

Orleance. Will it neuer be Morning?

Dolph. My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord Con-
 8 stable, you talke of Horfe and Armour?

Orleance. You are as well prouided of both, as any
 Prince in the World.

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change
 12 my Horfe with any that treads but on foure poffures :
 ch'ha : he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were
 hayres : *le Cheual volante*, the Pegafus, *ches les narines de
 feu*. When I beftryde him, I foare, I am a Hawke : he trots
 16 the ayre : the Earth fings, when he toucheð it : the bafeft
 horne of his hoofe, is more Muficall then the Pipe of
Hermes.

Orleance. Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

20 *Dolph.* And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beaft
 for *Perfeus* : hee is pure Ayre and Fire ; and the dull Ele-
 ments of Earth and Water neuer appeare in him, but on-
 ly in patient stillneffe while his Rider mounts him : hee
 24 is indeede a Horfe, and all other Iades you may call
 Beasts.

Const. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horſe. [III. 7]

Dolph. It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

Orleance. No more Couſin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the riſing of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, varie deſerued prayſe on my Palfray: it is a Theame as fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horſe is argument for them all: 'tis a ſubiect for a Soueraigne to reaſon on, and for a Soueraignes Soueraigne to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs, and vnknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him, I once writ a Sonnet in his prayſe, and began thus, *Wonder of Nature.*

Orleance. I haue heard a Sonnet begin ſo to ones Miſtreſſe.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Courſer, for my Horſe is my Miſtreſſe.

Orleance. Your Miſtreſſe beares well.

Dolph. Me well, which is the preſcript prayſe and perfection of a good and particular Miſtreſſe.

Const. Nay, for me thought yeſterday your Miſtreſſe ſhrewdly ſhooke your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours.

Const. Mine was not bridled.

Dolph. O then belike ſhe was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Hoſe off, and in your ſtrait Stroffers.

Const. You haue good iudgement in Horſemanſhip.

Dolph. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride ſo, and

[III. 7] ride not warily, fall into foule Boggs: I had rather haue
60 my Horſe to my Miſtreſſe.

Conſt. I had as liue have my Miſtreſſe a Iade.

Dolph. I tell thee Conſtable, my Miſtreſſe weares his owne hayre.

64 *Conſt.* I could make as true a boaft as that, if I had a Sow to my Miſtreſſe.

Dolph. *Le chien eſt retourne a ſon propre vemiffement eſt la leuye lauce au bourbier:* thou mak'ſt uſe of any thing.

68 *Conſt.* Yet doe I not uſe my Horſe for my Miſtreſſe, or any ſuch Prouerbe, ſo little kin to the purpoſe.

Ramb. My Lord Conſtable, the Armour that I ſaw in your Tent to night, are thoſe Starres or Sunnes vpon it?

72 *Conſt.* Starres my Lord.

Dolph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Conſt. And yet my Sky ſhall not want.

Dolph. That may be, for you beare a many ſuperflu-
76 oufly, and 'twere more honor ſome were away.

Conſt. Eu'n as your Horſe beares your prayſes, who would trot as well, were ſome of your bragges diſmounded.

80 *Dolph.* Would I were able to loade him with his deſert. Will it neuer be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way ſhall be paued with Engliſh Faces.

Conſt. I will not ſay ſo, for feare I ſhould be fac't out
84 of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would faine be about the eares of the Engliſh.

Ramb. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie Priſoners?

88 *Conſt.* You muſt firſt goe your ſelfe to hazard, ere you haue them.

Dolph. 'Tis Mid-night, Ile goe arme my ſelfe. *Exit.*

Orleance. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ramb. He longs to eate the English.

[III. 7]

Const. I thinke he will eate all he kills.

Orleanse. By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gal-
lant Prince.

Const. Swearc by her Foot, that she may tread out the 96
Oath.

Orleanse. He is simply the most actiue Gentleman of
France.

Const. Doing is actiuitie, and he will still be doing. 100

Orleanse. He neuer did harme, that I heard of.

Const. Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe
that good name still.

Orleanse. I know him to be valiant. 104

Const. I was told that, by one that knowes him better
then you.

Orleanse. What's hee?

Const. Marry hee told me fo himselfe, and hee sayd hee 108
car'd not who knew it.

Orleanse. Hee needes not, it is no hidden vertue in
him.

Const. By my faith Sir, but it is: neuer any body saw 112
it, but his Lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it
appeares, it will bate.

Orleanse. Ill will neuer sayd well.

Const. I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flatterie 116
in friendship.

Orleanse. And I will take vp that with, Giue the Deuill
his due.

Const. Well plac't: there stands your friend for the 120
Deuill: haue at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, A
Pox of the Deuill.

Orleanse. You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much
a Fooles Bolt is soone shot. 124

[III. 7] *Const.* You have shot ouer.

Orleance. 'Tis not the first time you were ouer-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord high Constable, the English lye within
128 fiteene hundred paces of your Tents.

Const. Who hath mea'ur'd the ground?

Mess. The Lord *Grandpree*.

Const. A valiant and most expert Gentleman. Would
132 it were day? Alas poore *Harry* of England: hee longs
not for the Dawning, as wee doe.

Orleance. What a wretched and peeuishe fellow is this
King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers
136 so farre out of his knowledge.

Const. If the English had any apprehension, they
would runne away.

Orleance. That they lack: for if their heads had any in-
140 tellectual Armour, they could neuer weare such heauie
Head-pieces.

Ramb. That Iland of England breedes very valiant
Creatures; their Mastiffes are of vnmatchable co-
144 rage.

Orleance. Foolish Curres, that runne winking into
the mouth of a Ruffian Beare, and haue their heads crusht
like rotten Apples: you may as well say, that's a valiant
148 Flea, that dare eate his breakefast on the Lippe of a
Lyon.

Const. Iust, iust: and the men doe sympathize with
the Mastiffes, in robustious and rough comming on,
152 leauing their Wits with their Wiues: and then giue
them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele; they
will eate like Wolues, and fight like Deuils.

Orleance. I,

Orleanse. I, but these English are shrowdly out of [III. 7]
Beefe. 156

Const. Then shall we finde to morrow, they naue only
stomackes to eate, and none to fight. Now is it time to
arme : come, shall we about it ?

Orleanse. It is now two a Clock : but let me see, by ten 160
Wee shall haue each a hundred English men. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

[IV.]

Chorus.

Now entertaine coniecture of a time,
When creeping Murmure and the poring Darke
Fills the wide Veffell of the Vniuerse.
From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night 4
The Humme of eyther Army stilly founds ;
That the fixt Centinels almost receiue
The secret Whispers of each others Watch.
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames 8
Each Battaile sees the others vंबर'd face.
Steed threatens Steed, in high and boastfull Neighs
Piercing the Nights dull Eare : and from the Tents,
The Armourers accomplishing the Knights, 12
With busie Hammers closing Riets vp,
Giue dreadfull note of preparation.
The Countrey Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle :
And the third howre of drowfie Morning nam'd, 10
Prowd of their Numbers, and secure in Soule,
The confident and ouer-luttie French,

- [IV.] Doe the low-rated English play at Dice ;
20 And chide the creeple-tardy-gated Night,
Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe
So tediously away. The poore condemned English,
Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
24 Sit patiently, and inly ruminare
The Mornings danger : and their gesture sad,
Inuesting lanke-leane Cheekes, and Warre-worne Coats,
Presented them vnto the gazing Moone
28 So many horride Ghosts. O now, who will behold
The Royall Captaine of this ruin'd Band
Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent ;
Let him cry, Prayfe and Glory on his head :
32 For forth he goes, and visits all his Hoast,
Bids them good morrow with a modest Smyle,
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreyemen.
Vpon his Royall Face there is no note,
36 How dread an Army hath enrounded him ;
Nor doth he dedicate one iot of Colour
Vnto the wearie and all-watched Night :
But freshly lookes, and ouer-beares Attaint,
40 With chearefull semblance, and sweet Maieftie :
That euery Wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes.
A Largeffe vniuerfall, like the Sunne,
44 His liberall Eye doth giue to euery one,
Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all
Behold, as may vnworthinesse define.
A little touch of *Harry* in the Night,
48 And fo our Scene must to the Battaile flye :
Where, O for pittie, we shall much disgrace,
With foure or fiue most vile and ragged foyles,
(Right ill dispos'd, in brawle ridiculous)

The Name of Agincourt : Yet fit and fee,
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.

[IV.]

*Exit.**Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.*

[IV. 1]

King. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our Courage be.

God morrow Brother *Bedford* : God Almighty,
There is some foule of goodnesse in things euill,
Would men obseruingly distill it out.

4

For our bad Neighbour makes vs early stirrers,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.

Besides, they are our outward Consciences,
And Preachers to vs all ; admonishing,

8

That we should dresse vs fairely for our end.
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Morall of the Diuell himselfe.

12

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow old Sir *Thomas Erpingham* :
A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better then a churlish turfe of France.

Erping. Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may fay, now lye I like a King.

16

King. 'Tis good for men to loue their present paines,
Vpon example, so the Spirit is eased :

And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,

20

Breake vp their drowfie Graue, and newly moue
With casted slough, and fresh legeritie.

Lend me thy Cloake Sir *Thomas* : Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Campe ;
Doe my good morrow to them and anon

24

[IV. 1] Defire them all to my Pauillion.

28 *Gloster.* We shall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace ?

King. No, my good Knight :

Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England :

32 I and my Bosome must debate a while,

And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in Heauen bleffe thee, Noble
Harry. *Exeunt.*

King. God a mercy old Heart, thou speak'ft cheare-
fully. *Enter Pistoll.*

36 *Pist.* *Che vous la ?*

King. A friend.

Pist. Discusse vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou
base, common, and popular ?

40 *King.* I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pist. Trayl'ft thou the puissant Pyke ?

King. Euen so : what are you ?

Pist. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.

44 *King.* Then you are a better then the King.

Pist. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a
Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fift
most valiant : I kisse his durtie shooe, and from heart-

48 string I loue the louely Bully. What is thy Name ?

King. *Harry le Roy.*

Pist. *Le Roy ?* a Cornish Name : art thou of Cornish Crew ?

King. No, I am a Welchman.

52 *Pist.* Know'ft thou *Fluellen ?*

King. Yes.

Pist. Tell him Ile knock his Leeke about his Pate vpon
S. *Dauies* day.

56 *King.* Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe
that day, leaft he knock that about yours.

i 2

Pist. Art

Pist. Art thou his friend?

[IV. 1]

King. And his Kinsman too.

Pist. The *Figo* for thee then.

60

King. I thanke you : God be with you.

Pist. My name is *Pistoll* call'd. *Exit.*

King. It ferts well with your fiercenesse.

Manet King.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen.*

64

Flu. 'So, in the Name of Iesu Christ, speake fewer: it is the greatest admiration in the vniuersall World, when the true and aunchient Prerogatifes and Lawes of the Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to examine the Warres of *Pompey* the Great, you shall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle tadle nor pibble bable in *Pompeyes* Campe: I warrant you, you shall finde the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and the Formes of it, and the Sobrietie of it, and the Modestie of it, to be otherwise.

Gower. Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all Night.

76

Flu. If the Enemie is an Affe and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe; is it meet, thinke you, that wee should also, looke you, be an Affe and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe, in your owne confcience now?

80

Gow. I will speake lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

Exit.

King. Though it appeare a little out of fashon, There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

84

Enter three Souldiers, Iohn Bates, Alexander Coust, and Michael Williams.

[IV. 1] *Court.* Brother *John Bates*, is not that the Morning
which breakes yonder?

Bates. I thinke it be: but wee haue no great caufe to
88 desire the approach of day.

Williams. Wee see yonder the beginning of the day,
but I thinke wee shall neuer see the end of it. Who goes
there?

92 *King.* A Friend.

Williams. Vnder what Captaine serue you?

King. Vnder Sir *John Erpingham.*

Williams. A good old Commander, and a most kinde
96 Gentleman: I pray you, what thinkes he of our estate?

King. Euen as men wrackt vpon a Sand, that looke to
be washt off the next Tyde.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

100 *King.* No: nor it is not meet he should: for though I
speake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am:
the Violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the Element
shewes to him, as it doth to me; all his Sences haue but
104 humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Na-
kednesse he appeares but a man; and though his affecti-
ons are higher mounted then ours, yet when they stoupe,
they stoupe with the like wing: therefore, when he sees
108 reason of feares, as we doe; his feares, out of doubt, be of
the same rellish as ours are: yet in reason, no man should
possesse him with any appearance of feare; leaft hee, by
shewing it, should dis-hearten his Army.

112 *Bates.* He may shew what outward courage he will:
but I beleeeue, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could wifh him-
felfe in Thames vp to the Neck; and so I would he were,
and I by him, at all aduentures, so we were quit here.

116 *King.* By my troth, I will speake my conscience of the

King: I thinke hee would not with himselfe any where, [IV. 1]
but where hee is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be
fure to be ranfomed, and a many poore mens liues saued. 120

King. I dare say, you loue him not so ill, to wish him
here alone: howsoeuer you speake this to feele other
mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where so con-
tented, as in the Kings company; his Cause being iust, and 124
his Quarrell honorable.

Williams. That's more then we know.

Bates. I, or more then wee should seeke after; for wee
know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subiects: 128
if his Cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes
the Cryme of it out of vs.

Williams. But if the Cause be not good, the King him-
selfe hath a heauie Reckoning to make, when all those 132
Legges, and *Armes,* and *Heads,* chopt off in a Battaile,
shall ioyne together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dy-
ed at such a place, some swearing, some crying for a Sur-
gean; some vpon their Wiues, left poore behind them; 136
some vpon the Debts they owe, some vpon their Children
rawly left: I am afear'd, there are few dye well, that dye
in a Battaile: for how can they charitably dispose of any
thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if these men 140
doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King,
that led them to it; who to disobey, were against all pro-
portion of subiection.

King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father sent about 144
Merchandize, doe sinfully miscarry vpon the Sea; the im-
putation of his wickednesse, by your rule, should be im-
posed vpon his Father that sent him: or if a Seruant, vn-
der his Masters command, transporting a summe of Mo- 148
ney, be assayled by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcil'd

[IV. 1] Iniquities; you may call the businesse of the Master the author of the Seruants damnation: but this is not so:
152 The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Master of his Seruant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their seruices. Besides, there is no King, be
156 his Cause neuer so spotlesse, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can trye it out with all vnspotted Souldiers: some (peradventure) haue on them the guilt of premeditated and contriued Murther; some, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Seales of Periurie; some, making the Warres their Bulwarke, that haue before gored the gentle Bosome of Peace with Pillage and Robberie. Now, if these men haue defeated the Law, and out-
164 runne Natiue punishment; though they can out-strip men, they haue no wings to flye from God. Warre is his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: so that here men are punished, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in
168 now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death, they haue borne life away; and where they would bee safe, they perish. Then if they dye vnprouided, no more is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was before
172 guiltie of those Impieties, for the which they are now visited. Euey Subiects Dutie is the Kings, but euey Subiects Soule is his owne. Therefore should euey Souldier in the Warres doe as euey sicke man in
176 his Bed, wash euey Moth out of his Conscience: and dying so, Death is to him aduantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gayned: and in him that escapes, it were not sinne to
180 thinke, that making God so free an offer, he let him out-liue that day, to see his Greatnesse, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis

Will. 'Tis certaine, euery man that dyes ill, the ill vpon [IV. 1]
his owne head, the King is not to answer it. 184

Bates. I doe not desire hee should answer for me, and
yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

King. I my selfe heard the King say he would not be
ransom'd. 188

Will. I, hee said so, to make vs fight chearefully: but
when our throats are cut, hee may be ransom'd, and wee
ne're the wiser.

King. If I liue to see it, I will neuer trust his word af- 192
ter.

Will. You pay him then: that's a perillous shot out
of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a priuate displeasure
can doe against a Monarch: you may as well goe about 196
to turne the Sunne to yce, with fanning in his face with a
Peacocks feather: You'le neuer trust his word after;
come, 'tis a foolish saying.

King. Your reproofe is something too round, I should 200
be angry with you, if the time were conuenient.

Will. Let it bee a Quarrell between vs, if you
liue.

King. I embrace it. 204

Will. How shall I know thee againe?

King. Giue me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it
in my Bonnet: Then if euer thou dar'st acknowledge it,
I will make it my Quarrell. 208

Will. Heere's my Gloue: Giue mee another of
thine.

Aug. There.

Will. This will I also weare in my Cap: if euer thou 212
come to me, and say, after to morrow, This is my Gloue,
by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare.

Aug. If euer I liue to see it, I will challenge it.

[IV. 1] *Will.* Thou dar'ft as well be hang'd.

King. Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings companie.

Will. Keepe thy word: fare thee well.

220 *Bates.* Be friends you English fooles, be friends, wee haue French Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

Exit Souldiers.

King. Indeede the French may lay twentie French
224 Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they beare them on their shoulders: but it is no English Treason to cut French Crownes, and to morrow the King himfelfe will be a Clipper.

228 Vpon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules,
Our Debts, our carefull Wiues,
Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King:
We must beare all.

232 O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatnesse,
Subiect to the breath of euery foole, whose fence
No more can feele, but his owne wringing.
What infinite hearts-eafe must Kings neglect,

236 That priuate men enioy?
And what haue Kings, that Priuates haue not too,
Saue Ceremonie, faue generall Ceremonie?
And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie?

240 What kind of God art thou? that suffer'ft more
Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worshippers.
What are thy Rents? what are thy Commings in?
O Ceremonie, shew me but thy worth.

244 What? is thy Soule of Odoration?
Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and Forme,
Creating awe and feare in other men?
Wherein thou art lesse happy, being fear'd,

2, 8 Then they in fearing.

[IV. 1] What watch the King keeps, to maintaine the peace;
Whose howres, the Peſant beſt aduantages.

Enter Erpingham.

284 *Erp.* My Lord, your Nobles iealous of your abſence,
Seeke through your Campe to find you.

King. Good old Knight, colleſt them all together
At my Tent: Ile be before thee.

288 *Erp.* I ſhall doo't, my Lord. *Erit.*

King. O God of Battailles, ſteele my Souldiers hearts,
Poſſeſſe them not with feare: Take from them now
The ſence of reckning of th'oppoſed numbers:

292 Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, thinke not vpon the fault
My Father made, in compaſſing the Crowne.

I *Richards* body haue interred new,

296 And on it haue beſtowed more contrite teares,
Then from it iſſued forced drops of blood.

Fiue hundred poore I haue in yeerely pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold vp

300 Toward Heauen, to pardon blood:

And I haue built two Chauntries,
Where the ſad and ſolemne Prieſts ſing ſtill

For *Richards* Soule. More will I doe:

Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth;

304 Since that my Penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Glouceſter.

Glouc. My Liege.

King. My Brother *Glouceſters* voyce? I:

308 I know thy errand, I will goe with thee:

The day, my friend, and all things ſtay for me.

Exeunt



The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry should be supported by a valid receipt or invoice. This ensures transparency and allows for easy verification of the data.

In the second section, the author outlines the various methods used to collect and analyze the data. This includes both primary and secondary data collection techniques. The primary data was gathered through direct observation and interviews with key stakeholders.

The analysis phase involved using statistical software to identify trends and correlations within the data set. It is noted that while the data shows a general upward trend, there are significant fluctuations that require further investigation.

The final section provides a summary of the findings and offers recommendations for future research. It suggests that more detailed studies should be conducted to explore the underlying causes of the observed trends.



- [IV. 2] Who in vnnecessarie action swarme
 28 About our Squares of Battaile, were enow
 To purge this field of such a hilding Foe;
 Though we vpon this Mountaines Bafis by,
 Tooke stand for idle speculation :
- 32 But that our Honours must not. What's to say ?
 A very little little let vs doe,
 And all is done : then let the Trumpets found
 The Tucket Sonuance, and the Note to mount :
- 36 For our approach shall so much dare the field,
 That England shall couch downe in feare, and yeeld.

Enter Graundpree.

- Grandpree.* Why do you stay so long, my Lords of France ?
 Yond Iland Carrions, desperate of their bones,
 40 Ill-fauoredly become the Morning field :
 Their ragged Curtaines poorely are let loofe,
 And our Ayre shakes them passing scornefully.
 Bigge *Mars* seemes banqu'rout in their begger'd Hoast,
 44 And faintly through a rustie Beuer peepes.
 The Horsemen sit like fixed Candlesticks,
 With Torch-staues in their hand : and their poore Iades
 Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips :
- 48 The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes,
 And in their pale dull mouthes the Iymold Bitt
 Lyes foule with chaw'd-grasse, still and motionlesse.
 And their executors, the knauish Crowes,
 52 Fly o're them all, impatient for their howre.
 Description cannot fute it selfe in words,
 To demonstrate the Life of such a Battaile,
 In life so liuelesse, as it shews it selfe.
- 56 *Const.* They haue said their prayers,
 And they stay for death.
Dolph. Shall we goe send them Dinners, and fresh Sutes,

And give their fasting Horses Prouender,
And after fight with them? [IV. 2]
60

Const. I stay but for my Guard: on
To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,
And vie it for my haire. Come, come away,
The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day. *Exeunt.* 64

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham [IV. 3]
with all his Host: Salisbury, and
Weymerian.

Glouc. Where's the King?

Bedf. The King himselfe is rode to view their Bat-
tles.

Wey. Of fighting men they haue full threecore thou-
sand.

Exe. There's none to one, besides they all are fresh. 4

Salisb. Gods Arme strike with vs, tis a fearefull odde.

God buy you Princes all: He to my Charge:

If we no more meet, till we meet in Heauen;

Then joyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford, 8

My deare Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,

And my kind Cousins, Warriors all, adieu.

Bedf. Farewell good *Salisbury*, & good luck go with thee:

And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it, 12

For thou art fraid of the true truth of valour.

Exe. Farewell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.

Bedf. He is as full of Valour as of Kindnesse,
Princes in both. 16

Enter the King.

Wey. O that we now had here

But one ten thousand of those men in England,

That doe no worke to day.

Ang. What's he that withen w? 20

- [IV. 3] My Cousin *Westmerland*. No, my faire Cousin :
 If we are markt to dye, we are enow
 To doe our Countrey losse : and if to liue,
 24 The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
 Gods will, I pray thee with not one man more.
 By *Ioue*, I am not couetous for Gold,
 Nor care I who doth feed vpon my cost :
 28 It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare ;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires.
 But if it be a finne to couet Honor,
 I am the most offending Soule aliue.
 32 No faith, my Couze, with not a man from England :
 Gods peace, I would not loofe so great an Honor,
 As one man more me thinkes would share from me,
 For the best hope I haue. O, doe not wish one more :
 36 Rather proclaime it (*Westmerland*) through my Hoast,
 That he which hath no stomack to this fight,
 Let him depart, his Pasport shall be made,
 And Crownes for Conuoy put into his Purse :
 40 We would not dye in that mans companie,
 That feares his fellowship, to dye with vs.
 This day is call'd the Feast of *Crispian* :
 He that out-liues this day, and comes safe home,
 44 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
 And rowse him at the Name of *Crispian*.
 He that shall see this day, and liue old age,
 Will yeerely on the Vigil feast his neighbours,
 48 And say, to morrow is Saint *Crispian*.
 Then will he strip his sleeue, and shew his skarres :
 Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot :
 But hee'le remember, with aduantages,
 52 What feats he did that day. Then shall our Names,
 Familiar in his mouth as household words,

Harry

87	<i>The Life of Henry the Fifth.</i>	[COL. I.]
	<i>Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,</i>	[IV. 3]
	<i>Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,</i>	
	Be in their flowing Cups freshly remembered.	56
	This story shall the good man teach his sonne :	
	And <i>Crispine Crispian</i> shall ne're goe by,	
	From this day to the ending of the World,	
	But we in it shall be remembred ;	60
	We few, we happy few, we band of brothers :	
	For he to day that sheds his blood with me,	
	Shall be my brother : be he ne're so vile,	
	This day shall gentle his Condition.	64
	And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,	
	Shall thinke themselues accurst they were not here ;	
	And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speakes,	
	That fought with vs vpon Saint <i>Crispines</i> day.	68
	<i>Enter Salisbury.</i>	
	<i>Sal.</i> My Soueraign Lord, bestow your selfe with speed :	
	The French are brauely in their battailes set,	
	And will with all expedience charge on vs.	
	<i>King.</i> All things are ready, if our minds be so.	72
	<i>West.</i> Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.	
	<i>King.</i> Thou do'st not wish more helpe from England,	
	Couze ?	
	<i>West.</i> Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone,	
	Without more helpe, could fight this Royall battaile.	76
	<i>King.</i> Why now thou hast vnwisht fiew thousand men :	
	Which likes me better, then to with vs one.	
	You know your places : God be with you all.	
	<i>Tucket. Enter Montioy.</i>	
	<i>Mont.</i> Once more I come to know of thee King <i>Harry,</i>	80
	If for thy Ransome thou wilt now compound,	
	Before thy most assured Querthrow :	

- [IV. 3] For certainly, thou art so neere the Gulfe,
 84 Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy
 The Constable desires thee, thou wilt mind
 Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules
 May make a peacefull and a sweet retyre
 88 From off these fields: where(wretches)their poore bodies
 Must lye and fester.
King. Who hath sent thee now?
Mont. The Constable of France.
- 92 *King.* I pray thee beare my former Answer back:
 Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones.
 Good God, why should they mock poore fellowes thus?
 The man that once did sell the Lyons skin
 96 While the beast liu'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
 A many of our bodies shall no doubt
 Find Natiue Graues: vpon the which, I trust
 Shall witnesse liue in Brasse of this dayes worke.
- 100 And those that leaue their valiant bones in France,
 Dying like men, though buried in your Dunghills,
 They shall be fam'd: for there the Sun shall greet them,
 And draw their honors reeking vp to Heauen,
- 104 Leauing their earthly parts to choake your Clyme,
 The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France.
 Marke then abounding valour in our English:
 That being dead, like to the bullets crafing,
- 108 Breake out into a second course of mischiefe,
 Killing in relapse of Mortalitie.
 Let me speake prowdly: Tell the Constable,
 We are but Warriors for the working day:
- 112 Our Gaynesse and our Gilt are all besmyrecht
 With raynie Marching in the painefull field.
 There's not a piece of feather in our Hoast:
 Good argument(I hope)we will not flye:

[IV. 4.] pend my words O Signieur Dewe, and marke : O Signieur Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox, except O Signieur thou doe giue to me egregious Ransome.

French. O prenes miserecordie aye pitez de moy.

12 *Pist.* Moy shall not serue, I will haue fortie Moyes: for I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in dropes of Crimfon blood.

French. Est il impossible d'eschapper le force de ton bras.

16 *Pist.* Braffé, Curre? thou damned and luxurious Moun-
taine Goat, offer'ft me Braffé?

French. O pardonne moy.

Pist. Say'ft thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moyes?

20 Come hither boy, aske me this flaué in French what is his Name.

Boy. Escoute comment estes vous appelle?

French. Mounseur le Fer.

24 *Boy.* He sayes his Name is M.Fer.

Pist. M. Fer: Ile fer him, and firke him, and ferret him: discusse the fame in French vnto him.

Boy. I doe not know the French for fer, and ferret, and
28 firke.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

French. Que dit il Mounseur?

*Boy. Il me commande a vous dire que vous faite vous
32 prest, car ce soldat icy est disposee tout asture de coupes vostre
gorge.*

Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge permafoy pefant, vulesse
thou giue me Crownes, braue Crownes; or mangled shalt
36 thou be by this my Sword.

*French. O Je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu: ma par-
donner, Je suis le Gentilhome de ton maison, garde ma vie, & Je
vous donneray deux cent escus.*

40 *Pist.* What are his words?

Boy. He

[IV. 5] *Con. O Diable.*

Orl. O figueur le iour et perdia, toute et perdie.

Dol. Mor Dieu ma vie, all is confounded all,

4 Reproach, and euerlasting shame

Sits mocking in our Plumes.

A short Alarum.

O meschante Fortune, do not runne away.

Con. Why all our rankes are broke.

8 *Dol, O perdurable shame, let's stab our selues :*

Be these the wretches that we plaid at dice for ?

Orl. Is this the King we sent too, for his ransome ?

Bur. Shame, and eternall shame, nothing but shame,

12 Let vs dye in once more backe againe,

And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand

Like a base Pander hold the Chamber doore,

16 Whilst a base slaue, no gentler then my dogge,

His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder that hath spoyl'd vs, friend vs now,

Let vs on heapes go offer vp our liues.

20 *Orl. We are enow yet liuing in the Field,*

To smother vp the English in our throngs,

If any order might be thought vpon.

Bur. The diuell take Order now, Ile to the throng ;

24 Let life be short, else shame will be too long.

Exit.

[IV. 6] *Alarum. Enter the King and his trayne,
with Prisoners*

King. Well haue we done, thrice-ualiant Countrimen,
But all's not done, yet keepe the French the field.

Exe. The D. of York commends him to your Maiesty

<i>King.</i> LIVES he good Vnckle : thrice within this houre I saw him downe ; thrice vp againe, and fighting, From Helmet to the spurre, all blood he was.	[IV. 6]
<i>Ere.</i> In which array (braue Soldier) doth he lye, Larding the plaine : and by his bloody fide, (Yoake-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds) The Noble Earle of Suffolke also lyes. Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all hagled ouer Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped, And takes him by the Beard, killes the gathes That bloodily did yawue vpon his face. He cryes aloud ; Tarry my Cofin Suffolke, My soule shall thine keepe company to heauen : Tarry (sweet foule) for mine, then flye a-brest : As in this glorious and well-foughten field We kept together in our Chiualrie. Vpon these words I came, and cheer'd him vp, He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand, And with a feeble gripe, sayes : Deere my Lord, Commend my seruice to my Soueraigne, So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke He throw his wounded arme, and kist his lippes, And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd A Testament of Noble-ending-loue : 'The prettyle and sweet manner of it forc'd 'Those waters from me, which I would haue stop'd, But I had not so much of man in mee, And all my mother came into mine eyes, And gauus me vp to teares.	8 12 16 20 24 28 32
<i>King.</i> I blame you not, For hearing this, I must perforce compound With mixtfull eyes, or they will issue to. But hearken, what new alarum is this same ?	<i>Alarum</i> 36

[IV. 6] The French haue re-enforc'd their scatter'd men :
 Then euery souldiour kill his Prifoners,
 Giue the word through.

Exit

[IV. 7]

Actus Quartus.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expreffely
 againft the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a peece of knaue-
 ry marke you now, as can bee offert in your Conscience
 4 now, is it not ?

Gow. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left aliuie, and the
 Cowardly Rascalls that ranne from the battaile ha' done
 this slaughter : besides they haue burned and carried a-
 8 way all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King
 moft worthily hath caus'd euery foldiour to cut his pri-
 foners throat. O 'tis a gallant King.

Flu. I, hee was borne at *Monmouth* Captaine *Gower* :
 12 What call you the Townes name where *Alexander* the
 pig was borne ?

Gow. *Alexander* the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great ? The pig, or
 16 the grear, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnani-
 mous, are all one reckonings, faue the phrafe is a litle va-
 riations.

Gower. I thinke *Alexander* the Great was borne in
 20 *Macedon*, his Father was called *Phillip* of *Macedon*, as I
 take it.

Flu. I thinke it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is
 borne.

[IV. 7] *King.* I was not angry since I came to France,
 Vntill this instant. Take a Trumpet Herald,
 Ride thou vnto the Horfemen on yond hill:
 56 If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,
 Or voyde the field: they do offend our fight.
 If they'l do neither, we will come to them,
 And make them sker away, as swift as stones
 60 Enforced from the old Assyrian flings:
 Besides, wee'l cut the throats of those we haue,
 And not a man of them that we shall take,
 Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montioy.

64 *Exe.* Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege
Glou. His eyes are humbler then they vs'd to be.
King. How now, what meanes this Herald? Knowst
 thou not,
 That I haue fin'd these bones of mine for ranfome?
 68 Com'ft thou againe for ranfome?
Her. No great King:
 I come to thee for charitable License,
 That we may wander ore this bloody field,
 72 To booke our dead, and then to bury them,
 To fort our Nobles from our common men.
 For many of our Princes (woe the while)
 Lye drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood:
 76 So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbes
 In blood of Princes, and with wounded feedes
 Fret fet-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage
 Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead masters
 80 Killing them twice. O giue vs leaue great King,
 To view the field in safaty, and dispose
 Of their dead bodies.

Kin. I tell thee truly Herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horsemen peere,
And gallop ore the field.

[IV. 7]

84

Her. The day is yours.

Kin. Praised be God, and not our strength for it :
What is this Castle call'd that stands hard by.

88

Her. They call it *Agincourt*.

King. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*,
Fought on the day of *Crispin Crispianus*.

92

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please
your Maiefty) and your great Vncle *Edward* the Placke
Prince of Wales, as I haue read in the Chronicles, fought
a most prauie battell here in France.

96

Kin. They did *Fluellen*.

Flu. Your Maiefty sayes very true: If your Maiefties
is remembered of it, the Welchmen did good seruice in a
Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Leekes in their
Monmouth caps, which your Maiefty know to this houre
is an honourable badge of the seruice: And I do beleeue
your Maiefty takes no scorn to weare the Leek vppon
S. Tauies day.

104

King. I weare it for a memorable honor :
For I am Welch you know good Countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye, cannot wash your Maie-
fties Welsh blood out of your body, I can tell you that :
God please it, and preserve it, as long as it pleases his
Grace, and his Maiefty too.

108

Kin. Thanks good my Countrymen.

Flu. By Ieshu, I am your Maiefties Countryman, I
care not who know it: I will confesse it to all the Orld, I
need not to be ashamed of your Maiefty, praised be God
so long as your Maiefty is an honest man.

112

[IV. 7] *King.* Good keepe me so.

Enter Williams.

Our Heralds go with him,
Bring me iust notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

120 *Exe.* Souldier, you must come to the King.

Kin. Souldier, why wear'ft thou that Gloue in thy
Cappe?

Will. And't please your Maiefty, tis the gage of one
124 that I should fight withall, if he be aliue.

Kin. An Englishman?

Will. And't please your Maiefty, a Rafcall that fwag-
ger'd with me last night: who if aliue, and euer dare to
128 challenge this Gloue, I haue sworne to take him a boxe
a'th ere: or if I can see my Gloue in his cappe, which he
swore as he was a Souldier he would weare (if aliue) I wil
strike it out foundly.

132 *Kin.* What thinke you Captaine *Fluellen*, is it fit this
souldier keepe his oath.

Flu. Hee is a Crauen and a Villaine else, and't please
your Maiefty in my conscience.

136 *King.* It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great
fort quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Gentleman as the diuel is,
as Lucifer and Belzebub himfelfe, it is necessary (looke
140 your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath: If hee
bee periur'd (see you now) his reputation is as arrant a
villaine and a Iacke sawce, as euer his blacke shoo trodd
vpon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conscience law

144 *King.* Then keepe thy vow firrah, when thou meet'ft
the fellow.

Will. So, I wil my Liege, as I liue.

King. Who seru'ft thou vnder?

Will.

Will. Vnder Captaine *Gower*, my Liege.

[IV. 7]

Flu. *Gower* is a good Captaine, and is good knowledge and literated in the Warres.

King. Call him hither to me, Souldier.

Will. I will my Liege.

Exit.

152

King. Here *Fluellen*, weare thou this fauour for me, and sticke it in thy Cappe : when *Alanfon* and my selfe were downe together, I pluckt this Gloue from his Helme : If any man challenge this, hee is a friend to *Alanfon*, and an enemy to our Perfon ; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do'st me loue.

Flu. Your Grace doo's me as great Honors as can be defir'd in the hearts of his Subiects : I would faine see the man, that ha's but two legges, that shall find himselfe agreefd at this Gloue ; that is all : but I would faine see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.

King. Know'st thou *Gower* ?

164

Flu. He is my deare friend, and please you.

King. Pray thee goe seeke him, and bring him to my Tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

Exit.

168

King. My Lord of *Warwick*, and my Brother *Gloster*, Follow *Fluellen* closely at the heeles.

The Gloue which I haue giuen him for a fauour,

May haply purchase him a box a'th'eare.

172

It is the Souldiers : I by bargaine should

Weare it my selfe. Follow good Coufin *Warwick* :

If that the Souldier strike him, as I iudge

By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word ;

176

Some sodaine mischiefe may arise of it :

For I doe know *Fluellen* valiant,

And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,

And quickly will returne an iniurie.

180

[IV. 7] Follow, and see there be no harme betweene them.

Goe you with me, Vnckle of Exeter.

Exeunt.

[IV. 8]

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gods will, and his pleafure, Captaine, I befeech you now, come apace to the King: there is more good
4 toward you peradventure, then is in your knowledge to dreame of.

Will. Sir, know you this Gloue?

Flu. Know the Gloue? I know the Gloue is a Gloue.

8 *Will.* I know this, and thus I challenge it.

Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant Traytor as anyes in the Vniuerfall World, or in France, or in England.

Gower. How now Sir? you Villaine.

12 *Will.* Doe you thinke Ile be forfworne?

Flu. Stand away Captaine *Gower*, I will giue Treafon his payment into plowes, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traytor.

16 *Flu.* That's a Lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his Maiefties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke *Alanfons*.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

Warw. How now, how now, what's the matter?

20 *Flu.* My Lord of Warwick, heere is, prayfed be God for it, a most contagious Treafon come to light, looke you, as you shall defire in a Summers day. Heere is his Maieftie.

Enter King and Exeter.

24 *King.* How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor, that looke your Grace, ha's ftrooke the Gloue which

your Maiestie is take out of the Helmet of *Alan-* [IV. 8]
son. 28

Will. My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the fellow of it: and he that I gaue it to in change, promis'd to weare it in his Cappe: I promis'd to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my Gloue in his Cappe, and I haue been as 32 good as my word.

Flu. Your Maiestie heare now, sauing your Maiesties Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowfie Knaue it is: I hope your Maiestie is peare me testimonie 36 and witnesse, and will auouchment, that this is the Gloue of *Alanfon*, that your Maiestie is giue me, in your Conscience now.

King. Giue me thy Gloue Souldier; 40
 Looke, heere is the fellow of it:
 'Twas I indeed thou promised'st to strike,
 And thou hast giuen me most bitter termes.

Flu. And please your Maiestie, let his Neck anfwere 44 for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the World.

King. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: neuer came any from mine, that might offend your Ma- 48
 iestie.

King. It was our selfe thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Maiestie came not like your selfe: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witnesse the 52 Night, your Garments, your Lowlinesse: and what your Highnesse suffer'd vnder that shape, I beseech you take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I 56 beseech your Highnesse pardon me.

King. Here Vnckle *Exeter*, fill this Gloue with Crownes,
 And giue it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow,

[IV. 8] And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe,
Till I doe challenge it. Giue him the Crownes:
And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's met-
64 tell enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelue-pence for
you, and I pray you to serue God, and keepe you out of
prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and dissentions, and I
warrant you it is the better for you.

68 *Will.* I will none of your Money.

Flu. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will serue
you to mend your shooes: come, wherefore should you
be so pathfull, your shooes is not so good: 'tis a good
72 filling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herauld.

King. Now Herauld, are the dead numbred?

Herald. Heere is the number of the flaught' red
French.

76 *King.* What Prifoners of good fort are taken,
Vnckle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,
Iohn Duke of Burbon, and Lord *Bouchiquald*:

80 Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,
Full fifteene hundred, besides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lye slaine: of Princes in this number,

84 And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead
One hundred twentie six: added to these,
Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen,
Eight thousand and foure hundred: of the which,

88 Fiue hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights.
So that in these ten thousand they haue lost,
There are but fifteene hundred Mercenaries:
The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,

And

91	<i>The Life of Henry the Fifth.</i>	[COL. I.
	And Gentlemen of blood and qualitie.	[IV. 8]
	The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead :	
	<i>Charles Delabreth</i> , High Conftable of France,	
	<i>Iaques</i> of Chatilion, Admirall of France,	
	The Mafter of the Crosse-bowes, Lord <i>Rambures</i> ,	96
	Great Mafter of France, the braue Sir <i>Guichard Dolphin</i> ,	
	<i>Iohn</i> Duke of Alanfon, <i>Anthonie</i> Duke of Brabant,	
	The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,	
	And <i>Edward</i> Duke of Barr : of luftie Earles,	100
	<i>Grandpree</i> and <i>Rouffie</i> , <i>Fauconbridge</i> and <i>Foyes</i> ,	
	<i>Beaumont</i> and <i>Marle</i> , <i>Vandemont</i> and <i>Leftrale</i> .	
	Here was a Royall fellowship of death.	
	Where is the number of our Englifh dead ?	104
	<i>Edward</i> the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,	
	Sir <i>Richard Ketly</i> , <i>Dauy Gam</i> Efquire ;	
	None elfe of name : and of all other men,	
	But fiue and twentie.	108
	O God, thy Arme was heere :	
	And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,	
	Afcribe we all : when, without stratagem,	
	But in plaine fhock, and euen play of Battaile,	112
	Was euer knowne fo great and little loffe ?	
	On one part and on th'other, take it God,	
	For it is none but thine.	
	<i>Exet.</i> 'Tis wonderfull.	116
	<i>King.</i> Come, goe me in proceffion to the Village :	
	And be it death proclaymed through our Hoaft,	
	To boaft of this, or take that prayfe from God,	
	Which is his onely.	120
	<i>Flu.</i> Is it not lawfull and pleafe your Maieftie, to tell	
	how many is kill'd ?	
	<i>King.</i> Yes Captaine : but with this acknowledgement,	
	That God fought for vs.	124

[IV. 8] *Flu.* Yes, my conscience, he did vs great good.

King. Doe we all holy Rights :

Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*,

128 The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay :

And then to Callice, and to England then,

Where ne're from France arriu'd more happy men.

Exeunt.

[V.]

Actus Quintus.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchsafe to those that haue not read the Story,
That I may prompt them : and of such as haue,
I humbly pray them to admit th'excuse

4 Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
Be here presented. Now we beare the King
Toward Callice : Graunt him there ; there seene,

8 Heaue him away vpon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the Sea : Behold the English beach *
Pales in the flood ; with Men, Wiues, and Boyes,
Whose shouts & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,

12 Which like a mightie Whiffler 'fore the King,
Seemes to prepare his way : So let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.

So swift a pace hath Thought, that euen now
16 You may imagine him vpon Black-Heath :
Where, that his Lords desire him, to haue borne
His bruifed Helmet, and his bended Sword
Before him, through the Citie : he forbids it,

[V. 1] in all things: I will tell you asse my friend, Captaine
Gower; the rascally, scauld, beggerly, lowfie, pragging
 Knaue *Pistoll*, which you and your selfe, and all the World,
 know to be no petter then a fellow, looke you now, of no
 8 merits: hee is come to me, and prings me pread and
 fault yesterday, looke you, and bid me eate my Leeke:
 it was in a place where I could not breed no contention
 with him; but I will be so bold as to weare it in my Cap
 12 till I see him once againe, and then I will tell him a little
 piece of my desires.

Enter Pistoll.

Gower. Why heere hee comes, fwelling like a Turkey-
 cock.

16 *Flu.* 'Tis no matter for his fwellings, nor his Turkey-
 cocks. God plesse you aunchient *Pistoll*:you scuruie low-
 fie Knaue, God plesse you.

Pist. Ha, art thou bedlam? doest thou thirst, base
 20 Troian, to haue me fold vp *Parcas* fatall Web? Hence;
 I am qualmish at the smell of Leeke.

Flu. I pefeech you heartily, scuruie lowfie Knaue, at
 my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eate,
 24 looke you, this Leeke; because, looke you, you doe not
 loue it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your
 disgestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you
 to eate it.

28 *Pist.* Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you. *Strikes him.*

Will you be so good, scauld Knaue, as eate it?

Pist. Base Troian, thou shalt dye.

32 *Flu.* You say very true, scauld Knaue, when Gods
 will is: I will desire you to liue in the meane time, and
 eate your Victuals: come, there is sawce for it. You
 call'd me yesterday Mountaine-Squier, but I will make
 you

you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you fall too, if [V. 1]
you can mocke a Leeke, you can eate a Leeke.

Gour. Enough Captaine, you haue astonisht him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eate some part of my leeke,
or I will peate his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is 40
good for your greene wound, and your ploodie Coxecombe.

Pist. Must I bite.

Flu. Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of que- 44
stion too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this Leeke, I will most horribly reuenge I
eate and eate I sweare.

Flu. Eate I pray you, will you haue some more sauce 48
to your Leeke: there is not enough Leeke to sweare by.

Pist. Quiet thy Cudgell, thou dost see I eate.

Flu. Much good do you scald knaue, heartily. Nay,
pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your 52
broken Coxcombe; when you take occasions to see
Leekes heereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. I, Leekes is good: hold you, there is a groat to 56
heale your pate.

Pist. Me a groat?

Flu. Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I haue 60
another Leeke in my pocket, which you shall eate.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of reuenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cud-
gels, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of
me but cudgels: God bu'y you, and keepe you, & heale 64
your pate. *Erit*

Pist. All hell shall stirre for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knaue,
will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began vppon an 68

[V. 1] honourable respect, and worne as a memorable Trophee
 of predeceafed valor, and dare not auouch in your deeds
 any of your words. I haue feene you gleeking & galling
 72 at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because
 he could not speake English in the native garb, he could
 not therefore handle an English Cudgell: you finde it o-
 therwife, and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach
 76 you a good English condition, fare ye well. *Exit*

Pist. Doeth fortune play the hufwife with me now?
 Newes haue I that my *Doll* is dead i'th Spittle of a mala-
 dy of France, and there my rendezous is quite cut off:
 80 Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is
 Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ile turne, and something leane to
 Cut-purfe of quicke hand: To England will I steale, and
 there Ile steale:

84 And patches will I get vnto these cudgeld scarres,
 And swore I got them in the Gallia warres. *Exit.*

[V. 2] *Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwicke,
 and other Lords. At another, Queene Isabel,
 the King, the Duke of Bourgogne, and
 other French.*

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met;
 Vnto our brother France, and to our Sifter
 Health and faire time of day: Ioy and good wilhes
 4 To our most faire and Princely Cosine *Katherine*:
 And as a branch and member of this Royalty,
 By whom this great assembly is contriu'd,
 We do salute you Duke of *Burgogne*,
 8 And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.

Fra. Right ioyous are we to behold your face,
 Most worthy brother England, fairely met,
 So are you Princes (English) euery one.

Quee. So happy be the Issue brother Ireland
 Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
 As we are now glad to behold your eyes,
 Your eyes which hitherto haue borne
 In them against the French that met them in their bent, 16
 The fatall Balls of murthering Bafiliskes :
 The venome of such Lookes we fairely hope
 Haue lost their qualitie, and that this day
 Shall change all griefes and quarrels into loue. 20

Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare.
Quee. You English Princes all, I doe salute you.
Burg. My dutie to you both, on equall loue.
 Great Kings of France and England : that I haue labour'd 24
 With all my wits, my paines, and strong endeours,
 To bring your most Imperiall Maiesties
 Vnto this Barre, and Royall interview ;
 Your Mightinesse on both parts best can witnesse. 28
 Since then my Office hath so farre preuayl'd,
 That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye,
 You haue congregated : let it not disgrace me,
 If I demand before this Royall view, 32
 What Rub, or what Impediment there is,
 Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,
 Deare Nourse of Arts, Plenties, and ioyfull Births,
 Should not in this best Garden of the World, 36
 Our fertile France, put vp her louely Visage ?
 Alas, shee hath from France too long been chas'd,
 And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes,
 Corrupting in it owne fertilitie. 40
 Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
 Vnpruned, dyes : her Hedges euen pleach'd,
 Like Prisoners wildly ouer-growne with hayre,
 Put forth disorder'd Twigs : her fallow Leas, 44

- [V. 2] The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Femetary,
 Doth root vpon; while that the Culter rufts,
 That should deracinate fuch Sauagery :
- 48 The euen Meade, that erst brought sweetly forth
 The freckled Cowflip, Burnet, and greene Clouer,
 Wanting the Sythe, withall vncorrected, ranke ;
 Conceiues by idleneffe, and nothing teemes,
- 52 But hatefull Docks, rough Thistles, Kekfyes, Burres,
 Loofing both beautie and vilitie ;
 And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges
 Defectiue in their natures, grow to wildneffe.
- 56 Euen fo our Houfes, and our felues, and Children,
 Haue loft, or doe not learne, for want of time,
 The Sciences that should become our Countrey ;
 But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will,
- 60 That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,
 To Swearing, and sterne Lookes, defus'd Attyre,
 And euery thing that seemes vnnaturall.
 Which to reduce into our former fauour,
- 64 You are asfembled : and my speech entreats,
 That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace
 Should not expell these inconueniences,
 And bleffe vs with her former qualities.
- 68 *Eng.* If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace,
 Whose want giues growth to th'imperfections
 Which you haue cited ; you must buy that Peace
 With full accord to all our iust demands,
- 72 Whose Tenures and particular effects
 You haue enschedul'd briefly in your hands.
Burg. The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet
 There is no Answer made.
- 76 *Eng.* Well then : the Peace which you before so vrg'd,
 Lyes in his Answer :

France. I

France. I haue but with a curfellarie eye
O're-glanc't the Articles : Pleafeth your Grace
To appoint fome of your Councell prefently 80
To fit with vs once more, with better heed
To re-furuey them; we will fuddenly
Paffe our accept and peremptorie Anfwer.

England. Brother we fhall. Goe Vnckle *Exeter*, 84
And Brother *Clarence*, and you Brother *Gloucefter*,
Warwick, and *Huntington*, goe with the King,
And take with you free power, to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your Wifdomes beft 88
Shall fee aduantageable for our Dignitie,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
And wee'le configne thereto. Will you, faire Sifter,
Goe with the Princes, or ftay here with vs? 92

Quee. Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them :
Happily a Womans Voyce may doe fome good,
When Articles too nicely vrg'd, be ftood on.

England. Yet leaue our Coufin *Katherine* here with vs, 96
She is our capitall Demand, compris'd
Within the fore-ranke of our Articles.

Quee. She hath good leaue. *Ereunt omnes.*

Manet King and Katherine.

King. Faire *Katherine*, and moft faire, 100
Will you vouchsafe to teach a Souldier tearmes,
Such as will enter at a Ladyes eare,
And pleade his Loue-fuit to her gentle heart.

Kath. Your Maieftie fhall mock at me, I cannot fpeake 104
your England.

King. O faire *Katherine*, if you will loue me foundly
with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you con-
fesse it brokenly with your English Tongue. Doe you 108

[V. 2] like me, *Kate*?

Kath. *Pardonne moy*, I cannot tell wat is like me.

King. An Angell is like you *Kate*, and you are like an
112 Angell.

Kath. *Que dit il que le suis semblable a les Anges?*

Lady. *Ouy verayment (sauf vostre Grace) ainsi dit il.*

King. I said so, deare *Katherine*, and I must not blush
116 to affirme it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes sont plein de tromperies.*

King. What sayes she, faire one? that the tongues of
120 men are full of deceits?

Lady. *Ouy*, dat de tongeus of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de *Princesse*.

King. The *Princesse* is the better English-woman:
124 yfaith *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy vnderstanding, I am glad thou canst speake no better English, for if thou could'st, thou would'st finde me such a plaine King, that thou wouldst thinke, I had sold my Farme to buy my
128 Crowne. I know no wayes to mince it in loue, but directly to say, I loue you; then if you vrge me farther, then to say, Doe you in faith? I weare out my suite: Giue me your answer, yfaith doe, and so clap hands, and a bar-
132 gaine: how say you, *Lady*?

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur*, me vnderstand well.

King. Marry, if you would put me to Verses, or to Dance for your sake, *Kate*, why you vndid me: for the one
136 I haue neither words nor measure; and for the other, I haue no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could winne a Lady at Leape-frogge, or by vawting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe;
140 vnder the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leape into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my

Loue, or bound my Horſe for her fauours, I could lay on [V. 2] like a Butcher, and fit like a Iack an Apes, neuer off. But before God *Kate*, I cannot looke greenely, nor gaspe out 144 my eloquence, nor I haue no cunning in proteſtation: onely downe-right Oathes, which I neuer vſe till vrg'd, nor neuer breake for vrging. If thou canſt loue a fellow of this temper, *Kate*, whoſe face is not worth Sunne-bur- 148 ning? that neuer lookes in his Glaſſe, for loue of any thing he ſees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I ſpeake to thee plaine Souldier: If thou canſt loue me for this, take me? if not? to ſay to thee that I ſhall dye, is true; but 152 for thy loue, by the L. No: yet I loue thee too. And while thou liu'ſt, deare *Kate*, take a fellow of plaine and vncoynd Conſtancie, for he perforce muſt do thee right, becauſe he hath not the gift to wooe in other places: for 156 theſe fellowes of infinit tongue, that can ryme themſelues into Ladyes fauours, they doe alwayes reaſon themſelues out againe. What? a ſpeaker is but a prater, a Ryme is but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a ſtrait Backe will 160 ſtoope, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curl'd Pate will grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax hollow: but a good Heart, *Kate*, is the Sunne and the Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it 164 ſhines bright, and neuer changes, but keepes his courſe truly. If thou would haue ſuch a one, take me? and take me; take a Souldier: take a Souldier; take a King. And what ſay'ſt thou then to my Loue? ſpeake my faire, 168 and fairely, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it poſſible dat I ſould loue de ennemie of Fraunce?

King. No, it is not poſſible you ſhould loue the Ene- 172 mie of France, *Kate*; but in louing me, you ſhould loue the Friend of France: for I loue France ſo well, that I

[V. 2] will not part with a Village of it: I will haue it all mine:
176 and *Kate*, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours
is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat.

King. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in French, which I am
180 sure will hang vpon my tongue, like a new-married Wife
about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be shooke off; *Je*
quand sur le possession de Fraunce, & quand vous aues le pos-
session de moy. (Let mee see, what then? Saint Dennis bee
184 my speede) *Donc vostre est Fraunce, & vous estes mienne.*
It is as easie for me, *Kate*, to conquer the Kingdome, as to
speake so much more French: I shall neuer moue thee in
French, vnlesse it be to laugh at me.

188 *Kath.* *Sauf vostre honneur, le Francois ques vous parleis, il*
& melieus que l' Anglois le quel Ie parle.

King. No faith is't not, *Kate*: but thy speaking of
my Tongue, and I thine, most truely falsely, must
192 needes be graunted to be much at one. But *Kate*, doo'ft
thou vnderstand thus much English? Canst thou loue
mee?

Kath. I cannot tell.

196 *King.* Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate*? Ile
aske them. Come, I know thou louest me: and at night,
when you come into your Closet, you'le question this
Gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to
200 her dispraysse those parts in me, that you loue with your
heart: but good *Kate*, mocke me mercifully, the rather
gentle Princeesse, because I loue thee cruelly. If euer thou
beeft mine, *Kate*, as I haue a sauing Faith within me tells
204 me thou shalt; I get thee with skambling, and thou
must therefore needes proue a good Souldier-breeder:
Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint *Dennis* and Saint
George, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe English,

k

that

that shall goe to Constantinople, and take the Turke by [V. 2] the Beard. Shail wee not? what say'st thou, my faire Flower-de-Luce.

Kate. I doe not know dat.

King. No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: 212 doe but now promise *Kate*, you will endeauour for your French part of such a Boy; and for my English moytie, take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How answer you, *La plus belle Katherine du monde mon trescher & deuin* 216 *deeffè.*

Kath. Your Maiestee aue fause Frenche enough to deceiue de most sage Damoiseil dat is en Fraunce.

King. Now fye vpon my false French: by mine Honor 220 in true English, I loue thee *Kate*; by which Honor, I dare not sweare thou louest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou doo'st; notwithstanding the poore and vntempering effect of my Visage. Now beshrew my 224 Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Ciuill Warres when hee got me, therefore was I created with a stubborne out-side, with an aspect of Iron, that when I come to wooe Ladies, I fright them: but in faith *Kate*, the el- 228 der I wax, the better I shall appeare. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more spoyle vpon my Face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt weare me, if thou weare me, 232 better and better: and therefore tell me, most faire *Katherine*, will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Blushes, auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of an Empresse, take me by the hand, and say, *Harry* of 236 England, I am thine: which Word thou shalt no sooner blesse mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alowd, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and *Henry Plantaginet* is thine; who, though I speake it before his 240

[V. 2] Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt
finde the best King of Good-fellowes. Come your An-
swer in broken Musick; for thy Voyce is Musick, and
244 thy English broken: Therefore Queene of all, *Katherine*,
breake thy minde to me in broken English; wilt thou
haue me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please *de Roy mon pere*.

248 *King.* Nay, it will please him well, *Kate*; it shall please
him, *Kate*.

Kath. Den it fall also content me.

King. Vpon that I kilse your Hand, and I call you my
252 Queene.

Kath. *Laisse mon Seigneur, laisse, laisse, may foy: Je ne
veus point que vous abbaissè vostre grandeus, en baissant le
main d'une nostre Seigneur indignie seruiteur excuse moy. Je*
256 *vous supplie mon tres-puissant Seigneur.*

King. Then I will kilse your Lippes, *Kate*.

Kath. *Les Dames & Damoisels pour esire baissè deuant
leur nopcese il net pas le costume de Fraunce.*

260 *King.* Madame, my Interpreter, what sayes shee?

Lady. Dat it is not be de fashon pour le Ladies of
Fraunce; I cannot tell wat is buisse en English.

King. To kilse.

264 *Lady.* Your Maiestee *entendre bettre que moy*.

King. It is not a fashon for the Maids in Fraunce to
kilse before they are marryed, would she say?

Lady. *Ouy verayment.*

268 *King.* O *Kate*, nice Customes cursie to great Kings.
Deare *Kate*, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the
weake Lyft of a Countreyes fashon: wee are the ma-
kers of Manners, *Kate*; and the libertie that followes
272 our Places, stoppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I
will doe yours, for vpholding the nice fashon of your

Country, in denying me a Kisse: therefore patiently, [V. 2] and yeelding. You haue Witch-craft in your Lippes, *Kate*: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of 276 them, then in the Tongues of the French Councill; and they should sooner perswade *Harry* of England, then a generall Petition of Monarchs. Heere comes your Father. 280

Enter the French Power, and the English Lords.

Burg. God saue your Maiestie, my Royall Cousin, teach you our Princesse English?

King. I would haue her learne, my faire Cousin, how perfectly I loue her, and that is good English. 284

Burg. Is shee not apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condition is not smooth: so that hauing neyther the Voyce nor the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot so coniure vp 288 the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare in his true likenesse.

Burg. Pardon the franknesse of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would coniure in her, you must 292 make a Circle: if coniure vp Loue in her in his true likenesse, hee must appeare naked, and blinde. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros'd ouer with the Virgin Crimson of Modestie, if shee deny the apparance 296 of a naked blinde Boy in her naked seeing selfe? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to configne to.

King. Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Loue is blind 300 and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they see

[V. 2.] not what they doe.

304 *King.* Then good my Lord, teach your Coufin to consent winking.

Burg. I will winke on her to consent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well
308 Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholomew-tyde, blinde, though they haue their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

312 *King.* This Morall tyes me ouer to Time, and a hot Summer; and so I shall catch the Flye, your Coufin, in the latter end, and shee must be blinde to.

Burg. As Loue is my Lord, before it loues.

316 *King.* It is so: and you may, some of you, thanke Loue for my blindnesse, who cannot see many a faire French Citie for one faire French Maid that stands in my way.

320 *French King.* Yes my Lord, you see them perspectiuely: the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath entred.

324 *England.* Shall *Kate* be my Wife?

France. So please you.

England. I am content, so the Maiden Cities you talke of, may wait on her: so the Maid that stood in
328 the way for my With, shall shew me the way to my Will.

France. Wee haue consented to all tearmes of reason.

332 *England.* Is't so, my Lords of England?

West. The King hath graunted euery Article:

His Daughter first; and in sequele, all,

According to their firme propos'd natures.

Exet. Onely

Exet. Onely he hath not yet subscribed this: [V. 2]
 Where your Maieftie demands, That the King of France
 hauing any occafion to write for matter of Graunt, fhall
 name your Highneffe in this forme, and with this additi-
 on, in French: *Noftre trescher filz Henry Roy d' Angleterre* 340
Heretere de Fraunce: and thus in Latine; *Præclariffimus*
Filius nofter Henricus Rex Angliæ & Heres Franciæ.

France. Nor this I haue not Brother fo deny'd,
 But your request fhall make me let it paffe. 344

England. I pray you then, in loue and deare allyance,
 Let that one Article ranke with the reft,
 And thereupon giue me your Daughter.

France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayfe vp 348
 Iffue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
 Of France and England, whofe very fhoores looke pale,
 With enuy of each others happineffe,
 May ceafe their hatred; and this deare Coniunction 352
 Plant Neighbour-hood and Chriftian-like accord
 In their sweet Bofomes: that neuer Warre aduance
 His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and faire France.

Lords. Amen. 356

King. Now welcome *Kate*: and beare me witneffe all,
 That here I kiffe her as my Soueraigne Queene.

Flourish.

Quee. God, the beft maker of all Marriages,
 Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one: 360
 As Man and Wife being two, are one in loue,
 So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes fuch a Spoufall,
 That neuer may ill Office, or fell Iealoufie,
 Which troubles oft the Bed of bleffed Marriage, [COL. 2]
 Thrufft in betweene the Pation of thefe Kingdomes,
 To make diuorce of their incorporate League:
 That Englifh may as French, French Englifhmen,

[V. 2] Receiue each other. God ſpeake this Amen.

All. Amen.

King. Prepare we for our Marriage : on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy wee'le take your Oath
372 And all the Peeres, for ſuretie of our Leagues,
Then ſhall I ſweare to *Kate*, and you to me,
And may our Oathes well kept and proſp'rous be.

Senet.

Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Thus farre with rough, and all-vnable Pen,
Our bending Author hath purſu'd the Story,
In little roome confining mightie men,
4 Mangling by ſtarts the full courſe of their glory.
Small time : but in that ſmall, moſt greatly liued
This Starre of England. Fortune made his Sword ;
By which, the Worlds beſt Garden he atchieued :
8 And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord.
Henry the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King ſucceed :
Whoſe State ſo many had the managing,
12 That they loſt France, and made his England bleed :
Which oft our Stage hath ſhowne ; and for their ſake,
In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

F I N I S.

[Triangular tail-piece as generally inserted in original whenever
sufficient space is left.]

k 2

NOTICE.

Henry the Fifth.

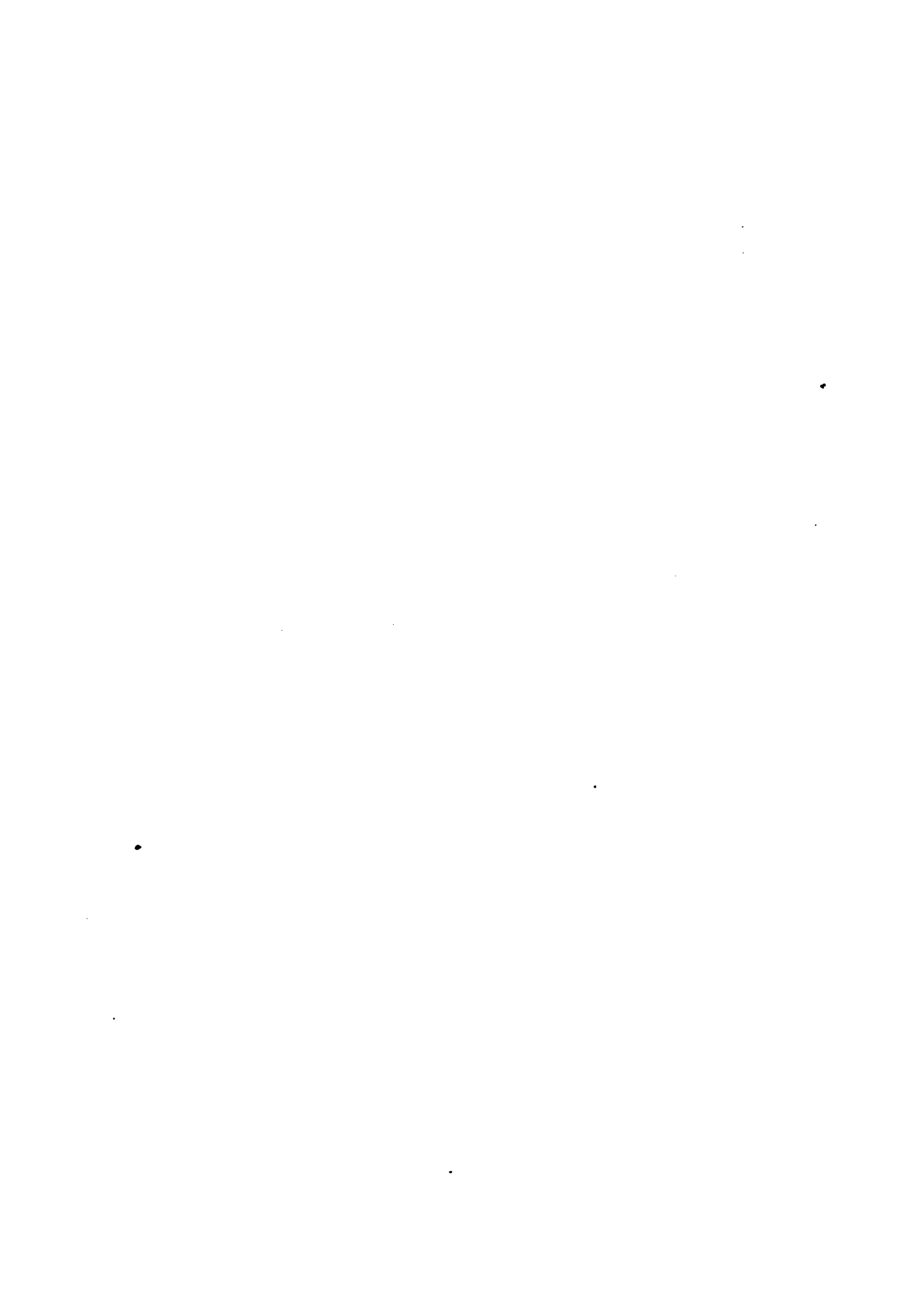
FOLIO 1623.

THE following pages were set up from Booth's reprint of 1863, read with the Staunton Photo-lithograph fac-simile of 1866, and wherever doubt arose, compared with three out of the four originals in the British Museum,—644. m. 1.—C. 9. d. King's—Grenville, 11631.

In form they follow the folio line by line. The first three pages contain the first page or p. 69, where the prologue, like the rest of the text, is given in double columns. After these, every four pages represents one double-columned folio page,—each opening of two pages, one column,—and each page, half a column. The folio pagination is repeated in its usual place, and opposite it is COL. 1 or 2 within brackets. At the sides are the divisions into Acts and Scenes, as now universally adopted, and the numbering of the lines in each scene. In the lower margin are the catchwords and signatures of the original wherever these occur, and the signatures and pagination of the reprint.

The slight and infrequent curvatures and irregularities of the lines occurring chiefly at the top or bottom of the pages, the instances, between three and half-a-dozen, where one or more letters of a word have dropped slightly below the level, about the same number of imperfect letters, and the varied shapes of some of the italic capitals, have not been imitated. Of a frequent irregularity in the spacing, or not spacing of the punctuation points—sometimes due to the length of the line, but far more commonly a mere irregularity—specimens only have been given, and a good exemplification of the commonest, the non-spacing after a comma, will be found on page 30. All other irregularities and errors have been followed, and from the care of the printer, it is believed, that the above exceptions and form of type excepted, and the greater spacing out of the prose required by the greater width of the reprint-page, this reprint will be found a faithful, and—for all working purposes—an exact reproduction of the original.

B. NICHOLSON.



KING HENRY V.

PARALLEL TEXTS OF THE FIRST QUARTO (1600) AND FIRST FOLIO
(1623) EDITIONS.

KING HENRY V.

PARALLEL TEXTS OF THE FIRST QUARTO (1600) AND
FIRST FOLIO (1623) EDITIONS.

EDITED BY

DR B. NICHOLSON.

With an Introduction

BY

P. A. DANIEL.

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CLAY AND TAYLOR, BUNGAY.

INTRODUCTION.

IN submitting this work to the members of the New Shakspeare Society, it is desirable that I should state how I came to be engaged on it, and for what share in it I am responsible. It was commenced by Dr Brinsley Nicholson, under whose supervision the reprints of the 1st Q^o and 1st F^o editions of the play were issued to the Society in 1875. The present work was then taken in hand, the texts arranged, and elaborate collations of the several quarto and folio editions made. Proofs of the first few pages were actually prepared by the printer in January 1876, when illness compelled Dr Nicholson to suspend his labours.

In the mean time it will be understood that the type which had been set up for the simple reprints of the texts had still to remain in its forms awaiting re-arrangement for this edition, and was therefore unavailable for the general work of the printing-office.

In November last it became a question, in which both the economy of the Society and the convenience of the printer were concerned, whether the work on which so much loving care and labour had been expended was to be abandoned, or whether it could be carried to completion by another hand. In this emergency, and encouraged thereto by our Director, Mr Furnivall, I volunteered my services.

The whole body of the work and the marginal notings are distinctly the work of Dr Nicholson; but I must add that for any short-comings in them, the responsibility must fall on my shoulders. In his hands the marginal notes would have been very much more minute than they now are.

Unfortunately, although he had accumulated materials, he had not completed their arrangement; and not feeling my ability to carry out his intentions to their full extent, I found myself compelled to sacrifice much that was already prepared. I believe, however, that everything essential to the study of the texts will be found in its place; but should it hereafter appear desirable to give additional fulness to the work, it is to be hoped that Dr Nicholson may himself supplement my deficiencies.

In this edition the text of the folio is printed, line for line, as in the original. Each page presents half a column of the folio—the number of the page and column being noted within brackets on the left hand of the text, at top. The Acts, Scenes, and lines are also numbered on the left hand.

In the Q^o page the Acts, Scenes, and lines are numbered on the right hand of the text. It must be borne in mind that the scenes of the Q^o are numbered to correspond with those of the F^o: thus the Q^o not having any scene corresponding with Sc. i. of

F^o its first scene is numbered II. to agree with the F^o; and in one place—Act IV. Sc. iv. & v.—for the same reason, the order of the two scenes in the Q^o has been reversed.

The lines of the Q^o text are in the sequence of the original; but the text itself is necessarily much broken up in order to bring its several parts as nearly as possible in apposition with the corresponding passages of the F^o text. The end of each page of the Q^o is indicated by the printing within brackets of the signatures of the original edition: thus at page 14, [20. A 2.] signifies that line 20 of the text ends page A 2. of the Q^o; and so throughout.

In some places the latter half of a line of the Q^o text has been dropped in order to make it correspond with the F^o: thus on page 14, line 6 has been printed,—

King. Shure we thank you.

And good my Lord proceed.

to correspond with lines 10 & 11 of F^o text.

Again, and for the same reason, two lines of the Q^o are printed as one, the division being thus marked ||, as in page 18, lines 67-8,—

Noble Lord stand for your owne, || Vwinde your bloody flagge.

In the 3rd Q^o, 1608, many of the lines of Q^o 1 were re-arranged by its editor or printer; the Q^o 3 arrangement is marked in our text by the usual divisional sign /. Thus, page 24, line 108 becomes two lines in Q^o 3 ending *egs, cat.*, and line 118 two lines, ending *heauen, functions*. Sometimes in Q^o 3 two lines of Q^o 1 are printed as one, and in a few places some words were added to the text: these cases will be found noted in the margin.

Cross references to corresponding passages which it was not possible to place in apposition, are printed within the texts in brackets. Thus, page 36 [lines 83-4 fol.] refers the reader to those lines of the same scene in the folio text, page 41, which correspond with lines 16-17 of the Q^o.

I regret to say that these cross references are not so complete as it was evidently the intention of Dr Nicholson to make them. Finding, in his MS., references of this kind throughout the work, I rashly concluded that all had been noted, and it was not till the whole body of the work had passed through the press, and I was enabled to take a more leisurely and comprehensive view of it for the purpose of this introduction, that I discovered the deficiencies. They are not many, however; and the additional inter-references that might have been given are nearly all within the corresponding scenes of Q^o and F^o, and frequently within the two opposite pages of our texts. The student will have no difficulty in discovering for himself the separated passages; and for the casual reader who requires to be knowledge-crammed, I confess I have but small sympathy.

With regard to the marginal notings: when there can be no doubt as to the word or words of the text to which the marginal variation refers, the text is not quoted in the margin. Thus, page 22, line 81, *gainst* of Q^o 3 clearly refers to the *against* of the text. When, however, there is a radical difference in the variation, the text is quoted behind the bracket; thus in line 82 of the same page, *for] against* 2. signifies that Q^o 2 in place of *for* of the text has *against*. The number of that edition only in which the

variation is found, follows the marginal note. When the marginal variation is found in all editions subsequent to the text, no number follows it: thus (same page) line 94, no number following the marginal note *fear'd*, it is understood that the two quartos subsequent to our text agree in this variation.

The same principle which regulates the marginal notings of the Q² text applies also to that of the F².

The Title-page of Q¹ is of course given in full, page 2 of our text. The only noticeable variations in the title-pages of the two subsequent quartos are in the imprint.

Q² has,— | London | Printed by Thomas Creede, for Thomas | Pauier, and are to be sold at his shop in Cornhill, | at the sign of the Cat and Parrets neare | the Exchange, 1602. |

Q³ has only,— | Printed for T. P. 1608. |

The author's name is not given on any of these title-pages.

The 2nd and 3rd Q² were both printed from the 1st; their variations from that edition, as Dr Nicholson has remarked in his notice to the reprint of Q² 1, neither aid in determining its character nor in the correction of the folio text.

The Q² text has 1623 lines, printed throughout as verse, but with little regard to the proper division of the verse lines, and of course none at all as regards the prose.

For the F² text I take the lines as metrically numbered in the Globe edition; for the play itself 3256 lines, add for Choruses 223 lines = total 3479 lines. Very nearly one-third of the dialogue, or 1060 lines, is placed in the mouth of King Henry.

The two principal points which this parallel-texts edition may assist in determining are,—

1. The value of the Q² as regards the revision of the text. Three lines from it (ii. 1. 79, iv. 3. 43, & iv. 5. 16) have been received into many modern editions. It enables us also to correct, with something like certainty, a few words in the folio text which had been blundered by the printer; and here and there it affords some support to what, at the best, can only be considered as conjectural emendations of that text. This, I think, is the utmost that can be said for it. It does not, as is the case with other 'imperfect' quartos, enable us to restore any passage of importance which there is reason to think may have been accidentally omitted in the folio. In what it does give of the fuller text, its variations are generally for the worse.

2. The question whether the Q² is to be accepted as the author's first sketch of the play; or to be rejected as a mere imperfect and corrupted version of the play as it appears in the folio edition.

This question is of great interest to many students, for its determination in the affirmative would, they believe, afford some reasonable starting-point from which to trace the development of Shakespeare's method of composition from its first conception to its perfect growth.

Some enquiry as to the date of production of the play is here necessary.

In the Chorus at the beginning of Act V. the following passage occurs:—

'Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,

Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him !'

This is universally received as an allusion to the expedition of the Earl of Essex, and if so, must have been written between the date of his departure for Ireland, 15th April, 1599, and his return to London, 28th Sept. in the same year. This being granted, it is scarcely possible to imagine that any portion of the play could have been written after that date. Nor can we suppose that any portion of it was written long before that date. It was certainly written after the second part of *Henry IV.*, as the promise of it in the epilogue of that play sufficiently proves :—

'If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katherine of France : where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard opinions,' etc.

The earliest date assigned to this second part of *Henry IV.* is 1596; but the latest, 1598, is more probably the right one¹. Meres, who in his '*Wits Treasury*,' 1598, mentions '*Henry the 4.*,' is silent as regards *Henry V.*; and it is by no means certain that in his mention of *Henry IV.* he included both parts of that play.

On the whole, then, we may reasonably conclude that 1599 is the date to be assigned to *Henry V.*, and that when in 1600 the 1st Quarto edition was published, the whole play, as we now have it in the Folio, was in existence, and had been produced on the stage.

It does not, however, necessarily follow that because the Q^o was not printed till 1600, it therefore could not be an earlier version than that of 1599; though in any case its previous existence must have been very brief: few plays got to the press until some time after their presentation on the stage; and it might be fairly argued that the appearance of the 1599 play was the cause of the disinterment and hasty printing of the 'first sketch'; that being the only version the unscrupulous stationer could lay his hands on. The internal evidence therefore that the Q^o itself affords is all that we have to rely on in forming our judgment as to its character.

Nearly all editors have expressed a more or less definite opinion as to the relation of the two versions of the play to each other; but few have deemed it necessary to adduce other than general arguments in support of their decision: special proof either for or against the 'first sketch' theory seems yet a thing to be desired.

Pope, who in one note instances the Essex allusion as a proof that the play was writ in 1599, in another asserts that in the folio the speeches are generally enlarged and raised, and that several whole scenes and all the choruses were added, since the edition of 1608 [Q₃].

Capell says of the quartos that they 'are all equally defective in a most high degree, and vicious in what they do give us: notwithstanding which, great use was to be made of them, and has been, in mending and compleating the folio, the basis of the text of this play. The whole play as it lyes in that folio, must have been written in the year '99, and in the spring of that year. The reverse of the Earl of Essex's fortunes, upon whom

¹ See Malone. *Chronological Order of the plays*, p. 357, Vol. II., Variorum Shakspeare, ed. 1821.

so handsome a compliment is made in the fifth Chorus, follow'd its composition so quickly, a presentation became improper; and the suppression of this Chorus, it is probable drew on that of the others: From this lame representation, in which the play might be otherwise mangl'd by the persons presenting it, the quarto of 1600 was certainly pirated, by some scribe of profound ignorance, set to work by the printer.'

Johnson apparently believed the Q^o to be a first sketch: in a note on Act II. sc. ii., he remarks, 'This whole scene was much enlarged and improved after the first edition;' and in a note on Act IV. sc. vii., he speaks of the play [the folio version] as a 'second draught.'

Steevens thought that the difference between the two copies might be accounted for by the elder (the Q^o) having been taken down during the representation, or collected from the repetitions of actors: the second and more ample edition (the F^o) being that which regularly belonged to the play-house.

Malone says,—'The fair inference to be drawn from the imperfect and mutilated copies of this play, published in 1600, 1602, and 1608, is, not that the whole play, as we now have it, did not then exist, but that those copies were surreptitious; and that the editor in 1600, not being able to publish the whole, published what he could.' (*Chronological order, etc.*) Elsewhere, in a note on Act IV. sc. vii., he says, 'The quarto copy of this play is manifestly an imperfect transcript procured by some fraud, and not a first draught or hasty sketch of Shakspeare's.'

Boswell considers that 'the earliest editions are evidently corrupted and imperfect, and bear no marks of being the author's first conceptions.'

Other editors speak vaguely of 'additions' in the folio, thereby leaving it to be inferred that in their opinion the Q^o represents an earlier and independent version of the play.

Knight holds the Q^o edition, though surreptitiously obtained, and not printed till after the appearance of the fuller folio version, to be a genuine copy of an earlier and shorter play, written perhaps hastily for a temporary purpose. He considers that the fuller version is manifestly and beyond question, from beginning to end, the result of the author's elaboration of this first sketch; and, in proof of this, in his Introductory Notice, and in his notes to the play, he specially directs attention to the following passages:—

Act I. sc. ii.	Q ^o ll. 4-20—F ^o ll. 8-34.	} Instances of careful elaboration in folio.
	Q ^o ll. 150-57—F ^o ll. 223-35.	
Act II. sc. i.	The whole scene exhibits the greatest care in remodelling the text of the quarto.	
Act II. sc. ii.	F ^o ll. 105-142.	'Treason . . . fall of man.' Exhibits the hand of the master elaborating his original sketch.
Act III. sc. ii.	The whole scene greatly changed and enlarged. Completely remodelled.	
Act III. sc. vii.	Greatly extended in the folio—greatly improved by the extension.	
Act IV. sc. v.	A curious example of the mode in which the text of the folio was expanded and amended.	
Act V. sc. i.	The whole scene remodelled.	

Mr Collier's theory differs somewhat from all others: he supposes Shakespeare to have written a first play with the Choruses as we now have them: that the Q^o, omitting these Choruses, gives but a very imperfect representation of that play: and that the enlarged drama as found in the folio was not put into the complete shape in which it has there come down to us, until shortly before 1605, the date when it was played at Court.

Note that this date, 1605, is founded on Mr P. Cunningham's '*Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels*', page 204—

'On the 7 January was played the play of Henry the fifth.'

I fear, however, that the Shakespeare entries in Mr Cunningham's '*Extracts*,' etc.—which have been declared by Sir T. Duffus Hardy, and the best judges in England, to be forgeries—can hardly now be considered a sufficiently solid foundation for any theory.

As a specimen of the abridgment and corruption of the Q^o Mr Collier cites lines 150-157, Act I. sc. ii. of Q^o,—lines specially relied on by Knight in support of his theory of elaboration—and as an instance of the way in which lines were misheard and misreported, he refers to lines 84-5 Q^o—142-4 F^o of the same scene: *England* in the Q^o being misreported for *in-land* of F^o text.

Halliwell regards the quartos as mutilated copies only of Shakespeare's drama, and he considers it in the highest degree improbable that they represent an author's imperfect sketch. He thinks it most likely that they were compiled from short-hand notes taken at the theatre.

The Cambridge Editors incline 'to agree with Mr Collier and others in the supposition that the Quarto text was "hastily made up from notes taken at the theatre during the performance, subsequently patched together."'

Mr Grant White says of the Q^o, 'it is manifest that that edition was published in great haste, from manuscript obtained in the most surreptitious and inefficient manner.' Of its text he remarks that it is 'so mutilated, as well as so incomplete, that it is quite impossible to decide by internal evidence whether the manuscript from which it was printed represents, even imperfectly, an early form of the play, or still more imperfectly the completed work as it appears in the folio.'

Without the aid afforded us by comparison with the folio edition, it would, I admit, be a matter of extreme difficulty to determine the position of the Q^o; with it, however, a reasonably certain decision may, I think, be arrived at.

The opinion I have formed from a careful examination, line for line, of both texts is, that the play of 1599 (the F^o) was shortened for stage representation; the abridgment done with little care, and printed in the Q^o edition with less: probably from an imperfect manuscript surreptitiously obtained and vamped up from notes taken during the performance, as we know was frequently done. Indeed it is quite possible that the whole of the quarto edition was obtained in this manner; and the fact that it is printed from beginning to end as verse, would seem to lend some support to this conjecture. The fact, also, that the publishers of the Q^os were Millington and Busbie, and their successor Pavier, may of itself be taken as evidence that these editions are of doubtful authenticity. [See Mr Fleay's Table of Q^o editions, pages 44-5, *Trans. N. Sh. Soc.* 1874, Part I.]

With regard to the more stately scenes of the play, the chief difference between the F^o and Q^o versions is, that long passages are not found in the latter; these passages are, in my opinion, in nearly all cases precisely such as would have been cut out for the purpose of a shortened stage representation. The variations between those parts which are common to both editions are, after making allowance for error and corruption in both, but trifling.

The scenes in which the French king and his lords appear, seem, if my theory is correct, especially to have suffered in the abridgment.

The comic scenes are perhaps those on which it is most difficult to form a decided opinion. In so far as they are common to both versions, there are very few speeches in the F^o that have not their counterpart in the Q^o; but they are strangely disordered and incoherent in that edition. In some places quite perfect, in others they break down into what, on comparison with the F^o, would seem to be a mere jumble of disintegrated fragments. There, if anywhere, believers in the 'first sketch' theory might find some ground for their faith; but to me, bearing in mind the general condition of the Q^o text, however difficult it may be to prove the point, the most reasonable verdict must be—imperfect representation on the part of Q^o; not, after elaboration in F^o.

It would be an endless, and I venture to think a needless labour, now that the texts themselves are here in evidence, to attempt to weigh the pros and cons on every point liable to discussion throughout the play, and I shall therefore only adduce two instances in support of my opinion. These being, I think, indisputable, will also, I presume, be considered sufficient; for if in a single case it can be clearly proved, not that the Q^o is merely deficient in, but that it actually *omits* any portion of the F^o version, judgment may be allowed to pass on other places where the evidence is not of so convincing a character.

And here I must be allowed to observe that the mere fact of the Q^o being so much shorter than the F^o, is by no means a point in its favour; for we know that from the earliest times down to the present day the constant practice of the stage has been, and is, the shortening of the author's original work.

I must now ask the reader to turn to Act I. sc. ii. and compare lines 47—55 of Q^o with lines 67—91 of F^o.

'Hugh Capet also,'—says the Q^o. Why *also*? There is nothing in the Q^o to account for this adverb. We turn to the F^o and find that it is the case of King Pepin to which the Q^o refers, but which it *omits*. But this is not all; in the F^o after the case of Hugh Capet, there is next cited the case of King Lewes, who justified his possession of the crown as being descended from

'The daughter to Charles, the *foresaid* Duke of Loraine.'

The Q^o, which also has this line, makes no previous mention of this '*foresaid* Duke of Loraine.' Again here is proof of *omission*. But still this is not all: the Q^o further by its injudicious *omissions* actually makes Hugh Capet, who deposed and murdered Charles of Loraine, fortify his title to the throne with the plea that he was descended from the daughter of this very Charles, confounding at the same time this daughter of Charles of Loraine with the daughter of Charlemaine; and then, rejoining the current

of the F^o, with it, it sums up all the three cases of kings who claimed in 'right and title of the female,' of two of which it has no previous mention. I have not overlooked the fact that, in this summing up, the Q^o turns *King Lewis* into *King Charles*, but this I look upon as a mere blunder, of no significance either for or against my argument; it might be noticed as an instance of corruption on the part of the Q^o, but has nothing to do with the question of omission with which I am principally concerned.

The other instance of omission on the part of the Q^o, which I shall notice, is that of an entire scene, Act IV. sc. ii. in the French Camp, commencing—'The Sunne doth gild our Armour'—and ending—

'Come, come away
The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day.'

It will be observed that the Q^o side of our book is here an absolute blank from the beginning to the end of the scene. At first sight this absolute blank might seem to have destroyed all evidence; but if we turn back to the *night* scene in the French Camp, Act III. sc. vii., we shall find that scene in the Q^o tagged, most inappropriately, with the *complet* quoted above.

Here surely is a case from which we may infer that, at its best, Q^o I merely represents a version of the play shortened for the stage. The two scenes in the French Camp were to be cut down to one; and the person who did the job, without perceiving the blunder he was committing, wanting a tag to finish off with, brought in the sun at midnight!

Proof of omission is perhaps all that is needed for determining the position of the Q^o; but there is one other consideration which, I think, may have some weight in deciding the order of precedence of the Q^o or F^o.

The play, as is well known, is founded, for its historical part at least, on the Chronicles; probably exclusively on Holinshed's compilation. Now in the F^o version are certain historical errors not found in the Q^o edition. We must therefore either believe that these errors were the result of the elaboration of the 'first sketch' (the Q^o), or we must conclude that they were corrected in the 'shortened play' (the Q^o). The latter hypothesis seems to me the only tenable one.

This point—a new one I believe; at any rate I am not aware that it has been advanced before—suggested itself to me when making out a table showing the distribution of parts in the two versions. The table will be found at the end of this Introduction: from it it appears that, in so far as they have any share in the dialogue of the play, Ely, Westmoreland, Bedford, Britany, Rambures, Erpingham, Grandpré, Macmorris, Jamy, Messenger ii. 4, & iv. 2, and the French Queen, disappear from the Q^o version; their parts, or what is given of their parts in the text, being distributed among other actors, and themselves, when their presence is required on the stage, represented by mute supernumeraries.

One speech by Ely (F^o i. 2. 168—174), which the Chronicles assign to Westmoreland, is given in the Q^o to *Lord*. I believe it was intended in the shortened play to lump it with Exeter's following speech; Westmoreland's part being cut out.

Westmoreland is not mentioned in the Chronicles as present at Agincourt—he had

charge to defend England against the inroads of the Scotch,—and he disappears from the Q°. What remains of his part is divided between Warwick and Exeter; and in one place where in the folio he is mentioned in the dialogue (iv. 3. 21), in the Q° Warwick's name is substituted.

Bedford also was not present at the battle, and though he is once mentioned in the text of the Q° (iv. 3. 32),—an oversight of the corrector, I suppose,—what remains of his part is taken by Gloucester, with the exception of one speech (iv. 3. 7—9 Q°), which is given to Clarence.

Clarence is not mentioned in the F° till Act V. sc. ii., after the King's return to France; but according to the Chronicles he was present at the battle, and he appears in the Q°. I am aware that the Chronicles say he had leave to return to England from Harfleur, but they nevertheless make him present at the battle.

For Brittany, Act III. sc. v. F°, the Q° has Bourbon, and I believe all editors from Theobald downwards (including Mr Knight) have accepted this change of personages as a correction.

The most remarkable correction—such I suppose it to be—in the Q°, is the substitution of Bourbon for the Dauphin in Act III. sc. vii., and Act IV. sc. v. The Dauphin was certainly not present at the battle, and even in the F°, Act III. sc. v., we find that he was to stay with his father at Rouen. On this point Mr Johnes has the following note to his translation of Monstrelet's Chronicle, Cap. cxlvii. 'The name of Sir Guichard Dauphin [See his name in the list of slain, Act IV. sc. viii. l. 97] appears to have betrayed Shakspeare into the error of making the Dauphin of France present at the battle of Agincourt, which he was not,—unless we suppose the error to lie with the editors, in confounding two persons meant by Shakspeare to be distinct. In the camp scene before the battle, his Dauphin does not hold such a rank in the debate and conversation as is suitable to the heir of the French Monarchy, but precisely that which the master of the household might hold with propriety. In one scene, he is thus mentioned, "Enter Rambures, Châtillon, Dauphin, and others."'

I have given this note in full because it does not appear to have attracted the attention of any of Shakspeare's editors. Johnes, I presume, quoted the 'Entrance' with which he concludes his note from memory, and is of course wrong; there is none such in either Q° or F°, though it is true that 'Dolphin' is not placed in his due rank in the 'Entrances' to sc. vi. Act III., and sc. v. Act IV. In the entry to sc. ii. Act IV.—omitted in Q°—he ranks first as 'the Dolphin'; and in these scenes in the F°, though he certainly is addressed with great familiarity, he is yet spoken of as *the Dolphin*, and a prince.

There is one other peculiarity in the Q° which I should here mention—though whether it tells either for or against my notion that this re-distribution of parts in the Q° indicates *correction* of F° errors, I am unable to determine. In these French Camp scenes (iii. 6, & iv. 5), a personage named *Gebon* is introduced. In the first he has a speech which the F° assigns to Orleans, and in the second an oath which the F° gives to Constable. I cannot find in the Chronicles, in the list of the French Lords present at the battle, any name bearing any resemblance to *Gebon*; possibly it may have been the name of the actor who played one of the personages of these scenes, though

I do not find any name of that kind in the lists of actors of the Shakespearian period.

To sum up all, it may then be with confidence asserted—

1. That the Q^o was certainly not printed from an authentic manuscript.
2. That when it was printed, the fuller version had already been in existence some time.
3. That in itself it contains evidence of *omission* of passages found in the fuller version.
4. That this circumstance, and the absence from it of certain historical errors found in the fuller version, are strong presumptive evidence of its later date; and, therefore, that instead of regarding it as the author's first sketch, we can only look on it as an imperfect copy of his work.

The following table is made out, not from the 'Entrances' with which each scene is headed, and which are exceedingly inaccurate and defective in both Q^o and F^o, but from the prefixes to the speeches.

The order in which the personages are arranged is that of the first scene, either of Q^o or F^o, in which they have a speech.

The long dash in the dotted line shows the scenes in which they speak in the F^o; the short dash below the dotted line, the scenes in the Q^o.

	ACT I.		ACT II.		ACT III.				ACT IV.			ACT V.		
	i.	ii.	i.	ii.	i.	ii.	iii.	iv.	v.	vi.	vii.	viii.	i.	ii.
Cantua														
Ely														
[Lord Qo.]														
Henry V.														
Exeter														
Westmorland														
F. Ambassador														
Nym.														
Bardolfe														
Pinoll.														
Boy.														
Hostess														
Bedford														
Gloucester														
Cambridge														
Scripp														
[Masham Qo.]														
Grey														
F. King														
D. King														
Dauphin														
Comble														
E. Messenger, li. 4														
F. Uelien														
Power														
Macmorris														
Fanny														
Gov. Harfleur														
Katherine														
Alice														
Britany														
Bourbon														
Mountjoy														
Orieans														
Rambures														
Gebon.														
2. Messenger, lii. 7														
Erppingham														
Court														
[i. Soldier Qo.]														
Williams														
[a. Soldier Qo.]														
Bates														
[3 Soldier Qo.]														
Grandpré														
3. Messenger, iv. 2														
Clarence														
Salisbury														
York														
Warwick														
F. Prisoner														
Burgundy														
F. Queen														

P. A. DANIEL.

March 27, 1877.



ERRATA IN THE REPRINT OF THE QUARTO 1600.

I. ii. Enter, etc., <i>Bishops</i> should be <i>Bishops</i> ,	IV. vii. line 61, <i>no</i> should be <i>not</i>
I. ii. line 160, <i>leau</i> should be <i>leawe</i>	IV. viii. ,, 85, <i>Maieftie.</i> should be <i>Maieftie</i> ,
II. ii. ,, 104, <i>death,</i> should be (<i>death,</i>	V. ii. ,, 29, <i>any</i> should be <i>any.</i>

ERRATA IN THE REPRINT OF THE FOLIO 1623.

Page 1, Prol., line 33, <i>like.</i> should be <i>like</i> ,	Page 60, line 62, <i>Piftoll</i> should be <i>Piftol</i>
,, 5, line 97, <i>I</i> should be <i>Is</i>	,, 61, ,, 85, <i>Bates.</i> should be <i>Bates</i> ,
,, 15, ,, 10, <i>Coronets.</i> should be <i>Coronets</i> ,	,, 64, ,, 202, <i>between</i> should be <i>betweene</i>
,, 16, ,, 37, <i>safe.</i> should be <i>safe</i> ,	,, 66, ,, 278, <i>Days</i> should be <i>Dayes</i>
,, 23, ,, 85, <i>heere.</i> should be <i>heere</i> ,	,, 67, the numbers of lines 304 and 308 to be raised one line.
,, 29, ,, 24, <i>us</i> should be <i>vs</i>	,, 68, line 13, <i>tears</i> should be <i>teares</i>
,, 30, ,, 70, <i>present</i> should be <i>present</i>	,, 69, ,, 52, <i>Fly</i> should be <i>Flye</i>
,, 33, ,, 17, <i>follow</i> should be <i>follow :</i>	,, 69, ,, 55, <i>shews</i> should be <i>shewes</i>
,, 36, ,, 23, <i>Honour</i> should be <i>Honor</i>	,, 81, ,, 79, <i>masters</i> should be <i>masters</i> ,
,, 36, ,, 30, <i>means</i> should be <i>meanes</i>	,, 90, ,, 41, <i>again</i> should be <i>again</i>
,, 41, ,, 42, <i>auoyd</i> should be <i>auoyd ?</i>	,, 93, ,, 73, <i>native</i> should be <i>natine</i>
,, 49, ,, 108, <i>winne</i> should be <i>winner.</i>	,, 93, ,, 9, <i>face.</i> should be <i>face</i> ,
,, 51, ,, 168, <i>away</i> should be <i>away.</i>	,, 95, ,, 54, <i>Hedges</i> should be <i>Hedges</i> ,
,, 51, ,, 7, <i>Lord Con-</i> should be <i>Lord High Con-</i>	,, 98, ,, 145, <i>protestation :</i> should be <i>protestation ;</i>
,, 53, ,, 61, <i>haue</i> should be <i>haue</i>	,, 99, ,, 175, <i>of it :</i> should be <i>of it ;</i>
,, 55, ,, 125, <i>haue</i> should be <i>haue</i>	,, 100, ,, 236, <i>hand</i> should be <i>Hand</i>
,, 55, ,, 140, <i>tellectual</i> should be <i>tellectuall</i>	,, 105, ,, 372, <i>Leagues,</i> should be <i>Leagues.</i>
,, 56, ,, 6, <i>almost</i> should be <i>almost</i>	
,, 58, ,, 26, <i>them</i> should be <i>them,</i>	



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KING HENRY V.

Parallel Texts of the First Quarto and First Folio
Editions, (Q₁) 1600, (F₁) 1623,

ARRANGED SO AS TO SHEW THEIR DIFFERENCES,

AND WITH

COLLATIONS OF THE OTHER QUARTOS AND FOLIOS.

EDITED BY

DR. B. NICHOLSON.

THE CRONICLE

History of Henry the fift,
With his battell fought at *Agin Court* in
France. Together with *Auntient*
Pistoll.

*As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable
the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.*



LONDON

Printed by *Thomas Creede*, for Tho. Millington, and Iohn Busby. And are to be sold at his house in Carter Lane, next the Powle head. 1600.

MR WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES
HISTOR[Y

of

The Life of Henry the Fifth.]

Published according to the True Originall Cop[y]

LONDON

Printed by Ifaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

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The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Fifth 3, 4.

Enter Prologue.

[COL. 1]

O For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend
 The brightest Heaven of Invention:
 A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to Act,
 And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene
 Then should the Warlike Harry, like himselfe,
 Assume the Port of Mars, and at his heeles
 (Leapt in, like Hounds) should Famine, Sword, and Fire
 Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all:
 The flat unraysed Spirits, that hath dar'd,
 On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
 So great an Object. Can this Cock-Pit hold
 The vastie fields of France? Or may we cramme
 Within this Woodden O, the very Caskes
 That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt?
 O pardon since a crooked Figure may

6. *his* is 4.

8.] *all*, 4.

9.] *Spirit*, 4.

12.] *field*

13.] *Casket* 3, 4.

[COL. 2]

Attest in little place a Million,
 And let vs, Cyphers to this great Accompt,
 On your imaginarie Forces worke.
 Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
 Are now confin'd two mightie Monarchies,
 Whose high, up-reared, and abutting Fronts,
 The perillous narrow Ocean parts asunder.
 Peece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
 Into a thousand parts diuide one Man,
 And make imaginarie Puissance.
 Thinke when we talke of Horses, that you see them,
 Printing their proud Hoofes i'th' receiuing Earth:
 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
 Carry them here and there: Iumping o're Times;
 Turning th' accomplishment of many yeeres
 Into an Horwe-glasse: for the which supplie,
 Admit me Chorus to this Historie;
 Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
 Gently to heare, kindly to iudge our Play.

20.] *Monarches* 2. -*chs* 3, 4.

21.] *up-rear'd* 3, 4.

25.] *Puissance* 2.

Exit.

--	--

[p. 69]

[The Life of Henry the Fift.]

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[COL. I]

*Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.**two* om. 3, 4.*Bish. Cant.*

Y Lord, Ile tell you, that selfe Bill is vrg'd,
 Which in th'eleuēth yere of ſ̄ laſt Kings reign
 Was like, and had indeed againſt vs paſt,

4 But that the ſcambling and vnquiet time
 Did puſh it out of farther queſtion.

Bish. Ely. But how my Lord ſhall we reſiſt it now ?

8 *Bish. Cant.* It muſt be thought on : if it paſſe againſt vs,
 We looſe the better halfe of our Poſſeſſion :

8.] *loſe*
halfe] *part*

For all the Temporall Lands, which men deuout
 By Teſtament haue giuen to the Church,
 Would they ſtrip from vs ; being valu'd thus,
 12 As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
 Full fiſteene Earles, and fiſteene hundred Knights,
 Six thouſand and two hundred good Eſquires :

--	--

[p. 69]
[COL. 1]

16 And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age
Of indigent faint Soules, past corporall toyle,
A hundred Almes-houfes, right well supply'd:
And to the Coffers of the King beside,
A thousand pounds by th'yeere. Thus runs the Bill.

19.] pound 3. 4.

20 *Bish. Ely.* This would drinke deepe.
Bish. Cant. 'Twould drinke the Cup and all.
Bish. Ely. But what preuention?

[COL. 2]

Bish. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire regard.

24 *Bish. Ely.* And a true louer of the holy Church.
Bish. Cant. The courfes of his youth promis'd it not.

The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,
But that his wildnesse, mortify'd in him,
28 Seem'd to dye too: yea, at that very moment,
Confideration like an Angell came,
And whipt th'offending *Adam* out of him;
Leauing his body as a Paradise,
32 T'inuelop and containe Celestiall Spirits.

Neuer was fuch a fodaine Scholler made:
Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,
With fuch a heady currance scowring faults:
36 Nor neuer *Hidra*-headed Wilfulnesse
So soone did loose his Seat; and all at once;
As in this King.

35.] currant 2, 3. -ent 4.

37.] lose

Bish. Ely. We are blessed in the Change.
40 *Bish. Cant.* Heare him but reason in Diuinitie;
And all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the King were made a Prelate:
Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires;
44 You would say, it hath been all in all his study:
Lift his discourse of Warre; and you shall heare
A fearefull Battaile rendred you in Musique.

h

Turne

[p. 70]
[col. 1]

48 Turne him to any Cause of Pollicy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will vnloose,
Familiar as his Garter: that when he speakes,
The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,
52 To steale his sweet and honyed Sentences:
So that the Art and Practique part of Life,
Must be the Mistresse to this Theorique
Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane it,
56 Since his addiçtion was to Courses vaine,
His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and shallow,
His Houres fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports;
And neuer noted in him any studie,
60 Any retyrement, any sequestration,
From open Haunts and Popularitie.

B. Ely. The Strawberry growes vnderneath the Nettle,
And holefome Berryes thriue and ripen best,
64 Neighbour'd by Fruit of baser qualitie:
And so the Prince obscur'd his Contemplation
Vnder the Veyle of Wildnesse, which (no doubt)
Grew like the Summer Graffe, fastest by Night,
68 Vnseene, yet cresiue in his facultie.

B. Cant. It must be so; for Miracles are ceast:
And therefore we must needs admit the meanes,
How things are perfected.

72 *B. Ely.* But my good Lord:
How now for mittigation of this Bill,
Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maiestie
Incline to it, or no?

76 *B. Cant.* He seemes indifferent:
Or rather swaying more vpon our part,
Then cherishing th'exhibitors against vs:
For I haue made an offer to his Maiestie,

54. *this*] *his* 3. 4.58.] *crescive* 4.78.] *Than* 4 [and so
throughout.]

The Chronicle Historie

of *Henry* the fift: with his battel fought
at *Agin Court* in *France*. Together with
Auncient Pistoll.

Enter King Henry, Exeter, 2. Bishops, Clarence, and other Attendants.

[1. 2]

Exeter.

1.] Th

S Hall I call in Thambassadors my Liege?
King. Not yet my Coufin, til we be resolude
Of some ferious matters touching vs and *France*.

[p. 70
[COL. 1]

Vpon our Spirituall Conuocation,
 And in regard of Causes now in hand,
 Which I haue open'd to his Grace at large,
 As touching France, to giue a greater Summe,
 84 Then euer at one time the Clergie yet
 Did to his Predeceffors part withall.

B. Ely. How did this offer seeme receiu'd, my Lord?

B. Cant. With good acceptance of his Maiestie :
 88 Saue that there was not time enough to heare,
 As I perceiu'd his Grace would faine haue done,
 The seueralls and vnhidden passages
 Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,
 92 And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,
 Deriu'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather.

B. Ely. What was th'impediment that broke this off?

B. Cant. The French Embassador vpon that instant
 96 Crau'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come,
 To giue him hearing: Is it foure a Clock?

B. Ely. It is.

B. Cant. Then goe we in, to know his Embassie :
 100 Which I could with a ready guesse declare,
 Before the Frenchman speake a word of it.

B. Ely. Ile wait vpon you, and I long to heare it.

Exeunt.

[I. 2]

*Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence,
 Warwick, Westmerland, and Exeter.*

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exeter. Not here in presence.

King. Send for him, good Vnckle.

Westm. Shall we call in th'Ambassador, my Liege?
 4

King. Not yet, my Cousin: we would be resolu'd,
 Before we heare him, of some things of weight,
 That taske our thoughts, concerning vs and France.

101.] speaks 2. -ks 3. 4.

4.] the 4.

6.] *Sure* 3.

Bi. God and his Angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it.

4

King. Shure we thank you.

And good my Lord proceed

8.] *in vs* 3.

Why the Lawe *Salicke* which they haue in *France*,
Or should or should not, stop vs in our clayme :
And God forbid my wife and learned Lord,
That you should fashon, frame, or wrest the same.

8

For God doth know how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation,
Of what your reuerence shall incite vs too.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our perfon,
How you awake the sleeping sword of warre :
We charge you in the name of God take heed.

12

16

21.] *Bish.* Catch-word in
1, but om. before speech.
Inserted 2, 3.

After this coniuration, speake my Lord :
And we will iudge, note, and beleue in heart,
That what you speake, is washt as pure
As sin in baptisme. [20. A 2] [*Bi/h.*]

20

Then heare me gracious foueraigne, and you peeres,
Which owe your liues, your faith and seruices
To this imperiall throne.

There is no bar to stay your highnesse claime to *France*

24

[p. 70]

[COL. 2]

8

Enter two Bishops.

B. Cant. God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,
And make you long become it.

8. your] you 2.

12

King. Sure we thanke you.
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And iustly and religiously vnfold,
Why the Law *Salike*, that they haue in France,
Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayme:
And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your vnderstanding Soule,
With opening Titles miscreate, whose right
Sutes not in natiue colours with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reuerence shall incite vs to.

16

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24

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32

36

Therefore take heed how you impawne our Perfon,
How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre;
We charge you in the Name of God take heed:
For neuer two such Kingdomes did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops
Are euery one, a Woe, a fore Complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrongs giues edge vnto the Swords,
That makes such waste in briefe mortalitie.
Vnder this Coniuration, speake my Lord:
For we will heare, note, and beleue in heart,
That what you speake, is in your Conscience washt,
As pure as sinne with Baptisme.
B. Can. Then heare me gracious Soueraign, & you Peers,
That owe your selues, your liues, and seruices,
To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre
To make against your Highnesse Clayme to France,

27.] *guillesse a*29.] *wrong*

But one, which they produce from *Faramont*,

No female shall succeed in falicke land,
Which falicke land the French vniustly gloze
To be the realme of *France* :

And *Faramont* the founder of this law and female barre :
Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme

That the land falicke lyes in *Germany*,
Betweene the fouds of *Sabeck* and of *Elme*,
Where *Charles* the fift hauing subdude the Saxons
There left behind, and fetled certaine French,

Who holding in disdaine the Germaine women,
For some dishonest maners of their liues,
Establisht there this lawe. To wit,

No female shall succeed in falicke land :

Which falicke land as I faid before,
Is at this time in *Germany* called *Mesene* :

Thus doth it well appeare the falicke lawe
Was not deuifed for the realme of *France*,
Nor did the French possesse the falicke land,
Vntill 400. one and twentie yeares

After the function of king *Faramont*,
Godly supposed the founder of this lawe:

Hugh Capet also that vsurpt the crowne,

39.] (as I haue said before) 3.

40.] call'd 3.

46] supposed 3.

28

32

36

40

44

[p. 70]
[COL. 2]

40 But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedant,
 No Woman shall succeed in *Salike* Land :
 Which *Salike* Land, the French vniustly gloze
 To be the Realme of France, and *Pharamond*
 44 The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.
 Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,
 That the Land *Salike* is in Germanie,
 Betweene the Flouds of Sala and of Elue :
 48 Where *Charles* the Great hauing subdu'd the Saxons,
 There left behind and settled certaine French :
 Who holding in disdaine the German Women,
 For some dishonest manners of their life,
 52 Establisht then this Law ; to wit, No Female
 Should be Inheritrix in *Salike* Land :
 Which *Salike* (as I said) 'twixt Elue and Sala,
 Is at this day in Germanie, call'd *Meisen*.
 56 Then doth it well appeare, the *Salike* Law
 Was not deuised for the Realme of France :
 Nor did the French possesse the *Salike* Land,
 Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres
 60 After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
 Idly suppos'd the founder of this Law,
 Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,
 Foure hundred twentie six : and *Charles* the Great
 64 Subdu'd the Saxons, and did feat the French
 Beyond the Riuer Sala, in the yeere
 Eight hundred siue. Besides, their Writers say,
 King *Pepin*, which deposed *Childerike*,
 68 Did as Heire Generall, being descended
 Of *Blithild*, which was Daughter to King *Clothair*,
 Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France.
Hugh Capet also, who vsurpt the Crowne

40.] *succedant*,47 & 54.] *Elue* 3. 4.

Of

49.] *nought*; 3.
50.] *Conuaid* 2.

To fine his title with some shoue of truth,
When in pure truth it was corrupt and naught:
Conuaid himselfe as heire to the Lady *Inger*,

48

Daughter to *Charles*, the foresaid Duke of *Lorain*,

60.] *embrace* 3.

So that as cleare as is the sommers Sun,
King *Pippins* title and *Hugh Capets* claime,
King *Charles* his satisfaction all appeare,
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the Lords of *France* vntil this day,
Howbeit they would hold vp this fallick lawe [57. A 2. v.]
To bar your highnesse claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Then amply to imbace their crooked causes,
Vfurpt from you and your progenitors. (claime?)

52

56

60

64.] *it is* 3.

K. May we with right & conscience make this
Bi. The fin vpon my head dread soueraigne.

For in the booke of Numbers is it writ,
When the sonne dies, let the inheritance
Descend vnto the daughter.

64

Noble Lord stand for your owne, || Vnwinde your bloody flagge,

67-8

[p. 71]
[COL. I]

Of *Charles* the Duke of *Lorraine*, sole Heire male
 Of the true Line and Stock of *Charles* the Great :
 To find his Title with some shewes of truth,
 Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
 76 Conuey'd himselfe as th'Heire to th' Lady *Lingare*,
 Daughter to *Charlemaine*, who was the Sonne
 To *Lewes* the Emperour, and *Lewes* the Sonne
 Of *Charles* the Great : also King *Lewes* the Tenth,
 80 Who was sole Heire to the Vfurper *Capet*,
 Could not keepe quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the Crowne of France, 'till satisfied,
 That faire Queene *Iabel*, his Grandmother,
 84 Was Lineall of the Lady *Ermengare*,
 Daughter to *Charles* the foresaid Duke of *Lorraine* :
 By the which Marriage, the Lyne of *Charles* the Great
 Was re-vnited to the Crowne of France.
 88 So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne,
 King *Pepins* Title, and *Hugh Capets* Clayme,
 King *Lewes* his satisfaction, all appeare
 To hold in Right and Title of the Female :
 92 So doe the Kings of France vnto this day.
 Howbeit, they would hold vp this Salique Law,
 To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female,
 And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,
 96 Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,
 Vfurpt from you and your Progenitors.
 King. May I with right and conscience make this claim ?
 Bish. Cant. The finne vpon my head, dread Soueraigne :
 100 For in the Booke of *Numbers* is it writ,
 When the man dyes, let the Inheritance
 Descend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
 Stand for your owne, vnwind your bloody Flagge,
 104 Looke back into your mightie Ancestors :

84.] *Ermengare*
85.] *foresaid* 2.

92. vnto] upon

96.] imbar 3. 4.
and 'barre' is 'bar'
throughout.

100.] it is 3. 4.

69.] *grandsires* 3.

Go my dread Lord to your great graunfirs graue,
From whom you clayme :

74.] *Whilst* 3.

And your great Vncle *Edward* the blacke Prince,
Who on the French ground playd a Tragedy
Making defcat on the full power of *France*,

72

76.] *the blood* 3.

Whilest his most mighty father on a hill,
Stood smiling to behold his Lyons whelp,
Foraging blood of French Nobilitie.

76

O Noble English that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces the full power of *France* :
And let an other halfe stand laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.

80

[p. 71]
[COL. 1]

Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandfires Tombe,
 From whom you clayme; inuoke his Warlike Spirit,
 And your Great Vnckles, *Edward* the Black Prince,
 108 Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,
 Making defeat on the full Power of France:
 Whiles his most mightie Father on a Hill
 Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelpe
 112 Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.
 O Noble English, that could entertaine
 With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,
 And let another halfe stand laughing by,
 116 All out of worke, and cold for action.
Bish. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
 And with your puiffant Arme renew their Feats;
 You are their Heire, you fit vpon their Throne:
 120 The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
 Runs in your Veines: and my thrice-puiffant Liege
 Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,
 Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprifes.
 124 *Exe.* Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
 Doe all expect, that you should rowse your selfe,
 As did the former Lyons of your Blood. (might;
West. They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and
 128 So hath your Highnesse: neuer King of England
 Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subiects,
 Whose hearts haue left their bodies here in England,
 And lye pauillion'd in the fields of France.
 132 *Bish. Can.* O let their bodies follow my deare Liege
 With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
 In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualltie
 Will rayse your Highnesse such a mightie Summe,
 136 As neuer did the Clergie at one time
 Bring in to any of your Ancestors.

107.] *Vnckle*, 3. 4.116. *All*] *And* 3. 4.
117.] *Bish Ely* 3. 4.131.] *field*133.] *Blood* 3. 4.
134.] *Spirituallity* 3. 4.

81.] *gainst* 3.
82. *for*] *against* 2.

King. We must not onely arme vs *against* the French,
But lay downe our proportion for the Scot,
Who will make rode vpon vs

with all aduantages.

Bi. The Marches gracious *foueraigne*,

shalbe sufficient

To guardyour *England* from the pilfering borderers.

King. We do not meane the courting sneakers onely,
But feare the mayne entendement of the Scot,

For you shall read, neuer my great grandfather
Vnmaskt his power for *France*,

But that the Scot on his vnfurnisht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tide into a breach,

That *England* being empty of defences,
Hath shooke and trembled at the brute hereof.

94.] *feard*

Bi. She hath bin then more feared then hurt my Lord :

For heare her but exemplified by her selfe,

[94. A 3]

When all her chialry hath bene in *France*

And she a mourning widow of her Nobles,

She hath her selfe not only well defended,

But taken and impounded as a stray, the king of Scots,

Whom like a caytiffe she did leade to *France*,

Filling your Chronicles as rich with praife

As is the owse and bottome of the sea

With funken wrack and shipleffe treasure.

Lord. There is a saying very old and true,

If you will *France* win, || Then with *Scotland* first begin :

For once the Eagle, England being in pray,

84

88

92

96

100

104

105-6

[p. 71]
[COL. 2]

140 *King.* We must not onely arme t'inuade the French,
But lay downe our proportions, to defend
Against the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs,
With all aduantages.

144 *Bish. Can.* They of those Marches, gracious Soueraign,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.

148 *King.* We do not meane the courting snatchers onely.
But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to vs:
For you shall reade, that my great Grandfather
Neuer went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his vnfurnisht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
152 With ample and brim fulnesse of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot Affayes,
Girding with grieuous siege, Castles and Townes:
That England being emptie of defence,
156 Hath shooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood.

B. Can. She hath bin thē more fear'd thē harm'd, my Liege:
For heare her but exampl'd by her selfe,
When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,
160 And shee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,
Shee hath her selfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots: whom shee did send to France,
164 To fill King *Edwards* fame with prisoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with prayse,
As is the Owfe and bottome of the Sea
With funken Wrack, and sum-lesse Treasuries.

168 *Bish. Ely.* But there's a saying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begia.
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,

151. *the*] 2 3, 4.169.] *begin*

108.] <i>unfurnisht</i>	To his vnfurnish nest the weazel Scot Would suck her eggs, / playing the mouſe in abſence of the To ſpoyle and hauock more then ſhe can eat. (cat : /	108
	<i>Exe.</i> It followes then, the cat muſt ſtay at home, Yet that is but a curſt neceſſitie,	112
116. <i>into</i>] <i>in</i> 3.	Since we haue trappes to catch the petty theeues : Whilſte that the armed hand doth fight abroad The aduiſed head controllas at home : For gouernment though high or lowe, being put into parts, Congrueth with a mutuall conſent like muſicke.	116
	<i>Bi.</i> True : therefore doth heauen / diuide the fate of man in diuers functions. /	
	Where to is added as an ayme or but, obedience : For ſo liue the honey Bees, creatures that by awc	120
	Ordaine an act of order to a peopeld Kingdome : They haue a King and officers of fort, Where ſome like Magiſtrates correſt at home :	124
	Others like Marchants venture trade abroad : Others like ſouldiers armed in their ſtings, Make boote vpon the ſomms veluet bud :	124
127.] <i>merry</i> 2.	Which pillage they with mery march bring home To the tent royall of their Emperour, Who buſied in his maieſtie, behold	128
128.] <i>tent-royal</i> 3	The ſinging mafons building roofes of gold : [130 A. 3 v] The ciuell citizens lading vp the honey,	

[p. 71]
[col. 2]

172 To her vnguarded Nest, the Weazell (Scot)
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her Princely Egges,
Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat,
To tame and hauocke more then she can eate.

Exet. It followes theu, the Cat must stay at home,
176 Yet that 'is but a cruft'd necessity,
Since we haue lockes to safegard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty theeues.
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
180 Th'aduised head defends it selfe at home :
For Government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keepe in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural clofe,
184 Like Muficke.

Cant. Therefore doth heauen diuide
The state of man in diuers functions,
Setting endeuour in continual motion :
188 To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,
Obedience : for so worke the Hony Bees,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome.
192 They haue a King, and Officers of forts,
Where some like Magistrates correct at home :
Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad :
Others, like Souldiers armed in their ftings,
196 Make boote vpon the Summers Veluet buddes :
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home
To the Tent-royal of their Emperor :
Who bufied in his Maiesties surueyes
200 The finging Mafons building roofes of Gold,
The ciuil Citizens kneading vp the hony ;
The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in
Their heauy burthens at his narrow gate :

174. can] can 2.

175. then] then

183.] cloze 2.

194.] venture

197.] march 2, 3.

200.] Mason

132.] <i>sad-ey'd</i> 3.	<p>The sad eyde Iustice with his furly humme, Deliuering vp to executors pale,</p> <p style="text-align: right;">the lazy caning Drone.</p> <p>This I infer, that 20. actions once a foote, May all end in one moment.</p>	132
138.] <i>selfe-sea</i> 3.	<p>As many Arrowes losed feuerall wayes, flye to one marke :</p> <p>As many feuerall wayes meete in one towne :</p> <p>As many fresh streames run in one selfe sea :</p> <p>As many lines close in the dyall center :</p> <p>So may a thousand actions once a foote, End in one moment, and be all well borne without defect.</p> <p>Therefore my Liege to <i>France</i>, Diuide your happy England into foure, Of which take you one quarter into <i>France</i>, And you withall, shall make all <i>Gallia</i> shake. If we with thrice that power left at home, Cannot defend our owne doore from the dogge, Let vs be beaten, and from henceforth lose The name of pollicy and hardinesse.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Ki.</i> Call in the messenger sent fro the Dolphin,</p> <p>And by your ayde, the noble finewes of our land, <i>France</i> being ours, weele bring it to our awe, Or breake it all in peeces :</p>	136 140 144 148
155-6.] One line in 3.	<p>Eyther our Chronicles shal with full mouth speak Freely of our acts, Or else like toongless mutes Not worhipt with a paper Epitaph :</p>	152
<i>TH</i> 2. <i>the</i> 3.	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Enter Thambassadors from France.</i></p>	156

[p. 72]
[COL. 1]

The sad-ey'd Iustice with his furlly humme,
 Deliuering ore to Executors pale
 The lazie yawning Drone : I this inferre,
 That many things hauing full reference
 208 To one consent, may worke contrarioufly,
 As many Arrowes loosed feuerall wayes
 Come to one marke: as many wayes meet in one towne,
 As many fresh streames meet in one salt sea;
 212 As many Lynes clofe in the Dials center :
 So may a thousand actions once a foote,
 And in one purpose, and be all well borne
 Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,
 216 Diuide your happy England into foure,
 Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
 And you withall shall make all Gallia shake.
 If we with thrice such powers left at home,
 220 Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,
 Let vs be worried, and our Nation lose
 The name of hardinesse and policie.

King. Call in the Messengers sent from the Dolphin.
 224 Now are we well resolu'd, and by Gods helpe
 And yours, the noble finewes of our power,
 France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Awe,
 Or breake it all to peeces. Or there wee'l fit,
 228 (Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
 Ore France, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukedomes)
 Or lay these bones in an vnworthy Vrne,
 Tomblese, with no remembrance ouer them :
 232 Either our History shall with full mouth
 Speake freely of our Acts, or else our graue
 Like Turkish mute, shall haue a tonguelesse mouth,
 Not worfhipt with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

224. well] all 3. 4.

158.] *prepard 3.*

Now are we well prepared to know the Dolphins pleasure,
For we heare your comming is from him.

Ambaffa. Pleaseth your Maieftie to giue vs leaue
Freely to render what we haue in charge :
Or shall I sparingly shew a farre off,
The Dolphins pleasure and our Embassage ?

160

King. We are no tyrant, but a Christian King,
To whom our spirit is as subiect,

164

As are our wretches fettered in our prisons.

[166. A 4]

Therefore freely and with vncurbed boldnesse
Tell vs the Dolphins minde.

168

Ambaf. Then this in fine the Dolphin faith,

Whereas you clayme certaine Townes in *France*,
From your predeceffor king *Eduard* the third,
This he returnes.

172

He faith, theres nought in *France* /

that can be with a nimble

Galliard wonne : / you cannot reuel into Dukedomes there : /

Therefore he sendeth meeter for your study,

This tunne of treasure : and in lieu of this,

176

Desires to let the Dukedomes that you craue

Heare no more from you : This the Dolphin faith.

King. What treasure Vncle ?

Exe. Tennis balles my Liege.

180

King. We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with vs,
Your message and his present we accept :

When we haue matched our rackets to these balles,

We will by Gods grace play such a fet,

184

Shall strike his fathers crowne into the hazard.

Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler,

184.] *play him such 3.*

[P. 72]
[COL. I]

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our faire Cofin Dolphin : for we heare,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

240 *Amb.* May't please your Maiestie to giue vs leaue
Freely to render what we haue in charge :
Or shall we sparingly shew you farre off
The Dolphins meauing, and our Embasie.

244 *King.* We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,
Vnto whose grace our pafsion is as subiect
As is our wretches fettred in our prisons,
Therefore with franke and with vncurbed plainnesse,
Tell vs the *Dolphins* minde.

248 *Amb.* Thus than in few :
Your Highnesse lately sending into France,
Did claime some certaine Dukedomes, in the right
Of your great Predecessor, King *Edward* the third.
252 In answer of which claime, the Prince our Master
Sayer, that you fauour too much of your youth,
And bids you be aduis'd : There's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne :
256 You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there.
He therefore sends you meeter for your spirit
This Tun of Treasure; and in lieu of this,
Defires you let the dukedomes that you claime
260 Heare no more of you. This the *Dolphin* speakes.

King. What Treasure Vncle?

Exc. Tennis balles, my Liege.

264 *Kin,* We are glad the *Dolphin* is so pleafant with vs,
His Prefent, and your paines we thanke you for :
When we haue matcht our Rackets to these Balles,
We will in France (by Gods grace) play a fet,
Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.
268 Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,

242.] meaning

	<p>That all the Courts of <i>France</i> shall be disturbd with chafes. And we vnderftand him well, how he comes ore vs With our wilder dayes, / not meafuring what vfe we made of them. /</p>	
190.] <i>valued</i> 3.	<p>We neuer valued this poore feate of England. And therefore gaue our felues to barbarous licence :</p>	188
	<p>As tis common feene / that men are merriest when they are from home. /</p>	192
	<p>But tell the Dolphin we will keepe our state, Be like a King, mightie and commaund,</p>	
195.] <i>in the throne</i> 3.	<p>When we do rowfe vs in throne of <i>France</i> :</p>	
196.] <i>we haue</i> 3	<p>Forthis haue we laid by our Maieftie</p>	196
197. <i>lide</i>] <i>like</i>	<p>And plodded lide a man for working dayes.</p>	
198. <i>with</i>] om. 2. <i>therewith</i> 3.	<p>But we will rife there with fo full of glory, That we will dazell all the eyes of <i>France</i>,</p>	
	<p>I ftrike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs, / (ftones, / And tell him this, / his mock hath turnd his baies to gun</p>	200
	<p>[201. A 4. v.]</p>	
	<p>And his foule shall fit fore charged for the waftfull / (vengeance</p>	
	<p>That shall flye from them. / For this his mocke / Shall mocke many a wife out of their deare husbands.</p>	204
	<p>Mocke mothers from their fonnes, mocke Castles downe, I some are yet vngotten and vnborne,</p>	
	<p>That shall haue caufe to curfe the Dolphins fcorne. But this lyes all within the will of God, / to whom we doo</p>	208
	<p>(appeale,</p>	
	<p>And in whose name / tel you the Dolphin we are cōming on / To venge vs as we may, and to put forth our hand</p>	
211. <i>rightfull</i>] <i>right</i> 3.	<p>In a rightfull caufe : fo get you hence, and tell your Prince, His left will fauour but of shallow wit,</p>	212
	<p>When thoufands weepe, more then did laugh at it. Conuey them with safe conduct : see them hence.</p>	

[p. 72]
[col. 2]

That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd
 With Chaces. And we vnderstand him well,
 How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes,
 272 Not measuring what vse we made of them.
 We neuer valew'd this poore seate of England,
 And therefore liuing hence, did giue our selfe
 To barbarous license : As 'tis euer common,
 276 That men are merriest, when they are from home.
 But tell the *Dolphin*, I will keepe my State,
 Be like a King, and shew my sayle of Greatnesse,
 When I do rowse me in my Throne of France.
 280 For that I haue layd by my Maiestie,
 And plodded like a man for working dayes :
 But I will rise there with so full a glorie,
 That I will dazle all the eyes of France,
 284 Yea strike the *Dolphin* blinde to looke on vs,
 And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mocke of his
 Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-stones, and his soule
 Shall stand fore charged, for the wastefull vengeance
 288 That shall flye with them : for many a thousand widows
 Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deer husbands ;
 Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mock Castles downe :
 And some are yet vngotten and vnborne,
 292 That shal haue cause to curse the *Dolphins* scorne.
 But this lyes all within the wil of God,
 To whom I do appeale, and in whose name
 Tel you the *Dolphin*, I am comming on,
 296 To venge me as I may, and to put forth
 My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd cause.
 So get you hence in peace : And tell the *Dolphin*,
 His Iest will fauour but of shallow wit,
 300 When thousands weepe more then did laugh at it.
 Conuey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

*Exeunt Ambassadors.*275. *As] And 3, 4.*
*euer] om. 3, 4.*291. *yet] it 2, 3.*301. *you] ye 3, 4.*

Exe. This was a merry message.

King. We hope to make the sencer blush at it :

216

Therefore let our collectiō for the wars be soone prouided :

For God before, weell check the Dolphin at his fathers /
(doore.

Therefore let euery man now taske his thought, /
That this faire action may on foote be brought.

220

Exeunt omnes.

[P. 72]
[COL. 2]*Exe.* This was a merry Message.*King.* We hope to make the Sender blush at it :

304 Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,
That may giue furth'rance to our Expedition :
For we haue now no thought in vs but France,
Saue thofe to God, that runne before our bufineffe.

308 Therefore let our proportions for thefe Warres
Be foone collected, and all things thought vpon,
That may with reasonable fwiftnesse adde
More Feathers to our Wings : for God before,

312 Wee'le chide this *Dolphin* at his fathers doore.
Therefore let euery man now task his thought,
That this faire Action may on foot be brought. *Exeunt.*

[11.]

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
And filken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes :
Now thriue the Armorers, and Honors thought
4 Reignes solely in the breast of euery man.
They sell the Pasture now, to buy the Horfe;
Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings,
With winged heeles, as English *Mercuries*.
8 For now fits Expectation in the Ayre,
And hides a Sword, from Hilts vnto the Point,
With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets,
Promis'd to *Harry*, and his followers.
12 The French aduis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadfull preparation,
Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy
Seeke to diuert the English purposes.
16 O England : Modell to thy inward Greatnesse,
Like little Body with a mightie Heart:

3.] *Honour's* 3, 4.

What

1.] *God morrow* 2, *Good morrow* 3.
2.] *Good morrow* 3.

Enter Nim and Bardolfe.

Bar. Godmorrow Corporall *Nim*.

Nim. Godmorrow Lieftenant *Bardolfe*.

Bar. What is ancient *Pistoll* and thee friends yet?

Nim. I cannot tell, things must be as they may :
I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine Iron :

[II. 1]

[p. 73]
[col. 1]

20 What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
 Were all thy children kinde and naturall :
 But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out,
 A nest of hollow bosomes, which he filles
 With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:
 24 One, *Richard Earle of Cambridge*, and the second
Henry Lord Scroope of Masham, and the third
 Sir *Thomas Grey* Knight of Northumberland,
 Haue for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)
 Confirm'd Conspiracy with fearefull France,
 28 And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye.
 If Hell and Treason hold their promises,
 Ere he take ship for France; and in Southampton.
 Linger your patience on, and wee'l digest
 32 Th'abuse of distance; force a play :
 The summe is payde, the Traitors are agreed,
 The King is set from London, and the Scene
 Is now transported (Gentles) to Southampton,
 36 There is the Play-houise now, there must you sit,
 And thence to France shall we conuey you safe,
 And bring you backe: Charming the narrow seas
 To giue you gentle Passe: for if we may,
 40 Wee'l not offend one stomacke with our Play.
 But till the King come forth, and not till then,
 Vnto Southampton do we shift our Scene.

*Exit.*25.] *Gray* 3. 4.28.] *dye*,30.] *-ton*, 4.31.] *we'll* 3. 4.34. *from*] *for* 3. 4.42.] *Southampton* 3.
we do 3. 4.

[ll. 1]

*Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe.**Bar.* Well met Corporall *Nym*.*Nym.* Good morrow Lieutenant *Bardolfe*.*Bar.* What, are Ancient *Pistoll* and you friends yet?

4 *Nym.* For my part, I care not: I say little: but when
 time shall serue, there shall be smiles, but that shall be as
 it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out

Nym] *Nim* [and so
throughout] 3. 4.

6.] 'Tis . . . 'twil 3.	It is a fimple one, but what tho ; it will serue to toste cheefe, And it will endure cold as an other mans sword will, And theres the humor of it.	8
9.] Quickly 10.] troth-plaint 3.	<i>Bar.</i> Yfaith mistresse quickly did thee great wrong, For thou weart troth plight to her. [10. B.]	
14.] there's 3.	<i>Nim.</i> I must do as I may, tho patience be a tyred mare, Yet sheel plod, and some say kniues haue edges, And men may sleepe and haue their throtes about them At that time, and there is the humour of it.	12
20. my] the 2.	<i>Bar.</i> Come yfaith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make <i>Pistoll</i> And thee friendes. What a plague should we carrie kniues To cut our owne throates. [Il. 83-4 fol.]	16
21.] Good morrow 3.	<i>Nim.</i> Yfaith Ile liue as long as I may, thats the certaine of it. And when I cannot liue any longer, Ile do as I may, And theres my rest, and the randeuous of it.	20
21.] Good morrow 3.	<i>Enter Pistoll and Hostes Quickly, his wife.</i> <i>Bar.</i> Godmorrow ancient <i>Pistoll</i> . Here comes ancient <i>Pistoll</i> , I prithee <i>Nim</i> be quiet.	
28. honest] om. 3.	<i>Nim.</i> How do you my Hoste? <i>Pist.</i> Bafe slaue, callest thou me hoste? Now by gads lugges I sweare, I sorne the title, Nor shall my <i>Nell</i> keepe lodging.	24
31.] Nim,	<i>Hofl.</i> No by my troath not I, For we canot bed nor boord half a score honest getlewomē That liue honestly by the prick of their needle, But it is thought fraight we keepe a bawdy-house.	28
[Fol. ll. 41-2 p. 39]	O Lord heeres Corporall <i>Nims</i> , now shall We haue wilful adultry and murther committed : Good Corporall <i>Nim</i> shew the valour of a man, And put vp your sword. <i>Nim.</i> Push.	32

[P. 73]
[COL. I]

8

mine yron : it is a simple one, but what though? It will toste Cheefe, and it will endure cold, as another mans sword will : and there's an end.

7.] *is but a 3, 4.*

12

Bar. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friendes, and wee'l bee all three sworne brothers to France: Let't be so good Corporall *Nym*.

11.] *Let's 4.*

16

Nym. Faith, I will liue so long as I may, that's the certaine of it: and when I cannot liue any longer, I will doe as I may : That is my rest, that is the rendezuous of it.

15.] *rendezuous 4.*

20

Bar. It is certaine Corporall, that he is married to *Nell Quickly*, and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

24

Nym. I cannot tell, Things must be as they may: men may sleepe, and they may haue their throats about them at that time, and some say, kniues haue edges : It must be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet shee will plodde, there must be Conclufions, well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistoll, & Quickly.

28

Bar. Heere comes Ancient *Pistoll* and his wife: good Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hoaste *Pistoll*?

32

Pist. Base Tyke, cal'st thou mee Hoste, now by this hand I sware I scorne the terme : nor shall my *Nel* keep Lodgers.

36

Host. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that liue honestly by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee thought we keepe a Bawdy-house straight. O welliday Lady, if he be not hewne now, we shall see wilful adultery and murther committed.

Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporal offer nothing heere. *Nym.* Pith.

Pist. What dost thou push, thou prickcard cur
of Ifeland? 36

Nim. Will you fhog off? I would haue you folus.

Pist. Solus egregious dog,

that folus in thy throte,

And in thy lungs, and which is worfe, within
Thy meffull mouth, I do retort that folus / in thy
Bowels, and in thy Iaw, perdie: for I can talke, /
And *Pistolls* flashing firy cock is vp. 40

43.] *Earbasem 2.*

Nim. I am not *Barbasom*, you cannot coniure me:
I haue an humour *Pistoll* to knock you indifferently well,
And you fall foule with me *Pistoll*, / Ile scoure you with my
Rapier in faire termes. / If you will walke off a little, / [45 B. v.]
Ile prick your guts a litle in good termes,
And theres the humour of it. 48

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
/ The Graue doth gape, and groaning
Death is neare, / therefore exall. /

They draue.

Bar. Heare me, he that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him, as I am a fouldier. 52

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.

Nim. Ile cut your throat at one time or an other / in faire
And theres the humor of it. / (termes, 56

Pist. Couple gorge is the word, I thee defie agen:
A damned hound, thinkst thou my spouse to get?
No, to the powdering tub of infamy,
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Crefides kinde,
Doll Tear-sheete, she by name, and her espowfe 60

60.] *lazarkite 2.*

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[COL. 2]

40 *Pist.* Pish for thee, Island dogge : thou prickeard cur
of Island.

Hofl. Good Corporall *Nym* shew thy valor, and put
vp your sword. [Q^o ll. 33-4 p. 36.]

42. *your*] *thy* 3. 4.

Nym. Will you shogge off? I would haue you solus.

44 *Pist.* Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile; . The solus
in thy most meruailous face, the solus in thy teeth, and
in thy throate, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw
perdy; and which is worfe, within thy nastie mouth. I
48 do retort the solus in thy bowels, for I can take, and *Pi-*
stols cocke is vp, and flashing fire will follow.

45.] *marvellous* 3. 4.

Nym. I am not *Barbafon*, you cannot coniuere mee : I
haue an humor to knocke you indifferently well : If you
52 grow fowle with me Pistoll, I will scoure you with my
Rapier, as I may, in fayre tearmes. If you would walke
off, I would pricke your guts a little in good tearmes, as
I may, and that's the humor of it.

56 *Pist.* O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Graue doth gape, and doting death is neere,
Therefore exhale.

60 *Bar.* Heare me, heare me what I say : Hce that strikes
the first stroake, Ile run him vp to the hilts, as I am a fol-
dier.

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
Giue me thy fist, thy fore-foote to me giue : Thy spirites
64 are most tall.

63. *fist*] *first* 3.

Nym. I will cut thy throate one time or other in faire
termes, that is the humor of it.

68 *Pistoll.* *Couple a gorge*, that is the word. I defie thee a-
gaine. O hound of Creet, think'ft thou my spoufe to get?
No, to the spittle goe, and from the Poudring tub of in-
famy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of *Creffids* kinde, *Doll*
Teare-sheete, she by name, and her espoufe. I haue, and I

70.] *Lazer Kit* 4.

I haue, and I will hold, the quandom quickly,
For the onely she and Paco, there it is inough.

Enter the Boy.

66.] *warning 3.*

Boy. Hoftes you muft come fraight to my maifter,
And you Hofst *Pistoll.* / Good *Bardolfe*
Put thy nofe betweene the flectes, / and do the office of a
(warming pan. /

64

Host. By my troath heele yeeld tæe crow a pudding one
(of thefe dayes.

He go to him, husband youle come ?

68

Bar. Come *Pistoll* be friends.

Nim pritheee be friends, and if thou wilt not / be
Enemies with me too. /

72.] *betting 3.*

Ni. I fhall haue my eight fhillings I woon of you
at beating?

72

Pift. Bafe is the flauē that payes.

Nim. That now I will haue, and theres the humor of it.

Pift. As manhood fhall compound. *They draw.*

Bar. He that strikes the firft blow,
He kill him by this fword.

76

Pift. Sword is an oath, and oathes muft haue their courfe.
[78. B 2]

79.] *betting 3.*

Nim. I fhall haue my eight fhillings I wonne of you at
beating ?

Pift. A noble fhalt thou haue, and readie pay,
And liquor likewife will I giue to thee,

80

82. *and*] *out 3.* [Probably
press error for *our.*]

And friendship fhall combind and brotherhood :
He liue by *Nim* as *Nim* fhall liue by me :

84.] *Butler 2.*

Is not this iuft ? for I fhall Sutler be
Vnto the Campe, and profit will occrue.

84

[p. 73]
[COL. 2]

will hold the *Quondam Quickly* for the onely shee : and
Pauca, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

76 *Boy.* Mine Hoast *Pistoll*, you must come to my May-
ster, and your Hostesse : He is very sicke, & would to bed.
Good *Bardolfe*, put thy face betweene his sheets, and do
the Office of a Warming-pan : Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away you Rogue.

80 *Host.* By my troth he'l yeeld the Crow a pudding one
of these dayes : the King has kild his heart. Good Huf-
band come home presently.

Exit

84 *Bar.* Come, shall I make you two friends. Wee must
to France together : why the diuel should we keep kniues
to cut one anothers throats? [ll. 16-17 Quarto.]

Pist. Let floods ore-swell, and fiends for food howle
on.

88 *Nym.* You'l pay me the eight shillings I won of you
at Betting?

Pist. Bafe is the Slaue that payes.

Nym. That now I wil haue : that's the humor of it.

Pist. As manhood shal compound : push home. *Draw*

92 *Bard.* By this sword, hee that makes the first thrust,
Ile kill him : By this sword, I wil.

Pi. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths must haue their course

96 *Bar.* Coporall *Nym*, & thou wilt be friends be friends,
and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to : pre-
thee put vp.

100 *Pist.* A Noble shalt thou haue, and present pay, and
Liquor likewise will I giue to thee, and friendshippe
shall combyne, and brotherhood. Ile liue by *Nymme*, &
Nymme shall liue by me, is not this iust? For I shal Sut-
ler be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Giue mee
thy hand.

h 3

Nym.

76. his] the 3. 4.
77.] Warming-man 3. 4

81. home] om. 3. 4

96. to] too

100-1.] Nymme 2.

Nim. I shall haue my noble ?

Pist. In cash most truly paid.

Nim. Why theres the humour of it.

Enter Hostes.

Hostes. As euer you came of men come in,
Sir *Iohn* poore soule is so troubled
With a burning tashan contigian feuer, tis wonderfull.

83

Pist. Let vs condoll the knight: for lamkins we will liue.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Exeter and Gloster.

Gloft. Before God my Lord, his Grace is too bold to trust
these traytors.

Exe. They shalbe apprehended by and by.

92

[II. 2]

Glost. I but the man that was his bedfellow
Whom he hath cloyed and graced with princely fauours
That he should for a forraine purse, to sell
His Soueraignes life to death and trechery.

Exe. O the Lord of *Mafsham*.

Enter the King and three Lords.

King. Now firs the windes faire, and we wil aboard ;
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my Lord of *Mafsham*,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts,

4

8

8.] winde is 3.

[P. 74]
[COL. 1]*Nym.* I shall haue my Noble?*Pist.* In cash, most iustly payd.*Nym.* Well, then that the humor of't.*Enter Hostesse.*

108 *Host.* As euer you come of women, come in quickly
to sir *Iohn*: A poore heart, hee is so shak'd of a burning
quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold.
Sweet men, come to him.

112 *Nym.* The King hath run bad humors on the Knight,
that's the euen of it.

Pist. *Nym*, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is fractured and corroborate.

116 *Nym.* The King is a good King, but it must bee as it
may: he passeth some humors, and carreeres.

Pist. Let vs condole the Knight, for (*Lambekins*) we will liue.

[II. 2]

*Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westmerland.**Bed* Fore God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors*Exe.* They shall be apprehended by and by.

4 *West.* How smooth and euen they do bear themselves,
As if allegiance in their bosomes fate
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception, which they dreame not of.

8 *Exe.* Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious fauours;
That he should for a forraigne purse, so sell
His Soueraignes life to death and treachery.

*Sound Trumpets.**Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.*

12 *King.* Now fits the winde faire, and we will aboard.
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my kinde Lord of *Masham*,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts:

106.] *that's*107.] *came of*4.] *if all allegiance* 3, 4.5.] *royalty.* 4.7.] *interception* 4.9.] *lull'd* 3, 4.

Do you not thinke the power we beare with vs,
Will make vs conquerors in the field of *France* ?

12

Masha. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.
[13. B 2 v]

Cam. Neuer was Monarch better feared and loued then
is your maiestie.

Gray. Euent hose that were your fathers enemies
Haue steeped their galles in honey for your sake.

16

King. We therefore haue great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forget the office of our hands :
Sooner then reward and merit,
According to their cause and worthinesse.

20

Masha. So seruice shall with steeled sinewes shine,
And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope
To do your Grace incessant seruice.

King. Vncle of *Exeter*,

24

enlarge the man

Committed yesterday, that rayled against our person,
We consider it was the heate of wine that set him on,
And on his more aduice we pardon him.

Masha. That is mercie, but too much securitie :
Let him bee punished Soueraigne, / least the example of
Breed more of such a kinde. / (him,

28

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

19.] omitted 3.

[P. 74]
[COL. 1]

16 Thinke you not that the powres we beare with vs
Will cut their passage through the force of France?
Doing the execution, and the acte,
For which we haue in head assembled them.

Scro. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.

20 *King.* I doubt not that, since we are well perwaded
We carry not a heart with vs from hence,
That growes not in a faire consent with ours:
Nor leaue not one behinde, that doth not wish
24 Successe and Conquest to attend on vs.

Cam. Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd,
Then is your Maiefty; there's not I thinke a subiect
That fits in heart-greefe and vneafineffe
28 Vnder the sweet shade of your gouernment.

Kni. True: those that were your Fathers enemies,
Haue steep'd their gauls in hony, and do ferue you
With hearts create of duty, and of zeale.

32 *King.* We therefore haue great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forget the office of our hand
Sooner then quittance of defert and merit,
According to the weight and worthinesse.

36 *Scro.* So seruice shall with steeled finewes toyle,
And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope
To do your Grace incessant seruices.

King. We Iudge no lesse. Vnkle of *Exeter*;
40 Inlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rayl'd against our person: We consider
It was excessse of Wine that set him on,
And on his more aduice, We pardon him.

44 *Scro.* That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd Soueraigne, least example
Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind.

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

25.] was a 3. 4.

29. Kni.] Gray. 4.

30.] do obserue 3. 4.

	<p><i>Cam.</i> So may your highnesse, and punish too. <i>Gray.</i> You shew great mercie if you giue him life, After the taste of his correction.</p>	32
36.] <i>against</i> 3.	<p><i>King.</i> Alas your too much care and loue of me Are heauy orifons gainst the poore wretch, If litle faults proceeding on distemper / should not bee (winked at, /</p>	36
38.] <i>capitoll</i> 2.	How should we stretch our eye, when capitall crimes,	
39.] <i>digested</i> 3.	Chewed, swallowed and digested, appeare before vs :	
39.] <i>appeared . . . us</i> 2.	<p>Well yet enlarge the man, tho Cambridge and the rest In their deare loues, and tender preservation of our state, Would haue him punished. Now to our French causes. Who are the late Commissioners ?</p>	40
	<p>/ <i>Cam.</i> Me one my Lord, / your highnesse bad me aske for it to day. / [45. B. 3]</p>	44
	<i>Mash.</i> So did you me my Soueraigne.	
	<i>Gray.</i> And me my Lord.	
	<i>King.</i> Then <i>Richard</i> Earle of <i>Cambridge</i> there is yours.	48
50.] <i>Grey</i> 3 (and so onward)	There is yours my Lord of <i>Masham</i> .	
	And fir <i>Thomas Gray</i> knight of <i>Northumberland</i> , / this same is	
	Read them, and know we know your worthinesse. (yours : /	
	<i>Vnckle Exeter</i> I will aboard to night.	52
	Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour ?	
	What see you in those papers	
	That hath so chafed your blood	
	out of apparence ?	
	<i>Cam.</i> I do confesse my fault, and do submit me	
	To your highnesse mercie.	56
	<i>Mash.</i> To which we all appeale.	
60.] <i>fore-stald</i> 3.	<i>King.</i> The mercy which was quit in vs but late,	
	By your owne reafons is forestald and done:	60

[p. 74]
[COL. 2]*Cam.* So may your Highnesse, and yet punish too.*Grey.* Sir, you shew great mercy if you giue him life,
After the taste of much correction.

52 *King.* Alas, your too much loue and care of me,
Are heauy Orifons 'gainst this poore wretch:
If little faults proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capitall crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
56 Appeare before vs? Wee'l yet enlarge that man,
Though *Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray*, in their deere care
And tender preferuation of our person
Wold haue him punish'd. And now to our French causes,
60 Who are the late Commissioners ?

Cam. I one my Lord,
Your Highnesse bad me aske for it to day.*Scro.* So did you me my Liege.

64 *Gray.* And I my Royall Soueraigne.
King. Then *Richard Earle of Cambridge*, there is yours
There yours Lord *Scroope of Masham*, and Sir Knight:
Gray of Northumberland, this fame is yours :
68 Reade them, and know I know your worthinesse.
My Lord of *Westmerland*, and Vnkle *Exeter*,
We will aboard to night. Why how now Gentlemen ?
What see you in those papers, that you loose
72 So much complexion? Looke ye how they change :
Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there,
That haue so cowarded and chac'd your blood
Out of apparence.

76 *Cam.* I do confesse my fault,
And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy.

Gray. Scro. To which we all appeale.

80 *King.* The mercy that was quicke in vs but late,
By your owne counsaile is supprest and kill'd :

55.] *digested,*
56.] *Appears 3.*66.] *Lords 2. 3.*
*Knight, 4.*71.] *lose*74. *haue] hath 4.*
75.] *appearance 3. 4.*

You must not dare for shame to aske for mercy,
 For your owne conscience turue vpon your bosomes,
 As dogs vpon their maisters worrying them.
 See you my Princes, and my noble Peeres,
 These English monsters :
 My Lord of *Cambridge* here,
 You know how apt we were to grace him,
 In all things belonging to his honour :
 And this vilde man hath for a fewe light crownes,
 Lightly conspired and sworne vnto the practises of *France* :
 To kill vs here in *Hampton*. To the which,
 This knight no lesse in bountie bound to vs
 Then *Cambridge* is, haah likewise sworne.
 But oh what shall I say to thee false man,
 Thou cruell ingratefull and inhumane creature,
 Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsell,
 That knewst the very secrets of my heart,
 That almost mightest a coyned me into gold,
 Wouldest thou a practise on me for thy vse :
 Can it be possible that out of thee
 Should proceed one sparke that might annoy my finger ?

64

68

72

76

80

[81. B 3 v]

Tis so strange, that tho the truth doth showe as grose
 As black from white, mine eye wil scarcely see it.

69.] vile 2.

70.] conspir'd 3.

73. haah] hath

78.] mightst have 3.

79.] Wouldst thou have
practise . . . vse ? 3.

[p. 74]
[COL. 2]

You must not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy,
 For your owne reasons turne into your bosomes,
 As dogs vpon their maisters, worrying you :
 84 See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,
 These English monsters : My Lord of *Cambridge* heere,
 You know how apt our loue was, to accord
 To furnish with all appertinents
 88 Belonging to his Honour ; and this man,
 Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conspir'd
 And sworne vnto the practises of France
 To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which,
 92 This Knight no lesse for bounty bound to Vs
 Then Cambridge is, hath likewise sworne. But O,
 What shall I say to thee Lord *Scroope*, thou cruell,
 Ingratefull, sauage, and inhumane Creature ?
 96 Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsailes,
 That knew'st the very bottome of my foule,
 That (almost) might'st haue coyn'd me into Golde,
 Would'st thou haue practis'd on me, for thy vse ?
 100 May it be possible, that forraigne hyer
 Could out of thee extract one sparke of euill
 That might annoy my finger ? 'Tis so strange,
 That though the truth of it stands off as grosse
 104 As blacke and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
 Treason, and murther, euer kept together,
 As two yoake diuels sworne to eithers purpose,
 Working so grossely in an naturall cause,
 108 That admiration did not hoope at them.
 But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in
 Wonder to waite on treason, and on murther :
 And whatfoeuer cunning fiend it was
 112 That wrought vpon thee so preposterously,
 Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence :

And

87.] furnish him 3. 4.

92.] us

103.] stand

107. an] a

110. and on] and no

/ Their faults are open, / arrest them to the answer or the lawe, /
And God acquit them of their practises.
Etc. Arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Richard*, Earle of *Cambridge*.

[p. 75]
[col. 1]

And other diuels that fuggest by treafons,
 Do botch and bungle vp damnation,
 116 With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht
 From glift'ring semblances of piety :
 But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand vp,
 Gaue thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
 120 Vnlesse to dub thee with the name of Traitor.
 If that same Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
 Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world,
 He might returne to vastie Tartar backe,
 124 And tell the Legions, I can neuer win
 A foule so easie as that Englishmans.
 Oh, how hast thou with iealousie infected
 The sweetnesse of affiance? Shew men dutifull,
 128 Why so didst thou : seeme they graue and learned ?
 Why so didst thou. Come they of Noble Family ?
 Why so didst thou. Seeme they religious ?
 Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
 132 Free from grosse passion, or of mirth, or anger,
 Constant in spirit, not sweruing with the blood,
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
 Not working with the eye, without the eare,
 136 And but in purged iudgement trusting neither,
 Such and so finely boulded didst thou seeme :
 And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot,
 To make thee full fraught man, and best indued
 140 With some suspition, I will weepe for thee.
 For this reuolt of thine, me thiukes is like
 Another fall of Man. Their faults are open,
 Arrest them to the answer of the Law,
 144 And God acquit them of their practises.
Exe. I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of
Richard Earle of Cambridge .

123. *might*] *may* 4136.] *iudgement* 3.

140.] and / 4.

I arrest thee of high treason,
 By the name of *Henry*, Lord of *Mafham*.
 I arrest thee of high treason,
 / By the name of *Thomas Gray*, / knight of *Northumberland*. /
Mafh. Our purposes God iustly hath discovered,
 88
 92
 And I repent my fault more then my death,
 Which I beseech your maiestie forgiue,
 Altho my body pay the price of it.

96.] *mercie 2. mercy 3.*
 97.] *conspir'd 3.*
 98.] *proclaim'd 3.*

King. God quit you in his mercy. / Heare your sentence. /
 96
 You haue conspired against our royall person,
 Ioyned with an enemy proclaimed and fixed.
 And from his coffers receiued the golden earnest of our death

104.] *Get you hence, 3.*

Touching our person we seeke no redresse.
 100
 But we our kingdomes safetie must so tender
 Whose ruine you haue fought,
 That to our lawes we do deliuer you. (death,
 104
 Get ye therefore hence: poore miserable creatures to your
 / The taste whereof, God in his mercy giue you

[p. 75]
[COL. 1]

148

I arrest thee of High Treafon, by the name of *Thomas Lord Scroope of Marfham.*

152

I arrest thee of High Treafon, by the name of *Thomas Grey, Knight of Northumberland.*

Scro. Our purpofes, God iuftly hath difcouer'd,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I befeech your Highneffe to forgiue,
Although my body pay the price of it.

156

Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motiue,
The fooner to effect what I intended :

160

But God be thanked for preuention,
Which in fufferance heartily will reioyce,
Befeeking God, and you, to pardon mee.

164

Gray. Neuer did faithfull fubieft more reioyce
At the difcouery of moft dangerous Treafon,
Then I do at this houre ioy ore my felfe,
Preuented from a damned enterprize ;
My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne.

168

King. God quit you in his mercy: Hear your fentence
You haue conspir'd againft Our Royall perfon,
Ioynd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers,
Receyu'd the Golden Earneft of Our death :

172

Wherein you would haue fold your King to flaughter,
His Princes, and his Peeres to feruitude,
His Subiefts to oppreffion, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdome into defolation :

176

Touching our perfon, feeke we no reuenge,
But we our Kingdomes fafety unuft fo tender,
Whofe ruine you fought, that to her Lawes
We do deliuer you. Get you therefore hence,
(Poore miserable wretches) to your death:
The tafte whereof, God of his mercy giue

159.] *Which I in*
160. *and you*] om. 3, 4.

171. *to*] of 3.

176.] *you three fought,*

(amisse: /

Patience / to endure, and true repentance of all your deeds

Beare them hence.

*Exit three Lords.*Now Lords to *France*. The enterprife whereof,

Shall be to you as vs, successefully.

108

Since God cut off

this dangerous treason lurking in our way

Cheerly to sea, the signes of war aduance:

No King of England, if not King of *France*.*Exit omnes.*

112

[112. B 3]

*Hoster 3.**Enter Nim, Pistoll, Bardolfe, Hostes and a Boy.*

[II.]

1.] *Staines 2.**Host.* I prethy sweete heart, / let me bring thee so farre as*(Stanes. /**Pist.* No fur, no fur.*Bar.* Well fir *Iohn* is gone. God be with him.5.] *Chrisombd 2.**Host.* I, he is in *Arthors* bolom, if euer any were:

4

He went away as if it were a crysombd childe,

Betweene twelue and one,

Iust at turning of the tide:

His nose was as sharpe as a pen:

8

For when I saw him fumble with the sheetes,

And talk of floures, and smile vpō his fingers ends

I knew there was no way but one.

How now fir *Iohn* quoth I?

12

And he cryed three times, God, God, God,

[p. 75]
[col. 2]

	You patience to indure, and true Repentance Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence.	<i>Exit.</i>	181.] Exeunt.
	Now Lords for France: the enterprife whereof Shall be to you as vs,like glorious.		
184	We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre, Since God so graciously hath brought to light This dangerous Treason, lurking in our way, To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,		186.] way. 2. way 3. 4. 187.] beginning.
188	But euery Rubbe is smoothed on our way. Then forth, deare Countrey men: Let vs deliuer Our Puiffance into the hand of God, Putting it fraight in expedition.		188. on] in 4.
192	Chearely to Sea, the signes of Warre aduance, No King of England, if not King of France.	<i>Flourish.</i>	193. Flourish] Exeunt
[(1. 3]	<i>Enter Pistoll, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hosteffe.</i> <i>Hosteffe.</i> 'Prythee honey sweet Husband, let me bring thee to Staines.		1.] honey, 3. 4.
4	<i>Pistoll.</i> No: for my manly heart dotherne. <i>Bardolph,</i> be blythe: <i>Nim,</i> rowse thy vaunting Veines: <i>Boy,</i> brisle thy Courage vp: for <i>Falstaffe</i> hee is dead, and wee must erne therefore.		3. 6.] yerne 3. 4.
8	<i>Bard.</i> Would I were with him, wherefomere hee is, eyther in Heauen, or in Hell.		7.] whereso'ere 4.
12	<i>Hosteffe.</i> Nay sure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in <i>Arthurs</i> Bosome, if euer man went to <i>Arthurs</i> Bosome: a made a finer end, and went away and it had beene any Christome Child: a parted eu'n iust betweene Twelue and One, eu'n at the turning o'th'Tyde: for after I saw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile vpon his fin- gers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Nose was as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now Sir <i>Iohn</i> (quoth I?) what man? be a good cheare: so a cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I,		10. made a] made 3. 4. 11.] Christom 4. 12. eu'n iust] iust 3. 4.
16			16.] green fields 3. green Fields 4.

16. *al]* om. 3.

Now I to comfort him, bad him not think of God,
I hope there was no such need.

Then he bad me put more cloathes at his feete:

And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any stone.

And to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone.

And so vpward, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone.

19. *any]* om. 3.20.] *cried* 2.

Nim. They say he cride out on Sack.

Hofl. I that he did.

Boy. And of women.

Hofl. No that he did not.

24. *he sed]* sed 3. *incarnate* 3.

Boy. Yes that he did: and he sed they were diuels incarnat.

Hofl. Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued.

Nim. Well he did cry out on women.

Hofl. Indeed he did in some fort handle women,
But then he was rumaticke, / and talkt of the whore of

(*Batylon.* /

Boy. Hostes do you remember he saw a Flea stand
Vpon *Bardolfes* Nose, and sed it was a black soule
Burning in hell fire?

31. *fire]* om. 3.

[31 B 3 v]

Bar. Well, God be with him,
That was all the wealth I got in his seruice.

Nim. Shall we shog off?
The king wil be gone from *Southampton*.

Pist. Cleare vp thy cristalles,
Looke to my chattels and my moueables.

38.] *none, the world* 2.

Trust none: the word is pitch and pay:

Mens words are wafer cakes,

And holdfast is the only dog my deare.

40.] *hold fast* 3.

Therefore cophetua be thy counsellor,

[p. 75]
[COL. 2]

20 to comfort him, bid him a should not thinke of God; I
hop'd there was no neede to trouble himselfe with any
such thoughts yet: so a bad me lay more Clothes on his
feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they
24 were as cold as any stone: then I felt to his knees, and so
vp-peer'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nim. They say he cryed out of Sack.

Hofteffe. I, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

28 *Hofteffe.* Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes that a did, and said they were Deules incar-
nate.

32 *Woman.* A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Co-
lour he neuer lik'd.

Boy. A said once, the Deule would haue him about
Women.

36 *Hofteffe.* A did in some fort (indeed) handle Women:
but then hee was rumatique, and talk'd of the Whore of
Babylon.

40 *Boy.* Doe you not remember a saw a Flea sticke vpon
Bardolphs Nose, and a said it was a blacke Soule burning
in Hell.

Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fire:
that's all the Riches I got in his seruice.

44 *Nim.* Shall wee shogg? the King will be gone from
Southampton.

48 *Pist.* Come, let's away. My Loue, giue me thy Lippes:
Looke to my Chattels, and my Moueables: Let Sences
rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: trust none: for Oathes
are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-fast
is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore *Caueto* bee
thy Counsaillor. Goe, cleare thy Chrystalls. Yoke-
fellowes in Armes, let vs to France, like Horfe
leeches

23.] *as any] as a 3, 4.*24.] *upward (upwar'd 2)*
*and upward, 3, 4.*24. *and all] and om. 3, 4.*39.] *and said 3, 4.*

Touch her soft lips and part.

Bar. Farewell hostes.

Nim. I cannot kis: and theres the humor of it.
But adieu.

Pist. Keepe fast thy buggle boe.

Exit omnes.

*Enter King of France, Bourbon, Dolphin,
and others.*

King. Now you Lords of *Orleance*,
Of *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
You see the King of England is not slack,
For he is footed on this land alreadie.

[l. 149 fol. p. 67]

Dolphin. My gracious Lord, / tis meet we all goe
And arme vs againft the foe: (foorth, /

44

[II. 4]

4

[p. 76]
[col. 1]

leeches my Boyes, to sucke, to sucke, the very blood to
sucke.

Boy. And that's but vnwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

56 *Bard.* Farwell Hostesse.

Nim. I cannot kisse, that is the humor of it: but
adieu.

60 *Pist.* Let Hufwiferie appeare: keepe close, I thee
command.

Hostesse. Farwell: adieu.

Exeunt.

Flourish.

Flourish] om.

[II. 4.]

*Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes
of Berry and Britaine.*

King. Thus comes the English with full power vpon vs,
And more then carefully it vs concernes,
To answer Royally in our defences.

4 Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine,
Of Brabant and of Orleance, shall make forth,
And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch
To lyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre
8 With men of courage, and with meanes defendant:

For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As Waters to the sucking of a Gulfe.

12 It fits vs then to be as prouident,
As feare may teach vs, out of late examples
Left by the fatall and neglected English,
Vpon our fields.

16 *Dolphin.* My most redoubted Father,
It is most meet we arme vs 'gainst the Foe:
For Peace it selfe should not so dull a Kingdome,
(Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in question)
But that Defences, Musters, Preparations,
20 Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,

4.] *Britain* 3. 4.

And view the weak & feeble parts of France :
But let vs do it with no show of feare.

No will in more, than if we heard

10. *Insid.] overlid 3.*

England were quiet with a North-man's.

For my good Lord, shee is a most kingly.

Her tongue is, fantastically sworne.

So guided by a shallow humorous youth.

That feare attende her not.

15. *self.] con. 2.*

Con. O peace France, Doynt, you deceiue your selfe.

[15. C]

Question your grace the late Embassador.

With what regard he heard his Embassage.

How well supplied with aged Counsellours.

And how his resolution answered him.

You then would say that *Harry* was not wilde.

King. Well thinke we *Harry* strong :
And strongly arme vs to preuent the foe.

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[COL. I]

As were a Warre in expectation.
 Therefore I say, 'tis meet we all goe forth,
 To view the sick and feeble parts of France :
 24 And let vs doe it with no shew of feare,
 No, with no more, then if we heard that England
 Were buied with a Whitson Morris-dance :
 For, my good Liege, shée is so idly King'd,
 28 Her Scepter so phantastically borne,
 By a vaine giddie shallow humorous Youth,
 That feare attends her not.
Const. O peace, Prince Dolphin,
 32 You are too much mistaken in this King :
 Question your Grace the late Embassadors,
 With what great State he heard their Embassie,
 How well supply'd with Noble Councillors,
 36 How modest in exception ; and withall,
 How terrible in constant resolution :
 And you shall find, his Vanities fore-spent,
 Were but the out-side of the Roman *Brutus*,
 40 Couering Discretion with a Coat of Folly ;
 As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide those Roots
 That shall first spring, and be most delicate.
Dolphin. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable.
 44 But though we thinke it so, it is no matter :
 In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
 The Enemy more mightie then he seemes,
 So the proportions of defence are fill'd :
 48 Which of a weake and niggardly proiection,
 Doth like a Miser spoyle his Coat, with scanting
 A little Cloth.
King. Thinke we King *Harry* strong :
 52 And Princes, looke you strongly arme to meet him.
 The Kindred of him hath beene flesht vpon vs :

36.] *with all 3 4.*45.] *causes*

Con. My Lord here is an Embassador
From the King of England.

24

Kin. Bid him come in.
You see this chafe is hotly followed Lords.

Dol. My gracious father, cut vp this English short,

28.] *Selfe-loue 3.*
29.] *selfe-neglecting.*

Selfeloue my Liege is not so vile a thing,
As selfe neglecting.

28

Enter Exeter.

30.] *brother of 3.*

King. From our brother England?
Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maiestie:
He wils you in the name of God Almightye,
That you deuceft your selfe and lay apart
That borrowed tytle, which by gift of heauen,

32

[p. 76]
[col. 2]

56 And he is bred out of that bloodie straine,
That haunted vs in our familiar Pathes :
Witnesse our too much memorable shame,
When Creffy Battell fatally was strucke,
And all our Princes captiu'd, by the hand
60 Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of Wales :
Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine standing
Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne,
Saw his Heroicall Seed, and smil'd to see him
64 Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface
The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers
Had twentie yeeres been made. This is a Stem
Of that Victorious Stock : and let vs feare
The Natiue mightinesse and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

68 *Mess.* Embassadors from *Harry* King of England,
Doe craue admittance to your Maiestie.

68.] *Ambassadors 4*

King. Weele giue them present audience.
Goe, and bring them.

72 You see this Chafe is hotly followed, friends.

Dolphin. Turne head, and stop purfuit: for coward Dogs
Most spend their mouths, whē what they seem to threaten
Runs farre before them. Good my Soueraigne
76 Take vp the English short, and let them know
Of what a Monarchie you are the Head :
Selfe-loue, my Liege, is not so vile a sinne,
As selfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

80 *King.* From our Brother of England ?

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maiestie :
He wills you in the Name of God Almightye,
That you deueft your selfe, and lay apart
84 The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heauen,

<p>35.] <i>law</i>, 3.</p>	<p>Of lawe of nature, and of nations, longs To him and to his heires, namely the crowne And all wide stretched titles that belongs</p> <p>Vnto the Crowne of <i>France</i>, that you may know Tis no sinister, nor no awkeward claime, Pickt from the wormeholes of old vanisht dayes, Nor from the dust of old obliuion rackte, He sends you these most memorable lynes, In euery branch truly demonstrated : Willing you ouerlooke this pedigree, And when you finde him euenly deriued From his most famed and famous ancestors, <i>Edward</i> the third, he bids you then resigne Your crowne and kingdome, indirectly held From him, the natiue and true challenger. [49. C v]</p> <p><i>King.</i> If not, what followes? <i>Exe.</i> Bloody cōstraint, for if you hide the crown Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it : Therefore in fierce tempest is he comming, In thunder, and in earthquake, like a <i>loue</i>, That if requiring faile, he will compell it :</p>	<p>36</p> <p>40</p> <p>44</p> <p>48</p> <p>52</p>
<p>57.] <i>Orphanes</i> 3. <i>bowens</i> 2. 58.] <i>grones</i>, 3.</p> <p>61. <i>is his</i>] <i>is the</i> 2.</p>	<p>And on your heads turnes he the widowes teares, The Orphanes cries, the dead mens bones, The pining maydens grones. For husbands, fathers, and distressed louers, Which shall be swallowed in this controuerfie. This is his claime, his threatning, and my message. Vnles the <i>Dolphin</i> be in pefence here, To whom expresly we bring greeting too.</p>	<p>56</p> <p>60</p>

[p. 76]
[COL. 2]

By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs
 To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne,
 And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertaine
 88 By Custome, and the Ordinance of Times,
 Vnto the Crowne of France : that you may know
 'Tis no finifter, nor no awk-ward Clayme,
 Pickt from the worme-holes of long-vanisht dayes,
 92 Nor from the dust of old Obliuion rakt,
 He sends you this most memorable Lyne,
 In euery Branch truly demonstratiue ;
 Willing you ouer-looke this Pedigree :
 96 And when you find him euenly deriu'd
 From his most fam'd, of famous Ancestors,
Edward the third ; he bids you then resigne
 Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held
 100 From him, the Natiue and true Challenger.
King. Or else what followes ?
Exe. Bloody constraint : for if you hide the Crowne
 Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
 104 Therefore in fierce Tempest is he comming,
 In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a *Ioue* :
 That if requiring faile, he will compell.
 And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
 108 Deliuier vp the Crowne, and to take mercie
 On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre
 Opens his vastie Iawes: and on your head
 Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes,
 112 The dead-mens Blood, the priuy Maidens Groanes,
 For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers,
 That shall be swallowed in this Controuerfie.
 This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Message :
 116 Vnlesse the Dolphin be in prefence here ;
 To whom expressly I bring greeting to.

91.] *Worms-holes 4.*112.] *Bloods, 4.*117.] *too**King. For*

67.] *mis-become* 3.86] *weighes* 3.88. *he] we*89.] *Well, for vs* 3.90.] *of England* 3.

Dol. For the *Dolphin* ? I stand here for him,
What to heare from England.

Exe. Scorn & defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mightie sencer, doth he prise you at:
Thus saith my king. Vnles your fathers highnesse

Sweeten the bitter mocke you sent his Maieftie,
Heele call you to so loud an answere for it,
That caues and wombely vaultes of *France*
Shall chide your trespasse, and return your mock,
In fecond accent of his ordenance.

Dol. Say that my father render faire reply,
It is against my will :
For I desire nothing so much, || As oddes with England.
And for that cause according to his youth
I did present him with those *Paris* balles.

Exe. Heele make your *Paris* Louer shake for it,
Were it the mistresse Court of mightie *Europe*.
And be assured, youle finde a difference
As we his subiects haue in wonder found : [84. C 2]
Betweene his yonger dayes and these he musters now,
Now he wayes time euen to the latestt graine,
Which you shall finde in your owne losses
If he stay in *France*.

King. Well for vs, you shall returne our answere backe
To our brother England.

Exit omnes.

64

68

72

76

80

84

88

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[COL. I]

King. For vs, we will confider of this further :
To morrow fhall you beare our full intent
120 Back to our Brother of England.

Dolph. For the Dolphin,
I ftand here for him : what to him from England ?
Exe. Scorne and defiance, fleight regard, contempt,
124 And any thing that may not mif-become
The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus fayer my King : and if your Fathers Highneffe
Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large,
128 Sweeten the bitter Mock you fent his Maieftie ;
Hee'le call you to fo hot an Anfwer of it,
That Cauces and Wombie Vaultages of France
Shall chide your Trefpas, and returne your Mock
132 In fecond Accent of his Ordinance.

Dolph. Say : if my Father render faire returne,
It is againft my will : for I defire
Nothing but Oddes with England.
136 To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanitie,
I did prefent him with the Paris-Balls.

Exe. Hee'le make your Paris Louer shake for it,
Were it the Miftrefse Court of mightie Europe :
140 And be affur'd, you'le find a diff'rence,
As we his Subiects haue in wonder found,
Betweene the promife of his greener dayes,
And thefe he mafters now : now he weighes Time
144 Euen to the vtmoft Graine : that you fhall reade
In your owne Loffes, if he ftay in France.

King. To morrow fhall you know our mind at full.

Flourish.

Exe. Difpatch vs with all fpeed, leaft that our King
148 Come here himfelfe to queftion our delay ;
For he is footed in this Land already.

[Q^o l. 4, p. 58]

133. render] tender 4.

138.] Louer 2. Louer 3.
Louer 4.

147.] lest 4.

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[p. 77]
[COL. 1]

152

King. You shalbe soone dispatcht, with faire conditions.
A Night is but small breathe, and little pawfe,
To answer matters of this consequence. *Exeunt.*

151.] *breathe* 4.

[III.]

*Actus Secundus.**Flourish. Enter Chorus.*

Flourish] om.

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flies,
In motion of no lesse celeritie then that of Thought.
Suppose, that you haue seene
4 The well-appointed King at Douer Peer,
Embarke his Royaltie: and his braue Fleet,
With silken Streamers, the young *Phebus* fayning;
Play with your Fancies: and in them behold,
8 Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;
Heare the shrill Whistle, which doth order giue
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden Sayles,
Borne with th'inuifible and creeping Wind,
12 Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,
Breasting the loftie Surge. O, doe but thinke
You stand vpon the Riuage, and behold
A Citie on th'inconstant Billowes dauncing:
16 For so appears this Fleet Maiesticall,
Holding due course to Harflew. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to sternage of this Nauie,
And leaue your England as dead Mid-night, still,
20 Guarded with Grandfires, Babyes, and old Women,
Eyther past, or not arriu'd to pyth and puiffance:
For who is he, whose Chin is but enrich

6.] *fayning*: 3. 4.9. *Heare*] *Heart* 4.

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[p. 77.]
[COL. 2]

24 With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow
 These cull'd and choysse-drawne Caualliers to France?
 Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege:
 Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages,
 With fatall mouthes gaping on girded Harflew.
 28 Suppose th'Embassador from the French comes back:
 Tells *Harry*, That the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,
 Some petty and vnprofitable Dukedomes.
 32 The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner
 With Lynstock now the diuellish Cannon touches,
Alarum, and Chambers goe off.
 And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,
 And eech out our performance with your mind. *Erit*

26.] *Ordnance 4.*34. *them.] him. 3. 4.*35.] *ech*

[III. 1]

*Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester.**Alarum: Scaling Ladders at Harflew.*

King. Once more vnto the Breach,
 Deare friends, once more;
 Or close the Wall vp with our English dead:
 4 In Peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
 As modest stillnesse, and humilitie:
 But when the blast of Warre blowes in our eares,
 Then imitate the action of the Tyger:
 8 Stiffen the sinewes, commune vp the blood,
 Disguise faire Nature with hard-fauour'd Rage:
 Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect:
 Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
 12 Like the Brasse Cannon: let the Brow o'rewhelme it,
 As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke
 O're-hang and iutty his confounded Base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wastfull Ocean.
 16 Now set the Teeth, and stretch the Nostrill wide,

Scaling-Laddere 3.
Scaling-Ladders 4.

and Boy. 3.

Enter Nim, Bardolfe, Pistoll, Boy.

[III. 2]

1.] *heeres 3.*

Nim. Before God here is hote seruice.

Pist. Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come,
Gods vaffals drop and die.

Nim. Tis honor, and theres the humor of it.

Boy. Would I were in London :
Ide giue all my honor for a pot of Ale.

4

[P. 77]
[COL. 2]

Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp euery Spirit
 To his full height. On, on, you Noblish English,
 Whose blood is fet from Fathers of Warre-prooffe:
 20 Fathers, that like so many *Alexanders*,
 Haue in these parts from Morne till Euen fought,
 And sheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument.
 Dishonour not your Mothers: now attest,
 24 That those whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.
 Be Cobby now to me of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen,
 Whose Lymes were made in England; shew vs here
 28 The mettell of your Pasture: let vs sweare,
 That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:
 For there is none of you so meane and base,
 That hath not Noble lustre in your eyes.
 32 I see you stand like Grey-hounds in the flips,
 Straying vpon the Start. The Game's afoot:
 Follow your Spirit; and vpon this Charge,
 Cry, God for *Harry*, England, and *S. George*.
Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

18. *On, on,] On,*
*Noblist*25. *me] men 4.*28.] *mettel 3. mettle 4.*33.] *a-foot: 3. 4.*

[III. 2]

*Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistoll, and Boy.**Bard.* On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee Corporall stay, the Knocks are too
 hot: and for mine owne part, I haue not a Case of Liues:
 4 the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song
 of it.

Pist. The plaine-Song is most iust: for humors doe a-
 bound: Knocks goe and come: Gods Vassals drop and
 dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne
 8 immortall fame.

Boy. Would I were in an Ale-houfe in London, I
 would giue all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and safetie.

Pist. And

7.] *And I. if 2.*
And I: If 3.

Pist. And I. If withes would preuaile,
 I would not stay, but thither would I hie.

8

9.] *Gods rascals,*
Will, &c. 2.

Enter Flewellen aud beates them in.
Flew. Godes plud vp to the breaches
 You rascals, will you not vp to the breaches ?

Nim. Abate thy rage sweete knight,
 Abate thy rage.

12

17.] *Lute-case, 3.*

18.] *halfpence. 3.*

19.] *fire-shouell. 3*

Boy. Well I would I were once from them :
 They would haue me as familiar [fol. ll. 44-5]
 With mens pockets, as their gloues, and their
 Handkerchers, they will steale any thing.
Bardolfe stole a Lute case, carryed it three mile,
 And sold it for three hapence.
Nim stole a fier shouell.
 I knew by that, they meant to carry coales :

16

20

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[COL. 1]

Pist. And I: If wishes would preuayle with me, my purpose should not fayle with me; but thither would I high.

12.] *if* 3. 4.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing on bough.

14.] *eye* 3. 4.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Vp to the breach, you Dogges; au aunt you Cullions.

17.] *avant*18.] *Collions.* 4.

Pist. Be mercifull great Duke to men of Mould: abate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage, great Duke. Good Bawcock bate thy Rage: vse lenitie sweet Chuck.

Nim. These be good humors: your Honor wins bad humors.

Exit.

Boy. As young as I am, I haue obseru'd these three Swafhers: I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serue me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three such Antiques doe not amount to a man: for *Bardolph*, hee is white-liuer'd, and red-fac'd; by the meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for *Pistoll*, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the meanes whereof, a breakes Words, and keepes whole Weapons: for *Nim*, hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the best men, and therefore hee scornes to say his Prayers, lest a should be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for a neuer broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was against a Post, when he was drunke. They will steale any thing, and call it Purchase. *Bardolph* stole a Lute-case, bore it twelue Leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are sworne Brothers in filching: and in Callice they stole a fire-shouell. I knew by that peece of Seruice, the men would carry Coales. They would

40.] *half-pence* 3. *half-pence* 4.

[fol. ll. 44-5, see Q° ll. 14-16]

Well, if they will not leaue me,
I meane to leaue them.

and the] and 3.

*Exit Nim, Bardolfe, Pistoll, and the Boy.**Enter Gower.*23.] *Captaine*

Gower. Gaptain *Flewellen*, you muft come strait
To the Mines, to the Duke of *Gloster*.

24

Flew. Looke you, tell the Duke it is not fo good
To come to the mines :

the concuaeties is otherwife.

You may discusse to the Duke, the enemy is digd
Himselfe fiae yardes vnder the countermines :

28

29.] *Ieshu* 3.

By *Iefus* I thinke heele blowe vp all
If there be no better direction.

[p. 78]
[COL. 1]

48 haue me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloues
or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much against my
Manhood, if I should take from anothers Pocket, to put
into mine; for it is plaine pocketting vp of Wrongs.
I must leaue them, and seeke some better Seruice: their
Villany goes against my weake stomacke, and therefore
I must cast it vp. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

52 *Gower.* Captaine *Fluellen*, you must come presently to
the Mynes; the Duke of Gloucester would speake with
you.

56 *Flu.* To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not so
good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the Mynes
is not according to the disciplines of the Warre; the con-
cauities of it is not sufficient: for looke you, th'athuer-
farie, you may discusse vnto the Duke, looke you, is digt
60 himselfe foure yard vnder the Countermines: by *Cheshu*,
I thinke a will plowe vp all, if there is not better directi-
ons.

64 *Gower.* The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the Order
of the Siege is giuen, is altogether directed by an Irish
man, a very valiant Gentleman yfaith.

Welch. It is Captaine *Makmorrice*, is it not?

Gower. I thinke it be.

68 *Welch.* By *Cheshu* he is an Ass, as in the World, I will
verifie as much in his Beard: he ha's no more directions
in the true disciplines of the Warres, looke you, of the
Roman disciplines, then is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Makmorrice, and Captaine Iamy.

72 *Gower.* Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine
Iamy, with him.

Welch. Captaine *Iamy* is a maruellous falorous Gen-
tleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and know-

56.] *are not . . . of Warre*59.] *yards 4.*73.] *mervellous 2.*
valorous 4.

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[p. 78]
[COL. 2]

76

ledge in th'aunchiant Warres, vpon my particular knowledge of his directions: by *Cheſhu* he will maintaine his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the diſciplines of the Priſtine Warres of the Romans.

80

Scot. I fay gudday, Captaine *Fluellen*.

Welch. Godden to your Worſhip, good Captaine *Iames*.

84

Gower. How now Captaine *Mackmorrice*, haue you quit the Mynes? haue the Pioners giuen o're?

Irish. By Chriſt Law tiſh ill done: the Worke iſh giue ouer, the Trompet ſound the Retreat. By my Hand I ſweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke iſh ill done: it iſh giue ouer: I would haue blowed vp the Towne, ſo Chriſt faue me law, in an houre. O tiſh ill done, tiſh ill done: by my Hand tiſh ill done.

84.] *Chriſt, Law, 4.*

88

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I beſeech you now, will you vouchſafe me, looke you, a few diſputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the diſciplines of the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument, looke you, and friendly communication: partly to ſatiſfie my Opinion, and partly for the ſatiſfaction, looke you, of my Mind: as touching the direction of the Militarie diſcipline, that is the Point.

88.] *ſaue me, 4.*

92

Scot. It ſhall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath, and I fall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick occaſion: that ſhall I mary.

91.] *vouchſafe 4.*

96

Irish. It is no time to diſcourſe, ſo Chriſt faue me: the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the King, and the Dukes: it is no time to diſcourſe, the Town is beſeech'd: and the Trumpet call vs to the breech, and we talke, and be Chriſt do nothing, tis ſhame for vs all: ſo God ſa'me tis ſhame to ſtand ſtill, it is ſhame by my hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be

103.] *Duke: . . . not 4.*

104

104.] *calls 3. 4.*

Alarum. Enter &c. 3.

Enter the King and his Lords alarum.

King. How yet resolues the Gouvernour of the Towne ?
This is the latest parley weele admit :

[III. 3]

[P. 78]
[CCL. 2]

done, and there is nothing done, so Christ sa' me law.

Scot. By the Mes, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, ayle de gud feruice, or Ile ligge i'th grund for it; ay, or goe to death: and Ile pay't as valourously as I may, that shal I fuerly do, that is the breff and the long: mary, I wad full faine heard some question tween you tway.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I thinke, looke you, vnder your correction, there is not many of your Nation.

Irish. Of my Nation? What is my Nation? Is a Villaine, and a Bastard, and a Knaue, and a Rascall. What is my Nation? Who talkes of my nation?

Welch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwise then is meant, Captaine *Mackmorrice*, peradventure I shall thinke you doe not vse me with that affabilitie, as in discretion you ought to vse me, looke you, being as good a man as your selfe, both in the disciplines of Warre, and in the deriuation of my Birth, and in other particularities.

Irish. I doe not know you so good a man as my selfe: so Christ faue me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Scot. A, that's a foule fault. *A Parley.*

Gower. The Towne founds a Parley.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, when there is more better oportunitie to be required, looke you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of Warre: and there is an end. *Exit.*

[III. 3]

Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.

King. How yet resolues the Governour of the Towne? This is the latest Parle we will admit:

There-

112.] surely 3. 4.
112. that is] om 3. 4.

Therefore to our best mercie giue your selues,
Or like to men proud of destruction,

desie vs to our worst,

For as I am a souldier, a name that in my thoughts
Becomes me best, if we begin the battery once againe
I will not leaue the halfe atchieued Hartlew,
Till in her ashes she be buried,
The gates of mercie are all shut vp.

4

8

[p. 79]
[COL. 1]

4 Therefore to our best mercy giue your selues,
Or like to men proude of destruction,
Defie vs to our worst : for as I am a Souldier,
A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best ;
8 If I begin the batt'rie once againe,
I will not leaue the halfe-atchieued Harflew,
Till in her ashes she lye buried.
The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut vp,
And the flesh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,
12 In libertie of bloody hand, shall raunge
With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like Graffe
Your fresh faire Virgins, and your flowing Infants.
What is it then to me, if impious Warre,
16 Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,
Doe with his smyrcht complexion all fell feats,
Enlynckt to wast and desolation ?
What is't to me, when you your selues are cause,
20 If your pure Maydens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing Violation ?
What Reyne can hold licentious Wickednesse,
When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere ?
24 We may as bootlesse spend our vaine Command
Vpon th'enraged Souldiers in their spoyle,
As send Precepts to the *Leuiathan*, to come ashore.
Therefore, you men of Harflew,
28 Take pittie of your Towne and of your People,
Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command,
Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace
O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds
32 Of headly Murther, Spoyle, and Villany.
If not : why in a moment looke to see
The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand
Desire the Locks of your shrill-shrieking Daughters :

14.] *stouring* 4.16.] *games*17. *all*] of 3, 4.26.] *Leuiathan*
26.] *a-shoar* 3, 4.32.] *headdy* 2. *heady*. 3, 4.35.] *-shreiking* 3.
-shrieking 4.

11.] *guiltie*, 2.13.] *succour* 3.and *Alice* 3.1.] *Alice* 3 (and so
throughout).3.] *Comen* 2.

What say you, will you yeeld and this auoyd,
Or guiltie in defence be thus destroyd?

Enter Governour.

Gouer. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin whom of succour we entreated,
Returns vs word, his powers are not yet ready,
To raise so great a siege: therefore dread King,
We yeeld our towne and liues to thy soft mercie:
Enter our gates, dispose of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defensiuie now.

Enter Katherine, Alice.

Kate. *Allice* venecia, vous aues cates en,
Vou parte fort bon Angloys englatara,

Coman fae palla vou la main en francoy.

Allice. La main madam de han.

[3. C 3]

12

16

[III. 4]

4

[P. 79]
[COL. 1]

Your Fathers taken by the filuer Beards,
 And their most reuerend Heads dasht to the Walls :
 Your naked Infants spitted vpon Pykes,
 Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd,
 40 Doe breake the Clouds ; as did the Wiues of Iewry,
 At *Herods* bloody-hunting slaughter-men.
 What say you? Will you yeeld, and this auoyd?
 Or guiltie in defence, be thus destroy'd.

Enter Governour.

44 *Gouer.* Our expectation hath this day an end :
 The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated,
 Returnes vs, that his Powers are yet not ready,
 To rayse so great a Siege : Therefore great King,
 48 We yeeld our Towne and Liues to thy soft Mercy :
 Enter our Gates, dispose of vs and ours,
 For we no longer are defensible.

King. Open your Gates : Come Vnckle *Exeter*,
 52 Goe you and enter Harflew ; there remaine,
 And fortifie it strongly 'gainst the French :
 Vse mercy to them all for vs, deare Vnckle.
 The Winter comming on, and Sicknesse growing
 56 Vpon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis.
 To night in Harflew will we be your Guest,
 To morrow for the March are we adrest.

Flourish, and enter the Towne.

[III. 4]

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kathe. *Alice*, tu as este en Angleterre, & tu bien parlas
 le Language.

Alice. En peu Madame

4 *Kath.* *Je te prie m'enseigniez, il faut que ie apprend a par-*
len : Comient appelle vous le main en Anglois ?

Alice. Le main il & appelle de Hand.

43.] *destroy'd* 4.1.] *esté . . . parlois bien . . .*4, 5.] . . . *m'enseigner* (de
m'enseigner 4) . . . *que*
j'apprenne . . . parler.
Comment appellé . . . la
*main . . .*6.] *La . . . est appellé.*
(appellé 2.)

8.] Owe

Kate. E da bras.*Alice.* De arma madam.*Kate.* Le main da han la bras de arma.*Alice.* Owy e madam.*Kate.* E Coman fa pella vow la menton a la coll.*Alice.* De neck, e de cin, madam.*Kate.* E de neck, e de cin, e de code.*Alice.* De cudie ma foy Ie oblye, mais Ie remembre,
Le tude, o de elbo madam.*Kate.* Ecowte Ie reherfera, towt cella que Iac apoandre,
De han, de arma, de neck, du cin, e de bilbo.*Alice.* De elbo madam.*Kate.* O Iefu, Iea obloye ma foy,ecoute Ie recontera
De han, de arma, de neck, de cin, e de elbo, e ca bon.19.] *vous . . . Angloys 3.**Alice.* Ma foy madam, vow parla au fe bon Angloys
Afie vous aues ettue en Englatara.*Kate.* Par la grace de deu an pettie tanes,

Ie parle milleur

[P. 79]
[COL. 2]

8	<i>Kath. De Hand.</i> <i>Alice. E le doysts.</i>	8.] <i>doyst.</i>
	<i>Kat. Le doysts, ma foy Ie oublie, e doyst may, ie me souemeray le doysts ie pense qu'ils ont appelle de fngres, ou de fngres.</i>	9. 10.] <i>Le doyst . . . le doyst, mais . . . souviendray le doyst . . . appelle de (des 4) fngres (finger 2) . . .</i>
12	<i>Alice. Le main de Hand, le doysts le Fingres, ie pense que ie suis le bon escholier.</i>	11.] <i>La main . . . le doyst . . .</i>
	<i>Kath. Fay gainie diux mots d' Anglois viftement, coment appelle vous le ongles ?</i>	13.] <i>gaigné deux . . . comment</i>
16	<i>Alice. Le ongles, les appellons de Nayles.</i>	14.] <i>appellé . . . les ongles</i>
	<i>Kath. De Nayles escoute : dites moy, si ie parle bien : de Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.</i>	15.] <i>Les ongles</i>
	<i>Alice. C'est bien diēt Madame, il & fort bon Anglois.</i>	16.] <i>escoutez.</i>
	<i>Kath. Dites moy l' Anglois pour le bras.</i>	17. e] <i>om.</i>
20	<i>Alice. De Arme, Madame.</i>	18.] <i>dit. . . il est</i>
	<i>Kath. E de coudee.</i>	19.] <i>moy en Anglois le bras</i>
	<i>Alice. D' Elbow.</i>	21.] <i>le coude</i>
24	<i>Kath. D' Elbow : Ie men fay le repiticio de tous les mots que vous maves, appris des a present.</i>	23.] <i>. . . m'en faite la repetition de tous . . .</i>
	<i>Alice. Il & trop difficile Madame, comme Ie pense.</i>	24.] <i>m'aves . . . dés</i>
	<i>Kath. Excuse moy Alice escoute, d' Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d' Arma, de Billow.</i>	25.] <i>Il est</i>
28	<i>Alice. D' Elbow, Madame.</i>	27.] <i>d' Arme</i>
	<i>Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, ie men oublie d' Elbow, coment appelle vous le col.</i>	29-30.] <i>comment appellé</i>
	<i>Alice. De Nick, Madame.</i>	31.] <i>Neck (so throughout).</i>
32	<i>Kath. De Nick, e le menton.</i>	32.] <i>& le manton. ([?] 3. 4.)</i>
	<i>Alice. De Chin.</i>	34.] <i>manton</i>
	<i>Kath. De Sin : le col de Nick, le menton de Sin.</i>	35.] <i>prononcies 2, 3. -ciés</i>
36	<i>Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur en verite vous prononcies les mots auf droict, que le Natifs d' Angleterre.</i>	4.] <i>4.</i>
	<i>Kath. Ie ne doute point d'apprendre par de grace de Dieu, & en peu de temps.</i>	36.] <i>aussi. Natifs 3. 4.</i>
	<i>Alice. N'ave vos y defa oublie ce que ie vous a enfgnie.</i>	37.] <i>par la 2, 4. par le 3.</i>
		39.] <i>N'avez vous pas . . . ay enseigné (oublié 4).</i>

24.] *foot, . . . veu* 3.

Coman fe pella vou le peid e le robe.

Alice. Le foot, e le con.*Kate.* Le fot, e le con, ô Iefu ! Ie ne vew poinct parle,
Sie plus deuant le che cheualires de franca,
Pur one million ma foy.

24

28.] *ecoute* 3.*Alice,* Madam, de foote, e le con.*Kate.* O et ill aufie, e cowte Alice, de han, de arma,
De neck, de cin, le foote, e de con.

28

31.] *dinner.* 2.*Alice.* Cet fort bon madam.*Kate.* Aloues a diner.*Exit omnes.*

Bourbon. 3.

*Enter King of France Lord Constable, the Dolphin,
and Bourbon.*

[III. 5]

King. Tis certaine he is past the Riuer Some.3.] *(The . . . luxery)* 3.*Con.* Mordeu ma via : Shall a few spranes of vs, [2. C 3. v.]
The emptying of our fathers luxerie,

Outgrow their grafters.

4

Bur. Normanes, basterd Normanes, mor du
And if they passe vnfoughtwithall,
Ile fell my Dukedome

[p. 79]
[COL. 2]

Kath. Nome ie recitera a vous promptement, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Maylees.

Alice. De Nayles, Madame.

Kath. De Nayles, de Arme, de Ilbow.

44 *Alice. Sans vostre honeus d'Elbow.*

Kath. Ainsy de ie d'Elbow, de Nick, & de Sin : coment appelle vous les pied & de roba.

Alice. Le Foot Madame, & le Count.

48 *Kath. Le Foot, & le Count : O Seigneur Dieu, il font le mots de son mauvais corruptible grosse & impudique, & non pour le Dames de Honeur d'user : Je ne voudray pronouner ce mots deuant le Seigneurs de France, pour toute le monde, fo le*
52 *Foot & le Count, neant moys, Je recitera vn autrefois ma lecon ensemble, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, d'Elbow, de Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count.*

Alice. Excellent, Madame.

56 *Kath. C'est affés pour vne foyes, alons nous a diner.*

Exit.

[III. 5]

Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the Constable of France, and others.

King. 'Tis certaine he hath past the Riuer Some.

Const. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord,

Let vs not liue in France : let vs quit all,

4 *And giue our Vineyards to a barbarous People.*

Dolph. O Dieu viuant : Shall a few Sprayes of vs,

The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie,

Our Syens, put in wilde and sauage Stock,

8 *Spirit vp so suddenly into the Clouds,*

And ouer-looke their Grafters ?

Brit. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards :

Mort du ma vie, if they march along

12 *Vnfought withall, but I will sell my Dukedome,*

40.] *Nomme . . . reciteray*

41.] *de Nayles, Madame.*

44.] *Sar 4. honneur*

45.] *dis-ie.—de Elbow 3. comment.*

46.] *-pellé*

48.] *. . . ce sont des . . .*

49. *de son] om. grosse] om.*

50.] *les Dames d'Honneur . . . voudrois pronouner aes . . . (vendrois 3.)*

51.] *tout . . . il faut le.*

52.] *neant moins . . . reciteray*

53.] *ensemble*

54.] *de Count. 3. 4.*

56.] *assez . . . fois, allons nous en disner.*

Exeunt.

11. *du] de*

To

7] (part of l. 7. p. 88.)

for a foggy farme

In that short nooke Ile of England.

Confl. Why whence haue they this mettall?

Is not their clymate raw, foggy and colde.

On whom as in disdaine, the Sunne lookes pale?

Can barley broath, a drench for swolne Iades

Their foddren water decockt such liuely blood ?

And shall our quick blood spirited with wine

Seeme frosty ? O for honour of our names,

Let vs not hang like frozen Icesickles

Vpon our houses tops, while they a more frosty clymate

Sweate drops of youthfull blood.

16.] *Ice sickles* 2.*Icesickles* 3.17.] (*a . . . clymate*) 3.*Icesickles* 3.

8

12

16

[p. 80]
[COL. 1]

To buy a slobbry and a durtie Farme
In that nooke-shotten Ile of Albion.

Const. Dieu de Battailes, where haue they this mettell?

16 Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despight, the Sunne lookes pale,
Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can foddren Water,
A Drench for sur-reyn'd Iades, their Barly broth,
20 Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with Wine,
Seeme frostie? O, for honor of our Land,
Let vs not hang like roping Ifyckles
24 Vpon our Houses Thatch, whiles a more frostie People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
Poore we call them, in their Natiue Lords.

Dolphin. By Faith and Honor,

28 Our Madames mock at vs, and plainly say,
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will giue
Their bodyes to the Lust of English Youth,
To new-store France with Bastard Warriors.

32 *Brit.* They bid vs to the English Dancing-Schooles,
And teach *Lauolta's* high, and swift *Carranto's*,
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles,
And that we are most loftie Run-awayes.

36 *King.* Where is *Montioy* the Herald? speed him hence,
Let him greet England with our sharpe defiance.
Vp Princes, and with spirit of Honor edged,
More sharper then your Swords, high to the field:

40 *Charles Delabreth*, High Constable of France,
You Dukes of *Orleance*, *Burbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanfon, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgonie*,
Iaques Chattillion, *Rambures*, *Vandemont*,
44 *Beumont*, *Grand Pree*, *Rouffi*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Lestrале*, *Bouciquall*, and *Charaloyes*,

22.] *for the honor* 3. 4.26.] *we may call*39.] *hie* 4.41.] *Duke* 4.42.] *Burgondie*, 3. 4.43.] *Vandemont*,44.] *Beaumont*, 3. 4.

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[COL. I]

High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
 For your great Seats, now quit you of great flames:
 48 Barre *Harry* England, that sweepes through our Land
 With Penons painted in the blood of Harlew:
 Rush on his Hoast, as doth the melted Snow
 Vpon the Valleyes, whose low Vaffall Seat,
 52 The Alpes doth spit, and void his rhowme vpon.
 Goe downe vpon him, you haue Power enough,
 And in a Captiue Chariot, into Roan
 Bring him our Prisoner.

56 *Const.* This becomes the Great.

Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
 His Souldiers sick, and famisht in their March:
 For I am sure, when he shall see our Army,
 60 Hee'le drop his heart into the sinck of feare,
 And for atchieuement, offer vs his Ranfome.

King. Therefore Lord Constable, haft on *Montioly*,
 And let him say to England, that we send,
 64 To know what willing Ranfome he will giue.
Prince Dolphin, you shall stay with vs in Roan.

Dolph. Not so, I doe beseech your Maiestie.

King. Be patient, for you shall remaine with vs.
 68 Now forth Lord Constable, and Princes all,
 And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. *Exeunt.*

[III. 6]

*Enter Captaines, English and Welch, Gower
 and Fluellen.*

Gower. How now Captaine *Fluellen*, come you from
 the Bridge?

4 *Flu.* I assure you, there is very excellent Seruices com-
 mitted at the Bridge.

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Aga-

58. *their*] *the* 3. 4.66. *Not so, I*] *Not I, I*
3. 4.

Welch and English, 3. 4.

<p>10. <i>very</i>] <i>vern</i> 2. 11.] <i>Jeshu</i> 3. 12. <i>a man</i>] om. 3. 19.] <i>a fauour</i> 3. 23-4.] one line 3. 25.] <i>God's</i> 3. 36. <i>and</i>] <i>an</i> 38.] <i>hanged</i> 3.</p>	<p>And I worship, with my foule, / and my heart, and my life, / And my lands and my liuings, And my vtermoſt powers. ¶ The Duke is looke you, / God be praised and pleased for it, / no harme in the worell. / He is maintain the bridge very gallently : / there is an Enſigne There, / I do not know how you call him, / but by Ieſus I think He is as valient a man as <i>Marke Anthonie</i>, / he doth maintain the bridge moſt gallantly : / yet he is a man of no reckoning : But I did ſee him do gallant ſeruiſe. [10. C 4] <i>Gouer.</i> How do you call him? <i>Flew.</i> His name is ancient <i>Piſtoll</i>. <i>Gouer.</i> I know him not. <i>Enter Ancient Piſtoll.</i> <i>Flew.</i> Do you not know him, here comes the man. <i>Piſt.</i> Captaine, I thee beſeech to do me fauour, The Duke of <i>Exeter</i> doth loue thee well. (his hands. <i>Flew.</i> I, and I praife God I haue merrited ſome loue at <i>Piſt.</i> <i>Bardolfe</i> a ſouldier, one of buxfome valour, Hath by furious fate And giddy Fortunes fickle wheele, That Godes blinde that ſtands vpon the rowling reſtleſſe ſtone. <i>Flew.</i> By your patience ancient <i>Piſtoll</i>, / Fortune, looke you is painted, Plind / with a muſler before her eyes, / To ſignifie to you, that Fortune is plind : And ſhe is moreouer painted with a wheele, Which is the morall that Fortune is turning, And inconfant, and variation ; and mutabilities : And her fate is fixed at a ſphericall ſtone Which roules, and roules, and roules : Surely the Poet is make an excellēt deſcriptio of Fortune. Fortune looke you is and excellent morall. <i>Piſt.</i> Fortune is <i>Bardolfes</i> foe, and frownes on him, For he hath ſtolne a packs, and hanged muſt he be :</p>	<p>8 12 16 20 23-4 28 32 36</p>
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[p. 80]
[COL. 2]

8 *memnon*, and a man that I loue and honour with my soule,
and my heart, and my dutie, and my liue, and my liuing,
and my vttermoſt power. He is not, God be prayſed and
bleſſed, any hurt in the World, but keeps the Bridge
12 moſt valiantly, with excellent diſcipline. There is an
aun- chient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very
conſcience hee is as valiant a man as *Marke Anthony*, and
hee is a man of no eſtimation in the World, but I did ſee
him doe as gallant ſeruice.

16 *Gower*. What doe you call him ?

Flu. Hee is call'd aunchient *Piſtoll*.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Piſtoll.

Flu. Here is the man.

20 *Piſt*. Captaine, I thee beſeech to doe me fauours: the
Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well.

Flu. I, I prayſe God, and I haue merited ſome loue at
his hands.

24 *Piſt*. *Bardolph*, a Souldier firme and ſound of heart,
and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddie
Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that Goddeſſe blind, that
ſtands vpon the rolling reſtleſſe Stone.

28 *Flu*. By your patience, aunchient *Piſtoll*: Fortune is
painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to ſignifie
to you, that Fortune is blinde; and thee is painted alſo
with a Wheele, to ſignifie to you, which is the Morall of
32 it, that thee is turning and inconstant, and mutabilitie,
and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed vpon a
Sphericall Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles:
in good truth, the Poet makes a moſt excellent deſcripti-
on of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.

36 *Piſt*. Fortune is *Bardolphs* foe, and frownes on him:
for he hath ſtolne a Pax, and hanged muſt a be: a damned

38. *a damned*] om. *a*

A damned death, let gallowes gape for d. g. s.
 Let man go free, and let not death his windpipe stop. 40
 But *Exeter* hath giuen the doome of death, [40. C + v.]
 For packs of pettie price :
 Therefore go speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce,
 And let not *Bardolfe* virall threed be cut, 44
 With edge of penny cord, and vile approach.
 Speake Captaine for his life, and I will thee requite.
Flew. Captain *Pistol*, I partly vnderstand your meaning.
Pist. Way then reliefe therefore. 48
Flew. Certainly Ancient *Pistol*, tis not a thing to reioyce at,
 For if he were my owne brother, I would with the Duke
 To do his pleasure, and put him to executions: for looke you,
 Disciplines ought to be kept, they ought to be kept. 52
Pist. Die and be damned, and figa for thy friendship.
Flew. That is good.
Pist. The figge of *Spaine* within thy lawe.
Flew. That is very well. [Exit *Pistol*.] 56
Pist. I lay the fig within thy bowels and thy durty maw.
Fle. Captain *Gowr*, cannot you hear it lighten & thunder?
Gowr. Why is this the Ancient you told me of?
 I remember him now, he is a bawd, a cutpurie. 60
Flew. By Iesus heeis viter as prauie words vpon the bridge
 As you shall desire to see in a tommers day, but its all one,
 What he hath sed to me. looke you, is all one. /
Gowr. Why this is a gull, a foole, a rogue that goes to the wars 64
 Onely to grace him selfe at his returne to London: /
 And such fellowes as he,
 Are perfect in great Commaunders names.
 They will learne by rote where seruices were done, 68
 At such and such a ronce, at such a breach,
 At such a conuoy: who came off brauely, who was shot,
 Who disgraced, what termes the enemye flood on.
 And this they can perfectly in phraie of warre, 72

511. 9. 2. 3.

62. 1. 1. 1. 3.

72. 1. 1. 1. 2.

[p. 80]
[COL. 2]

40

death: let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let man goe free, and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe suffocate: but *Exeter* hath giuen the doome of death, for Pax of little price. Therefore goe speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce; and let not *Bardolphs* vitall thred bee cut with edge of Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Captaine for his Life, and I will thee requite.

• 44

Flu. Aunchient *Pistoll*, I doe partly vnderstand your meaning.

48

Pist. Why then reioyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to reioyce at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would desire the Duke to vse his good pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be vsed.

52

Pist. Dye, and be dam'd, and *Figo* for thy friendship.

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The Figge of Spaine. *Exit.*

56

Flu. Very good.

Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rascall, I remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purse.

60

Flu. Ile assure you, a vtt'ed as prauce words at the Pridge, as you shall see in a Summers day: but it is very well: what he ha's spoke to me, that is well I warrant you, when time is serue.

64

Gower. Why 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and then goes to the Warres, to grace himselfe at his returne into London, vnder the forme of a Souldier: and such fellowes are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and they will learne you by rote where Seruices were done; at such and such a Sconce, at such a Breach, at such a Conuoy: who came off brauely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what termes the Enemy stood on: and this they conne perfitly in the phraze of Warre; which they tricke

68

73.] *turn'd 3.*

75.] *ale-washt u.*

78.] *maruellously 3.*

Enter

88. *like you now*] om. 3.

Which they trick vp with new tuned oathes, / & what a berd
Of the Generalls cut, / and a horid shout of the campe / [74. D]

Will do among the foming bottles and alewasht wits
Is wonderfull to be thought on : but you must learne
To know such slaunders of this age,
Or else you may maruellously be mistooke.

Flew. Certain captain *Gower*, it is not the man, / looke you,
That I did take him to be : / but when time shall serue,

I shall tell him a litle / of my desires : here comes his Maiestie.

Enter King, Clarence, Gloster and others.

King. How now *Flewellen*, come you from the bridge?

Flew. I and it shall please your Maiestie,
There is excellent seruice at the bridge.

King. What men haue you lost *Flewellen*?

Flew. And it shall please your Maiestie,
The partition of the aduerfarie hath bene great,
Very reasonably great : but for our own parts, like you now,
I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one
For robbing of a church, one *Bardolfe*, if your Maiestie
Know the man, his face is full of whelkes and knubs,
And pumple, and his breath blowes at his nose
Like a cole, sometimes red, sometimes plew :
But god be praised, now his nose is executed, / & his fire out. /

76

80

84

88

92

[p. 81]
[COL. 1]

76 vp with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Generalls Cut, and a horride Sute of the Campe, will doe among foming Bottles, and Ale-washt Wits, is wonderful to be thought on: but you must learne to know such flanders of the age, or else you may be maruellously mistooke.

80 *Flu.* I tell you what, Captaine *Gower*: I doe perceiue hee is not the man that hee would gladly make shew to the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my minde: hearke you, the King is comming, and I must speake with him from the Pridge.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his poore Souldiers.

84 *Flu.* God plesse your Maiestie.

King. How now *Fluellen*, cam't thou from the Bridge?

88 *Flu.* I, so please your Maiestie: The Duke of Exeter ha's very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the French is gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and most praeue passages: marry, th'athuerfarie was haue possession of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of Exeter is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Maiestie, the Duke is a praeue man.

92 *King.* What men haue you lost, *Fluellen*?

96 *Flu.* The perdition of th'athuerfarie hath beene very great, reafounable great: marry for my part, I thinke the Duke hath lost neuer a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Maiestie know the man: his face is all bubukles and whelkes, and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his nose, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

100

76. be] be be 4.

81. hearke] hear 3. 4.
is] his 4.

86.] has 3. 4.

96.] *Here we 3.*

99.] *upbraided 3.*

the French 3.

104 5.] *one line 3.*

110.] *our folly, 2.*

King. We would haue all offenders so cut off,
And we here giue expresse commaundment,
That there be nothing taken from the villages / but paid for,
None of the French abused, /
Or abraided with disdainfull language :
For when cruelty and lenitie play for a Kingdome,
The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.

Enter French Herald.

Hera. You know me by my habit.

Ki. Well thē, we know thee, / what shuld we know of thee? /

Hera. My maisters minde.

King. Vntold it.

Heral. Go thee vnto *Harry of England*, and tell him,
Aduantage is a better souldier then rashnesse: [107. D. v.]
Altho we did seeme dead, we did but slumber.

Now we speake vpon our kue, and our voyce is imperiall,
England shall repent her folly: see her rashnesse,
And admire our sufferance. Which to raunsome;

His pettinesse would bow vnder:
For the effusion of our blood, his army is too weake:
/ For the disgrace we haue borne, himselfe
Kneeling / at our feete, a weake and w orthlesse satisfaction. /
To this, adde defyance. /

/ So much from the king my maister. /

96

100

104

108

112

116

[p. 81]
[COL. 1]

104 *King.* Wee would haue all such offenders so cut off:
and we giue expresse charge, that in our Marches through
the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Vil-
lages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French
vpbrayded or abused in disdaineiful Language; for when
Leuitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentler
108 Gamester is the sooneft winner.

Tucket. Enter Mountioy.

Mountioy. You know me by my habit.

King. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of
thee?

112 *Mountioy.* My Masters mind.

King. Vnfold it.

116 *Mountioy.* Thus sayes my King: Say thou to *Harry*
of England, Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleepe:
Aduantage is a better Souldier then rashnesse. Tell him,
wee could haue rebuk'd him at Harflewe, but that wee
thought not good to bruisse an iniurie, till it were full
ripe. Now wee speake vpon our *Q.* and our voyce is im-
120 periall: England shall repent his folly, see his weake-
nesse, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore con-
sider of his ranfome, which must proportion the losses we
haue borne, the subiects we haue lost, the disgrace we
124 haue digested; which in weight to re-answer, his petti-
nesse would bow vnder. For our losses, his Exchequer is
too poore; for th' effusion of our bloud, the Muster of his
Kingdome too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his
128 owne person kneeling at our feet, but a weake and worth-
lesse satisfacion. To this adde defiance: and tell him for
conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose con-
demnation is pronounc't: So farre my King and Master;
132 so much my Office.

107.] *Leuity*115. *did*] *bid* 2.124.] *digested* 2.

King. What's thy name? we know thy qualitie.

Herauld. *Montoy.*

120. *to* | *to* 2.

King. Thou hast thy office faire, returne thee backe,
And tell thy King, I do not seeke him now :

120

But could be well content, without impeach,

To march on to *Calice*: for to try the foorth,

123. *to* | *to* 3.

Though us so welcome to confesse so much
Vnto an enemye of craft and vantage.

124

My souldiers are with sicknesse much infeeblede,

126. | *learned*.

My Army lesened, and those fewe I haue,

Almost no better then so many French :

Who when they were in heart, I tell thee *Herauld*,

128

I thought vpon one paire of English legges,

Did march three French mens.

131. | *God forgive me*. 3.

Yet forgive me God, that I do brag thus :

132. *This* | *om*. 3.
heire | *are* 3.

This your heire of *France* hath blowne this vice in me.

132

I must repent, go tell thy maister here I am,

My raunfome is this frayle and worthlesse body,

My Army but a weake and sickly garde.

Yet God before, we will come on,

136

If *France* and such an other neighbour

stood in our way :

If we may passe, we will: if we be hindered,

We shal your tawny ground with your red blood discolour.

So *Montoy* get you gone, there is for your paines :

140. | *there's* 3.

The sum of all our answere is but this,

141. *out* | *your* 4.

We would not seeke a battle as we are :

[142. D. 2.]

140

Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it.

143. *will* | *shall* 2.

Herauld. I shall deliuer so: thanks to your Maiestie.

144

Gloster. My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

[p. 81]
[COL. 2]*King.* What is thy name? I know thy qualitie.*Mount. Mountioy.**King.* Thou doo'st thy Office fairely. Turne thee back,

136 And tell thy King, I doe not seeke him now,

But could be willing to march on to Callice,

Without impeachment: for to say the sooth,

Though 'tis no wisdom to confesse so much

140 Vnto anemie of Craft and Vantage,

My people are with sicknesse much enfeebled,

My numbers lessen'd: and those few I haue,

Almost no better then so many French;

144 Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald,

I thought, vpon one payre of English Legges

Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgiue me God,

That I doe bragge thus; this your ayre of France

148 Hath blowne that vice in me. I must repent:

Goe therefore tell thy Master, heere I am;

My Ranfome, is this frayle and worthlesse Trunke;

My Army, but a weake and sickly Guard:

152 Yet God before, tell him we will come on,

Though France himfelfe, and such another Neighbor

Stand in our way. There's for thy labour *Mountioy.*

Goe bid thy Master well aduise himfelfe.

156 If we may passe, we will: if we be hindred,

We shall your tawnie ground with your red blood

Discolour: and so *Mountioy*, fare you well.

The summe of all our Answer is but this:

160 We would not seeke a Battaile as we are,

Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it:

So tell your Master.

Mount. I shall deliuer so: Thanks to your Highnesse.164 *Glouc.* I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

144. three] the 3.

King. We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs :

148.] Exit. 3. (Ital.)

To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,
And on to morrow bid them march away.

148

and Gallow. 3.

Enter Burbon, Conftable, Orleance, Gebon.

[III. 7.]

Const. Tut I haue the beft armour in the world.

Orleance. You haue an excellent armour,
But let my horſe haue his due.

Burton. Now you talke of a horſe, / I haue a ſteed like the
Palfrey of the fun, / nothing but pure ayre and fire, /
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.

+

Orleance. He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Bur. And of the heate, a the Ginger.

q

[See lines
5-6 above.]

8

[p. 81]
[COL. 2]

168 *King.* We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs :
March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night,
Beyond the Riuer wee'le encampe our felues,
And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exeunt.*

[III. 7]

*Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ramburs,
Orleance, Dolphin, with others.*

Orleans, 4.

Const. Tut, I haue the best Armour of the World :
would it were day.

4 *Orleance.* You haue an excellent Armour · but let my
Horse haue his due.

Const. It is the best Horse of Europe.

Orleance. Will it neuer be Morning ?

8 *Dolph.* My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Con-
stable, you talke of Horse and Armour ?

Orleance. You are as well prouided of both, as any
Prince in the World.

12 *Dolph.* What a long Night is this? I will not change
my Horse with any that treads but on foure postures :
ch'ha : he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were
hayres : *le Cheual volante*, the Pegafus, *ches les narines de*
16 *feu.* When I besstryde him, I soare, I am a Hawke : he trots
the ayre : the Earth sings, when he touches it : the basest
horne of his hoofe, is more Muficall then the Pipe of
Hermes.

12.] *pasternes :*14.] *volant,*

20 *Orleance.* Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

24 *Dolph.* And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast
for *Perfeus* : hee is pure Ayre and Fire ; and the dull Ele-
ments of Earth and Water neuer appeare in him, but on-
ly in patient stillnesse while his Rider mounts him : hee
is indeede a Horse, and all other Iades you may call
Beasts.

Turne all the sands into eloquent tongues,
And my horse is argument for them all:

I once writ a Sonnet in the praise of my horse,
And began thus. Wonder of nature.

Con. I haue heard a Sonnet begin so,
In the praise of ones Mitresse.

Burb. Why then did they immitate / that
Which I writ in praise of my horse, /
For my horse is my mitresse.

Con. Ma foy the other day, me thought
Your mitresse thooke you shrewdly.

11 *the* om 2.

12 Wonder of nature

13 *the* om 2.

18 *the* om 2.

12

16

[p. 82]
[COL. 1]

Const. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horse.

28 *Dolph.* It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

Orleance. No more Coufin.

32 *Dolph.* Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the rising of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, varie deserued prayse on my Palfray: it is a Theame as fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subiect for a Soueraigne to reason on, and for a Soueraignes Soueraigne to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs, and vnknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him, I once writ a Sonnet in his prayse, and began thus, *Wonder of Nature.*

34.] *Threame 2.*

40 *Orleance.* I haue heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Mistresse.

39.] *a-part 3. a part 4.*

44 *Dolph.* Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Courser, for my Horse is my Mistresse.

Orleance. Your Mistresse beares well.

48 *Dolph.* Me well, which is the prescript prayse and perfection of a good and particular Mistresse.

47. *Dolph.*] Well. 2.

Const. Nay, for me thought yesterday your Mistresse shrewdly shooke your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours.

52 *Const.* Mine was not bridled.

Dolph. O then belike she was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Horse off, and in your strait Stroffers.

55. *your*] *you* 3. 4.

56 *Const.* You haue good iudgement in Horsemanship.

Dolph. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride so, and

Bar. I bearing me. I tell thee Lord Confable,
My mistress weares her owne haire. 22

23 *Bar. and Cal.*

Com. I could make as good a boast of that,
If I had had a low to my mistress.

Bar. Tut thou wilt make vie of anything. 24

Com. Yet I do not vie my horie for my mistress.

25 *Bar.*

Sen. Will it never be morning?

He ride too morrow a mile,
And my way shall be pass'd with English faces. [28. D. 2 v.] 28

29 *Bar. and Cal.*

Com. By my faith it will not I,
Nor sure I be outsid'd of my way.

[See 28. lines 30-9, see Qr. lines 32-6.]

Exit 3. (etc.)

Sen. Well he go arme my selfe. Hui.

Osor. The Duke of Bourbon longs for morning 32

[p. 82]
[COL. 1]

60

ride not warily, fall into foule Boggs: I had rather haue my Horſe to my Miſtreſſe.

Conſt. I had as liue haue my Miſtreſſe a Iade.

Dolph. I tell thee Conſtable, my Miſtreſſe weares his owne hayre.

64

Conſt. I could make as true a boajt as that, if I had a Sow to my Miſtreſſe.

Dolph. *Le chien eſt retourne a ſon propre vemiffement eſt la leuye lauee au bourtier:* thou mak'ſt uſe of any thing.

68

Conſt. Yet doe I not uſe my Horſe for my Miſtreſſe, or any ſuch Prouerbe, ſo little kin to the purpoſe.

Ramb. My Lord Conſtable, the Armour that I ſaw in your Tent to night, are thoſe Starres or Sunnes vpon it?

72

Conſt. Starres my Lord.

Dolph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Conſt. And yet my Sky ſhall not want.

76

Dolph. That may be, for you beare a many ſuperfluouſly, and 'twere more honor ſome were away.

Conſt. Eu'n as your Horſe beares your prayſes, who would trot as well, were ſome of your bragges diſmounded.

80

Dolph. Would I were able to loade him with his deſert. Will it neuer be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way ſhall be pauered with Engliſh Faces.

84

Conſt. I will not ſay ſo, for feare I ſhould be fac't out of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would faine be about the eares of the Engliſh.

Ramb. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie Priſoners?

88

Conſt. You muſt firſt goe your ſelfe to hazard, ere you haue them.

Dolph. 'Tis Mid-night, Ile goe arme my ſelfe. *Exit.*

Orleance. The Dolphin longs for morning.

61. line] liue 3. 4.

66.] -né . . . vomissement.

86. to] om. 3. 4.

[86-9. see Q^o ll. 52-5, p. 110.]

27 | *new new a.*

37 | *three a. five 1 1*

43 | *4.*

Or. I he longs to eate the English.
Con. I thinke heele eate all he killea.
Orle. O peace, ill will neuer said well.
Con. He cap that prouerbe,
 With there is flattery in friendship. 36
Or. O fir, I can answere that,
 With giue the diuel his due.
Con. Haue at the eye of that prouerbe,
 With a logge of the diuel. 40
Or. Well the Duke of *Burton*, is simply,
 The most actiue Gentleman of *France*.
Con. Doing his actiuitie, and heele stil be doing. 44
Or. He neuer did hurt as I heard off.
Con. No I warrant you, nor neuer will.
Or. I hold him to be exceeding valiant.
Con. I was told so by one that knows him better thē you. 48
Or. Whose that?
Con. Why he told me so himselfe :
 And said he cared not who knew it.
Or. Well who will go with me to hazard, [fol. ll. 86 52
 For a hundred English pritoners ? 87
Con. You must go to hazard your selfe, 88
 Before you haue them. 89]

[p. 82]
[COL. 2]*Ramb.* He longs to eate the English.*Const.* I thinke he will eate all he kills.*Orleanse.* By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gal-
lant Prince.96 *Const.* Swear by her Foot, that she may tread out the
Oath.*Orleanse.* He is simply the most actiue Gentleman of
France.100 *Const.* Doing is actiuitie, and he will still be doing.*Orleanse.* He neuer did harne, that I heard of.*Const.* Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe
that good name still.104 *Orleanse.* I know him to be valiant.*Const.* I was told that, by one that knowes him better
then you.*Orleanse.* What's hee?108 *Const.* Marry hee told me so himselfe, and hee sayd hee
car'd not who knew it.*Orleanse.* Hee needes not, it is no hidden vertue in
him.112 *Const.* By my faith Sir, but it is: neuer any body saw
it, but his Lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it
appeares, it will bate.*Orleanse.* Ill will neuer sayd well.116 *Const.* I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flatterie
in friendship.*Orleanse.* And I will take vp that with, Giue the Deuill
his due.120 *Const.* Well plac't: there stands your friend for the
Deuill: haue at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, A
Pox of the Deuill.124 *Orleanse.* You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much
a Fooles Bolt is foone shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lords, the English lye within a hundred
Paces of your Tent.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpierre.

60. a. ca. 2. 2. 3.

Con. A valiant man. a. an expert Gentleman.

Come, come away: [51-2, see Fol. IV. ii.

The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day. *Exit omnes.*

[62. D.

[p. 82]
[COL. 2]*Const.* You haue shot ouer.*Orleance.* 'Tis not the first time you were ouer-shot.*Enter a Messenger.*128 *Mess.* My Lord high Constable, the English lye within
fifteene hundred paces of your Tents.*Const.* Who hath measur'd the ground?*Mess.* The Lord *Grandpree*.132 *Const.* A valiant and most expert Gentleman. Would
it were day? Alas poore *Harry* of England: hee longs
not for the Dawning, as wee doe.136 *Orleance.* What a wretched and peeuishe fellow is this
King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers
so farre out of his knowledge.135.] *followers 2.**Const.* If the English had any apprehension, they
would runne away.140 *Orleance.* That they lack: for if their heads had any in-
tellectual Armour, they could neuer weare such heauie
Head-pieces.140.] *weare any such 3. 4.*144 *Ramb.* That Iland of England breedes very valiant
Creatures; their Mastiffes are of vnmatchable cou-
rage.148 *Orleance.* Foolish Curres, that runne winking into
the mouth of a Russian Beare, and haue their heads crush't
like rotten Apples: you may as well say, that's a valiant
Flea, that dare eate his breakefast on the Lippe of a
Lyon.148.] *dare to eate 3, 4.*152 *Const.* Iust, iust: and the men doe sympathize with
the Mastiffes, in robustious and rough comming on,
leauing their Wits with their Wiues: and then giue
them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele; they
will eate like Wolues, and fight like Deuils.*Orleance. I,*

[p. 83]
[COL. I]

156

Orleance. I, but these English are shrowdly out of
'Beefe.

155.] *shrewdly*

Const. Then shall we finde to morrow, they haue only
stomackes to eate, and none to fight. Now is it time to
arme: come, shall we about it?

160

Orleance. It is now two a Clock: but let me see, by ten
Wee shall haue each a hundred English men. *Exeunt.*

161.] *Englishmen.*

[IV]

*Actus Tertius.**Chorus.*

Now entertaine coniecture of a time,
When creeping Murmure and the poring Darke
Fills the wide Vessell of the Vniuersē.
4 From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night
The Humme of eyther Army stilly founds;
That the fixt Centinels almost receiue
The secret Whispers of each others Watch.
8 Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each Battaile sees the others vंबर'd face.
Steed threatens Steed, in high and boastfull Neighs
Piercing the Nights dull Eare: and from the Tents,
12 The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
With busie Hammers closing Riets vp,
Giue dreadfull note of preparation.
The Countrey Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle:
16 And the third howre of drowfie Morning nam'd,
Prowd of their Numbers, and secure in Soule,
The confident and ouer-lustie French,

[p. 83]
[col. 1]

20 Doe the low-rated English play at Dice ;
 And chide the creeple-tardy-gated Night,
 Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe
 So tediously away. The poore condemned English,
 Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
 24 Sit patiently, and inly ruminare
 The Mornings danger : and their gesture sad,
 Inueſting lanke-leane Cheekes, and Warre-worne Coats,
 Prefented them vnto the gazing Moone
 28 So many horride Ghosts. O now, who will behold
 The Royall Captaine of this ruin'd Band
 Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent ;
 Let him cry, Prayſe and Glory on his head :
 32 For forth he goes, and viſits all his Hoaft,
 Bids them good morrow with a modeſt Smyle,
 And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countrey-men.
 Vpon his Royall Face there is no note,
 36 How dread an Army hath enrounded him ;
 Nor doth he dedicate one iot of Colour
 Vnto the wearie and all-watched Night :
 But freſhly lookes, and ouer-beares Attaint,
 40 With chearefull ſemblance, and ſweet Maieſtie :
 That euery Wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes.
 A Largeſſe vniuerſall, like the Sunne,
 44 His liberall Eye doth giue to euery one,
 Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all
 Behold, as may vnworthineſſe define.
 A little touch of *Harry* in the Night,
 48 And ſo our Scene muſt to the Battaile flye :
 Where, O for pittie, we ſhall much diſgrace,
 With foure or five moſt vile and ragged foyles,
 (Right ill diſpos'd, in brawle ridiculous)

35. *his* *this*46.] *define,*

[p. 83]
[col. 2]

The Name of Agincourt : Yet fit and fee,
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.

Exit.

[IV. 1]

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.

King. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our Courage be.

4 God morrow Brother *Bedford* : God Almighty,
There is some soule of goodnesse in things euill,
Would men obseruingly distill it out.

For our bad Neighbour makes vs early stirrers,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.

8 Besides, they are our outward Consciences,
And Preachers to vs all ; admonishing,

That we should dresse vs fairely for our end.

12 Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Morall of the Diuell himselfe.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow old Sir *Thomas Erpingham* :
A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better then a churlith turfe of France.

16 *Erping.* Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lye I like a King.

King. 'Tis good for men to loue their present paines,
Vpon example, so the Spirit is cased :

20 And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
Breake vp their drowfie Graue, and newly moue
With casted slough, and fresh legeritie.

24 Lend me thy Cloake Sir *Thomas* : Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Campe ;
Doe my good morrow to them, and anon

3.] *Good morrow* 3. 4.

18.] *paine,*

23.] *celerity.* 3. 4.

<p>the om. 2.</p> <p>3.] <i>thou a 3.</i></p> <p>11. <i>Pist.] om.</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Enter the King disguised, to him Pistoll.</i></p> <p><i>Pist.</i> Ke ve la ?</p> <p><i>King.</i> A friend.</p> <p><i>Pist.</i> Discus vnto me, art thou Gentleman ?</p> <p>Or art thou common, base, and popeler ?</p> <p><i>King.</i> No fir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.</p> <p><i>Pist.</i> Trailes thou the puiffant pike ?</p> <p><i>King.</i> Euen so fir. What are you ?</p> <p><i>Pist.</i> As good a gentleman as the Emperour.</p> <p><i>King.</i> O then thou art better then the King ?</p> <p><i>Pist.</i> The kings a bago, and a hart of gold.</p> <p><i>Pist.</i> A lad of life, an impe of fame :</p> <p>Of parents good, of fift most valiant :</p> <p>I kis his durtie shoe : and from my hart strings</p> <p>I loue the louely bully. What is thy name ?</p> <p><i>King.</i> <i>Harry le Roy.</i></p> <p><i>Pist.</i> Le Roy, a Cornish man :</p> <p>Art thou of Cornish crew ?</p> <p><i>Kin.</i> No fir, I am a Wealchman.</p> <p><i>Pist.</i> A Wealchman : knowft thou <i>Flewellen</i> ?</p> <p><i>Kin.</i> I fir, he is my kinfman.</p>	<p>[IV. 1]</p> <p>4</p> <p>8</p> <p>12</p> <p>16</p> <p>20</p>
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[p. 83]
[COL. 2]

28 Desire them all to my Pauillion.
Gloster. We shall, my Liege.
Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?
King. No, my good Knight:
 Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England:
 32 I and my Bosome must debate a while,
 And then I would no other company.
Erping. The Lord in Heauen bleffe thee, Noble
Harry. *Exeunt.*
King. God a mercy old Heart, thou speak'st cheare-
 fully. *Enter Pistoll.*
 36 *Pist.* *Che vous la?*
King. A friend.
Pist. Discusse vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou
 bafe, common, and popular?
 40 *King.* I am a Gentleman of a Company.
Pist. Trayl'st thou the puiffant Pyke?
King. Euen so: what are you?
Pist. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.
 44 *King.* Then you are a better then the King.
Pist. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a
 Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fift
 most valiant: I kisse his durtie shooe, and from heart-
 48 string I loue the louely Bully. What is thy Name?
King. *Harry le Roy.*
Pist. *Le Roy?* a Cornish Name: art thou of Cornish Crew?
King. No, I am a Welchman.
 52 *Pist.* Know'st thou *Fluellen?*
King. Yes.
Pist. Tell him Ile knock his Leeke about his Pate vpon
 S. *Dauies* day.
 56 *King.* Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe
 that day, leaft he knock that about yours.

40. am a] am 4.

44. a] om. 4.

57.] lest 3. 4.

Pist. Art thou his friend ?

Kin. I sir.

Pist. Figa for thee then : my name is *Pistoll.*

Kin. It sorts well with your fiercenesse.

Pist. *Pistoll* is my name.

Exit Pistoll.

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gour. Captaine *Flewellen.*

Flew. In the name of Iesu speake lower.

It is the greateft folly in the worell, when the auncient
Prerogatives of the warres be not kept.

I warrant you, if you looke into the warres of the Romanes,
You shall finde no tittle tattle, nor bible bable there :

[31. D 3 v.]

But you shall finde the cares, and the feares,
And the ceremonies, to be otherwise.

Gour. Why the enemy is loud : you heard him all night.

Flew. Godes follud, if the enemy be an Ass & a Foole,
And a prating cocks-come, is it meet that we be also / a foole,
And a prating cocks-come, / in your conscience now ? /

Gour. He speake lower.

Flew. I beseech you do, good Captaine *Gower.*

Exit Gower, and Flewellen.

Kin. Tho it appeare a litle out of fashion,
Yet theres much care in this.

Enter three Souldiers.

27.] *Jesu 2.*
lower. 3.

31.] *bible bable 3.*

24

28

32

36

[p. 84]
[COL. I]*Pist.* Art thou his friend ?*King.* And his Kinsman too.60 *Pist.* The *Figo* for thee then.*King.* I thanke you : God be with you.*Pist.* My name is *Pistol* call'd. *Exit.**King.* It forts well with your fierceneffe.*Manet King.**Enter Fluellen and Gower.*64 *Gower.* Captaine *Fluellen*.68 *Flu.* 'So, in the Name of Iesu Christ, speake fewer: it is the greatest admiration in the vniuerfall World, when the true and aunchient Prerogatifes and Lawes of the Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to examine the Warres of *Pompey* the Great, you shall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle tadle nor pibble bable in *Pompeyes* Campe: I warrant you, you shall finde the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and the Formes of it, and the Sobrietie of it, and the Modestie of it, to be otherwifé.72 *Gower.* Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all Night.76 *Flu.* If the Enemie is an Affe and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe; is it meet, thinke you, that wee should also, looke you, be an Affe and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe, in your owne conscience now ?80 *Gow.* I will speake lower.*Flu.* I pray you, and beseech you, that you will. *Exit.*84 *King.* Though it appeare a little out of fashon, There is much care and valour in this Welchman.*Enter three Souldiers, Iohn Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.*67] *auuncient 4.*70-1.] *tiddle . . . bibble*
3. 4.

1. *Soul.* Is not that the morning yonder ?

2. *Soul.* I we see the beginning,
God knowes whether we shall see the end or no.

3. *Soul.* Well I thinke the king could with himselfe
Vp to the necke in the middle of the Thames,
And so I would he were, at all adventures, and I with him.

Kin. Now masters god morrow, what cheare ?

3. *S.* I faith small cheer some of vs is like to haue,
Ere this day ende.

Kin. Why fear nothing man, the king is frolike.

2. *S.* I he may be, for he hath no such cause as we

Kin. Nay say not so, he is a man as we are.

The Violet smells to him as to vs :

Therefore if he see reasons, he feares as we do.

48.] *good* 3.

50.] *day to an end.* 3.

52. *be*] om. 2.
suck] om. 3.

54. *as to*] *as vnto* 3.

44

48

52

[p. 84]
[COL. I]

Court. Brother *John Bates*, is not that the Morning which breakes yonder?

88 *Bates.* I thinke it be: but wee haue no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Williams. Wee see yonder the beginning of the day, but I thinke wee shall neuer see the end of it. Who goes there?

92 *King.* A Friend.

Williams. Vnder what Captaine serue you?

King. Vnder Sir *John Erpingham*.

96 *Williams.* A good old Commander, and a most kinde Gentleman: I pray you, what thinkes he of our estate?

King. Euen as men wrackt vpon a Sand, that looke to be washt off the next Tyde.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

100 *King.* No: nor it is not meet he should: for though I speake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am: the Violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the Element shewes to him, as it doth to me; all his Sences haue but humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Nakednesse he appeares but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted then ours, yet when they stoupe, they stoupe with the like wing: therefore, when he sees reason of feares, as we doe; his feares, out of doubt, be of the same rellish as ours are: yet in reason, no man should possesse him with any appearance of feare; leaft hee, by shewing it, should dis-hearten his Army.

104
108
112 *Bates.* He may shew what outward courage he will: but I beleeeue, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could with himselfe in Thames vp to the Neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all aduentures, so we were quit here.

116 *King.* By my troth, I will speake my conscience of the

110.] *lest* 3, 4.

2. Sol. But the king hath a heauy reckoning to make,
If his cause be not good : when all those soules
Whose bodies shall be slaughtered here,
Shall ioyne together at the latter day,
And say I dyed at such a place. Some swearing :
Some their wines rawly left :
Some leaving their children poore behind them.

[62. D 4.]

Now if his cause be bad, / I think it will be a greenous matter
(to him. /

[Fol. 144-6, see Quarto 69, 70, 71.]

A. Why to you may say, if a man send his seruant
A Foot into another Country,
And he by any means miscarry,

[p. 84]
[COL. 2]

King: I thinke hee would not with himselfe any where,
but where hee is.

120 *Bates.* Then I would he were here alone; so should he be
sure to be ransomed, and a many poore mens liues faued.

124 *King.* I dare say, you loue him not so ill, to wish him
here alone: howsoeuer you speake this to feele other
mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where so con-
tented, as in the Kings company; his Cause being iust, and
his Quarrell honorable.

Williams. That's more then we know.

128 *Bates.* I, or more then wee should seeke after; for wee
know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subiects:
if his Cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes
the Cryme of it out of vs.

132 *Williams.* But if the Cause be not good, the King him-
selfe hath a heauie Reckoning to make, when all those
Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battaile,
shall ioyne together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dy-
ed at such a place, some swearing, some crying for a Sur-
136 gean; some vpon their Wiues, left poore behind them;
some vpon the Debts they owe, some vpon their Children
rawly left: I am afear'd, there are few dye well, that dye
in a Battaile: for how can they charitably dispose of any
140 thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if these men
doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King,
that led them to it; who to disobey, were against all pro-
portion of subiection.

144 *King.* So, if a Sonne that is by his Father sent about
Merchandize, doe sinfully miscarry vpon the Sea; the im-
putation of his wickednesse, by your rule, should be im-
posed vpon his Father that sent him: or if a Seruant, vn-
148 der his Masters command, transporting a summe of Mo-
ney, be assayled by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcil'd

119. 2] om.

136.] *Surgeon;*

139. a] om.

142.] *whom 3, 4.*

68.] *mis-fortune*

You may say the bufinesse of the maister,
Was the author of his seruants misfortune.

68

72.] *seruant, 3.*

Or if a sonne be imployd by his father,
And he fall into any leaud action, you may say the father
Was the author of his sonnes damnation.

72

But the maister is not to answere for his seruants,
The father for his sonne, nor the king for his subiects :
For they purpose not their deaths, / whē they craue their ser-
Some there are that haue the gift / of premeditated (uices : /
Murder on them : /

76

Others the broken seale of Forgery, in beguiling maydens.

78.] *out-strip 3.*

Now if these outstrip the lawe,

Yet they cannot escape Gods punishment.
War is Gods Beadel. War is Gods vengeance :

80

Euery mans seruice is the kings :
But euery mans soule is his owne.
Therefore I would haue euery souldier examine himselfe,
And wash euery moath out of his conscience :
That in so doing, he may be the readier for death :
Or not dying, why the tyme was well spent,
Wherein such preparation was made.

84

[p. 84]
[COL. 2]

152 Iniquities; you may call the businesse of the Master the
author of the Seruants damnation: but this is not so:
The King is not bound to answer the particular endings
of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Master
of his Seruant; for they purpose not their death, when
they purpose their seruices. Besides, there is no King, be
156 his Cause neuer so spotlesse, if it come to the arbitre-
ment of Swords, can trye it out with all vnspotted Soul-
diers: some (peradventure) haue on them the guilt of
premeditated and contriued Murther; some, of begui-
160 ling Virgins with the broken Seales of Periurie; some,
making the Warres their Bulwarke, that haue before go-
red the gentle Bosome of Peace with Pillage and Robber-
ie. Now, if these men haue defeated the Law, and out-
164 runne Nature punishment; though they can out-strip
men, they haue no wings to flye from God. Warre is
his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: so that here men
are punished, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in
168 now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death,
they haue borne life away; and where they would bee
safe, they perish. Then if they dye vnprouided, no more
is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was be-
172 fore guiltie of those Impieties, for the which they are
now visited. Euery Subiects Dutie is the Kings, but
euery Subiects Soule is his owne. Therefore should
176 euery Souldier in the Warres doe as euery sicke man in
his Bed, wash euery Moth out of his Conscience: and
dying so, Death is to him aduantage; or not dying,
the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was
180 gayned: and in him that escapes, it were not sinne to
thinke, that making God so free an offer, he let him out-
liue that day, to see his Greatnesse, and to teach others
how they should prepare.

175 *loc*] om. 4.*Will. 'Tis*

<p>88.] 3. Soul. 2. 3. 89.] is on 3.</p>	<p>3. <i>Lord.</i> Y faith he saies true : Euery mans fault on his owne head, I would not haue the king answere for me. Y et I intend to fight lustily for him.</p>	<p>88</p>
<p>92. , <i>he</i>] om. 3.</p>	<p><i>King.</i> Well, I heard the king, he wold not be ranfomde.</p>	<p>92</p>
<p>93.] 2. Sol. 2. 2. Soul. 3.</p>	<p>2. <i>L.</i> I he said so, to make vs fight : But when our throates be cut, he may be ranfomde, And we neuer the wifer. <i>King.</i> If I liue to see that, Ile neuer trust his word againe. [96. D 4. v.] 2. <i>Sol.</i> Mas youle pay him then, / tis a great displeafure That an elder / gun, can do against a caannon, / Or a subiect against a monarke.</p>	<p>96</p>
<p>100.] <i>you are an asse</i> 2 ; <i>you are a nasse</i> 3.</p>	<p>Youle nere take his word again, your a nasse goe. <i>King.</i> Your reproofe is somewhat too bitter : Were it not at this time I could be angry. 2. <i>Sol.</i> Why let it be a quarrell if thou wilt.</p>	<p>100</p>
<p>105.] <i>Here's</i> 3.</p>	<p><i>King.</i> How shall I know thee ?</p>	<p>104</p>
<p>107.] <i>Kere</i> 2.</p>	<p>2. <i>Sol.</i> Here is my gloue, which if euer I see in thy hat, Ile challenge thee, and strike thee. <i>Kin.</i> Here is likewise another of mine,</p>	<p></p>
<p>108.] <i>And ile assure</i> 2.</p>	<p>And assure thee ile weare it.</p>	<p>108</p>

[p. 85]
[COL. I]

184

Will. 'Tis certaine, euery man that dyes ill, the ill vpon his owne head, the King is not to anſwer it.

183.] *ill is vpon* 4.184.] *for it.* 3, 4.

Bates. I doe not deſire hee ſhould anſwer for me, and yet I determine to fight luſtily for him.

188

King. I my ſelfe heard the King fay he would not be ranſom'd.

Will. I, hee ſaid ſo, to make vs fight chearefully: but when our throats are cut, hee may be ranſom'd, and wee ne're the wifer.

192

King. If I liue to ſee it, I will neuer truſt his word after.

196

Will. You pay him then: that's a perillous ſhot out of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a priuate diſpleaſure can doe againſt a Monarch: you may as well goe about to turne the Sunne to yce, with fanning in his face with a Peacocks feather: You'le neuer truſt his word after; come, 'tis a fooliſh ſaying.

194. *out] our* 4.195. *and a] a om.* 3, 4.198.] *after, 2, 3; (!)* 4.

200

King. Your reproofe is ſomething too round, I ſhould be angry with you, if the time were conuenient.

201. *were] om.* 4.

204

Will. Let it bee a Quarrell betweene vs, if you liue.

King. I embrace it.

Will. How ſhall I know thee againe?

208

King. Giue me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it in my Bonnet: Then if euer thou dar'ſt acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrell.

212

Will. Heere's my Gloue: Giue mee another of thine.

King. There.

Will. This will I alſo weare in my Cap: if euer thou come to me, and fay, after to morrow, This is my Gloue, by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare.

214. *take] give* 3, 4.

King. If euer I liue to ſee it, I will challenge it.

2. *Sol.* Thou dar'it as well be hangd.

III.] *enow* 3.

3. *Sol.* Be friends you fooles,
We haue French quarrels anow in hand:
We haue no need of English broyles.

113

Kin. Tis no treason to cut French crownes,
For to morrow the king himselfe wil be a clipper.
Exit the souldiers.

[p. 85]
[COL. I]*Will.* Thou dar'ft as well be hang'd.*King.* Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings companie.*Will.* Keepe thy word : fare thee well.220 *Bates.* Be friends you English fooles, be friends, wee haue French Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.*Exit Souldiers.*

Exeunt . . .

224 *King.* Indeede the French may lay twentie French Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they beare them on their shoulders : but it is no English Treason to cut French Crownes, and to morrow the King himfelfe will be a Clipper.228 Vpon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules,
Our Debts, our carefull Wiues,
Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King :
We must beare all.23r. *We*] *He* 3. 4.232 O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatnesse,
Subiect to the breath of euery foole, whose fence
No more can feele, but his owne wringing.236 What infinite hearts-ease must Kings neglect,
That priuate men enioy ?235.] *heart-ease* 3. 4.And what haue Kings, that Priuates haue not too,
Saue Ceremonie, saue generall Ceremonie ?
And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie ?240 What kind of God art thou ? that suffer'ft more
Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worshippers.
What are thy Rents ? what are thy Commings in ?
O Ceremonie, shew me but thy worth.

244 What ? is thy Soule of Odoration ?

244.] *Soul* 3. 4. *Adora-*
tion ?Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and Forme,
Creating awe and feare in other men ?248 Wherein thou art lesse happy, being fear'd,
Then they in fearing.

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[p. 85]
[COL. 2]

[p. 85] [COL. 2]	<p>What drink'ft thou oft, in ſtead of Homage ſweet, But poyſon'd flatterie? O, be ſick, great Greatneſſe, And bid thy Ceremonie giue thee cure.</p>	
252	<p>Thinks thou the fierie Feuer will goe out With Titles blowne from Adulation?</p>	
	<p>Will it giue place to flexure and low bending?</p>	254. <i>Will</i>] <i>Will</i> 2.
	<p>Canſt thou, when thou command'ft the beggers knee,</p>	
256	<p>Command the health of it? No, thou proud Dreame, That play'ft ſo ſubtilly with a Kings Repoſe.</p>	257. <i>That</i>] <i>Thou</i> 3, 4.
	<p>I am a King that find thee: and I know,</p>	
	<p>'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball,</p>	
260	<p>The Sword, the Maſe, the Crowne Imperiall,</p>	
	<p>The enter-tiffued Robe of Gold and Pearle,</p>	
	<p>The farfed Title running 'fore the King,</p>	
	<p>The Throne he fits on: nor the Tyde of Pompe,</p>	
264	<p>That beates vpon the high ſhore of this World:</p>	
	<p>No, not all theſe, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonie;</p>	265.] <i>Ceremonies.</i>
	<p>Not all theſe, lay'd in Bed Maieſticall,</p>	
	<p>Can ſleepe ſo ſoundly, as the wretched Slaue:</p>	
268	<p>Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,</p>	
	<p>Gets him to reſt, cram'd with diſtreſſefull bread,</p>	
	<p>Neuer ſees horride Night, the Child of Hell:</p>	
	<p>But like a Lacquey, from the Riſe to Set,</p>	
272	<p>Sweates in the eye of <i>Phebus</i>; and all Night</p>	272.] <i>Phabus</i> 4.
	<p>Sleepes in <i>Elizium</i>: next day after dawne,</p>	
	<p>Doth riſe and helpe <i>Hiperio</i> to his Horſe,</p>	274.] <i>Hiperion</i>
	<p>And followes ſo the euer-running yeere</p>	
276	<p>With profitable labour to his Graue:</p>	
	<p>And but for Ceremonie, ſuch a Wretch,</p>	
	<p>Winding vp Dayes with toyle, and Nights with ſleepe,</p>	
	<p>Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King.</p>	
280	<p>The Slaue, a Member of the Countreyes peace,</p>	
	<p>Enioyes it; but in groſſe braine little wots,</p>	

Enter the King,

Enter the King, Gloster, Epingam, and
Attendants.

117 | *afflict*

118 | *afflict*

119 | *to* *to* *to*

126 | *to*

134 | *day*

A. O God of battels steele my souldiers harts,
Take from them now the fence of rekconing,
That the appoyed multitudes which stand before them,
May not appall their courage.
O not to day, not to day ô God,

116

Thinke on the fault my father made,
In compalling the crowne.

120

I *Richards* bodie haue interred new,
And on it hath belowd more contrite teares,
Then from it issued forced drops of blood :

124

A hundred men haue I in yearly pay,
Which euery day their withered hands hold vp
To heauen to pardon blood,

[125. E]

And I haue built two chanceries,

128

more wil I do :

Tho all that I can do, is all too litle.

Enter Gloster.

Glost. My Lord.

King. My brother *Glosters* voyce.

Glost. My Lord, the Army staves vpon your prefence.

132

King. Stay *Gloster* stay, and I will go with thee,
The day my friends, and all things staves for me.

[p. 85]
[COL. 2]

What watch the King keepes, to maintaine the peace ;
Whofe howres, the Pefant beft aduantages.

Enter Erpingham.

284 *Erp.* My Lord, your Nobles iealous of your abfence,
Seeke through your Campe to find you.

King. Good old Knight, colle& them all together
At my Tent : Ile be before thee.

288 *Erp.* I fhall doo't, my Lord. *Exit.*

King. O God of Battailes, fteele my Souldiers hearts,
Poffeffe them not with feare : Take from them now
The fence of reckning of th'oppofed numbers :
292 Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, thinke not vpon the fault
My Father made, in compaffing the Crowne.

I *Richards* body haue interred new,
296 And on it haue beftowed more contrite teares,
Then from it iflued forced drops of blood.

Fiue hundred poore I haue in yeerely pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold vp
300 Toward Heauen, to pardon blood :

And I haue built two Chauntries,
Where the fad and folemne Priefts fing ftill
For *Richards* Soule. More will I doe :
304 Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth ;
Since that my Penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucefter.

Glouc. My Liege.

308 *King.* My Brother *Gloucefters* voyce ? I :
I know thy errand, I will goe with thee :
The day, my friend, and all things ftay for me.

Exeunt.

i 3

Enter

291. th'] the 3. 4.

308. I:] om. 3. 4.

[p. 86]
[COL. I]

*Enter the Dolphin, Orleance, Ramburs, and
Beaumont.*

Orleance. The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my
Lords.

Dolph. Monte Cheual: My Horfe, *Verlot Lacquay:*
Ha.

Orleance. Oh braue Spirit.

4 *Dolph. Via les ewes & terre.*

Orleance. Rien puis le air & feu.

Dolph. Cein, Cousin Orleance. Enter Constable.

Now my Lord Constable?

8 *Const.* Hearke how our Steedes, for present Seruice
neigh.

Dolph. Mount them, and make incision in their Hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And doubt them with superfluous courage: ha.

12 *Ram.* What, wil you haue them weep our Horfes blood?
How shall we then behold their naturall teares?

Enter Messenger.

Messeng. The English are embattail'd, you French
Peeres.

16 *Const.* To Horfe you gallant Princes, straight to Horfe.
Doe but behold yond poore and starued Band,
And your faire shew shall suck away their Soules,
Leauing them but the shales and huskes of men.
20 There is not worke enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly Veines,
To giue each naked Curtleax a stayne,
That our French Gallants shall to day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport. Let vs but blow on them,
24 The vapour of our Valour will o're-terne them.
'Tis positiue against all exceptions, Lords,
That our superfluous Lacquies, and our Pefants,

1.] *Armour, up 2, 3. Ar-
mour, up, 4.*

3. *Verlot] Valet*

6.] *Cien 3, 4.*

21.] *Curtle-ax 4.*

23.] *them. 4.*

25.] *'gainst
exception 3, 4.*

--	--

[p. 86]
[COL. 1]

28 Who in vnnecessarie action swarme
 About our Squares of Battaile, were enow
 To purge this field of such a hilding Foe ;
 Though we vpon this Mountaines Basis by,
 Tooke stand for idle speculation :

32 But that our Honours must not. What's to say ?
 A very little little let vs doe,
 And all is done : then let the Trumpets found
 The Tucket Sonuance, and the Note to mount :

36 For our approach shall so much dare the field,
 That England shall couch downe in feare, and yeeld.

Enter Graundpree.

Grandpree. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of France ?
 Yond Iland Carrions, desperate of their bones,
 40 Ill-faoredly become the Morning field :
 Their ragged Curtaines poorely are let loose,
 And our Ayre shakes them passing scornefully.
 Bigge *Mars* seemes banqu'rout in their begger'd Hoast,
 44 And faintly through a rustie Beuer peepes.
 The Horsfemen sit like fixed Candlesticks,
 With Torch-staues in their hand : and their poore Iades
 Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips :
 48 The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes,
 And in their pale dull mouthes the Iymold Bitt
 Lyes foule with chaw'd-grasse, still and motionlesse.
 And their executors, the knauish Crowes,
 52 Flye o're them all, impatient for their howre.
 Description cannot fute it felse in words,
 To demonstrate the Life of such a Battaile,
 In life so liuelesse, as it shewes it felse.

56 *Const.* They haue said their prayers,
 And they stay for death.
Dolph. Shall we goe fend them Dinners, and fresh Sutes,

40.] *Ill-favourdly* 3.
Ill-fauor'dly 4.47.] *drooping the hide*50.] *chaw'd grasse*

Enter Clarence, Gloucester, Exeter, and Salisbury.

[IV. 3]

2.] *There's . . . are all 3.*

War. My Lords the French are very strong.

Exc. There is five to one, and yet they all are fresh.

War. Of fighting men they haue full fortie thousand.

Sal. The oddes is all too great.

Farewell kind Lords :

4

7.] *Clare . . . Lords. 3.*

Braue Clarence, and my Lord of *Gloster,*
My Lord of *Warwicke,* and to all farewell.

Clar. Farewell kind Lord, fight valiantly to day,
And yet in truth, I do thee wrong,
For thou art made on the rruer sparkes of honour.

8

9.] *true*

Enter the King. 2.

Enter King.

War. O would we had but ten thousand men
Now at this instant, that doth not worke in England.

King. Whose that, that wishes so, my Cousen *Warwick* ?

12

[p. 86]

[COL. 2]

60

And giue their fasting Horſes Prouender,
And after fight with them?

64

Conſt. I ſtay but for my Guard: on
To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,
And vie it for my haſte. Come, come away,
The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day. *Exeunt.*

[IV. 3]

*Enter Glouceſter, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham
with all his Hoſt: Salisbury, and
Weſtmerland.*

Glouc. Where is the King?

Bedf. The King himſelfe is rode to view their Bat-
taile.

Wefl. Of fighting men they haue full threeſcore thou-
ſand.

4

Exe. There's five to one, beſides they all are freſh.

Salib. Gods Arme ſtrike with vs, 'tis a fearefull oddes.

God buy' you Princes all; Ile to my Charge:

If we no more meet, till we meet in Heauen;

8

Then ioyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,

My deare Lord Glouceſter, and my good Lord Exeter,

And my kind Kinſman, Warriors all, adieu.

Bedf. Farwell good *Salisbury*, & good luck go with thee:

12

And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it,

For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour.

Exe. Farwell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.

16

Bedf. He is as full of Valour as of Kindneſſe,

Princely in both.

Enter the King.

Wefl. O that we now had here

Bat one ten thouſand of thoſe men in England,

That doe no worke to day.

20

King. What's he that wiſhes ſo?

4] Eze. 4.

13.] ſum'd

Gods will, I would not loofe the honour
 One man would thare from me, ¶ Not for my Kingdome.
 No faith my Cousin, with not one man more,
 Rather proclaime it presently through our campe, 16
 That he that hath no stomacke to this feast,
 Let him depart, his passport shall bee drawne,
 And crownes for conuoy put into his purse, [20. E v] 20
 We would not die in that mans company,
 That feares his fellowship to die with vs.
 This day is called the day of Cryspin,
 He that outliues this day, and sees old age, 24
 Shall stand a tiptoe when this day is named,
 And rowse him at the name of Cryspin.
 He that outliues this day, and comes safe home,
 Shall yearly on the vygill feast his friends, 28
 And say, to morrow is S. Cryspines day :
 Then shall we in their flowing bowles
 Be newly remembred. *Harry the King,*
Bedford and Exeter, Clarence and Gloster, 32
Warwick and Yorke.
 Familiar in their mouthes as household words.

24. 27.] out-lines 3.

[p. 86]
[COL. 2]

My Coufin *Westmerland*. No, my faire Coufin :
 If we are markt to dye, we are enow
 To doe our Countrey losse : and if to liue,
 24 The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
 Gods will, I pray thee with not one man more.
 By *Ioue*, I am not couetous for Gold,
 Nor care I who doth feed vpon my cost :
 28 It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare ;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires.
 But if it be a sinne to couet Honor,
 I am the most offending Soule aliuie.
 32 No 'faith, my Couze, with not a man from England :
 Gods peace, I would not loofe so great an Honor,
 As one man more me thinks would share from me,
 For the best hope I haue. O, doe not wish one more :
 36 Rather proclaime it (*Westmerland*) through my Hoast,
 That he which hath no stomack to this fight,
 Let him depart, his Pasport shall be made,
 And Crownes for Conuoy put into his Purfe :
 40 We would not dye in that mans companie,
 That feares his fellowship, to dye with vs.
 This day is call'd the Feast of *Crispian* :
 He that out-liues this day, and comes safe home,
 44 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
 And rowse him at the Name of *Crispian*.
 He that shall see this day, and liue old age,
 Will yeerely on the Vigil feast his neighbours,
 48 And say, to morrow is Saint *Crispian*.
 Then will he strip his sleeue, and shew his skarres :
 Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot :
 But hee'le remember, with aduantages,
 52 What feats he did that day. Then shall our Names,
 Familiar in his mouth as household words,

33.] lose 2, 4.

34.] me-thinks 3, 4.

50.] shall not be

Harry

36. *doome,* 3

40. *brother. He* 3

46. 47. *And . . . speake;*
They were not there,
when any speakes 3 (one
line).
48. *Saint; S. 3.*

56.] *King. Why—catch-*
word but omitted top of
page 1, and omitted 2, 3,
though not at top of
page.

This story shall the good man tell his sonne,
And from this day, vnto the generall doome :
But we in it shall be remembred.

We fewe, we happie fewe, we bond of brothers,
For he to day that sheds his blood by mine,
Shalbe my brother : be he nere so base,
This day shall gentle his condition.

Then shall he strip his sleeues, and shew his skars
And say, these wounds I had on Crispines day :
And Gentlemen in England now a bed,
Shall thinke themselues accurst,
And hold their manhood cheape,
While any speake / that fought with vs
Vpon Saint Crispines day. /

Glost. My gracious Lord,
The French is in the field.

Kin. Why all things are ready, if our minds be fo.

War. Perith the man whose mind is backward now.

King. Thou dost not wish more help frō England coufen :

War. Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, might fight this battle out. [55. E 2]
Why well said. That doth please me better,
Then to wish me one. You know your charge,
God be with you all.

Enter the Herald from the French.

Herald. Once more I come to know of thee king *Henry*,
What thou wilt giue for raunfome ?

36

40

44

48

52

56

60

[p. 87]
[COL. I]

56 *Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,*
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing Cups freshly remembred.
This story shall the good man teach his sonne:
And *Crispine Crispian* shall ne're goe by,
From this day to the ending of the World,
60 But we in it shall be remembred;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne're so vile,
64 This day shall gentle his Condition.
And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,
Shall thinke themselves accurst they were not here;
And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speakes,
68 That fought with vs vpon Saint *Crispines* day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My Soueraign Lord, bestow your selfe with speed:
The French are brauely in their battailes set,
And will with all expedience charge on vs.

72 *King.* All things are ready, if our minds be so.*West.* Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.*King.* Thou do'st not wish more helpe from England,
Couze?76 *West.* Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, could fight this Royall battaile.*King.* Why now thou hast vnwisht fiew thousand men:
Which likes me better, then to wish vs one.
You know your places: God be with you all.*Tucket. Enter Montioy.*80 *Mont.* Once more I come to know of thee King *Harry,*
If for thy Ransome thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured Ouerthrow:64.] *gentile* 4.65.] *a-bed* 3, 4.68.] *Crispian's* 4.75.] *God* 3, 4.

Kin. Who hath sent thee now?

Her. The Countable of *France*.

Kin. I prethy beare my former answer backe :
 Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones.
 God God, why should they mock good fellows
 The man that once did sell the Lions skin, (thus ?
 While the beast liued, was kild with hunting him.
 A many of our bodies shall no doubt

68. .1] *Ans.* 3.

Finde graues within your realme of *France* :

Tho buried in your dunghils, we shalbe famed,
 For there the Sun shall greece them,
 And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heauen,
 Leauing their earthly parts to choke your clyme :
 The finel wherof, shall breed a plague in *France* :
 Marke then abundant valour in our English,
 That being dead, like to the bullets crasing,
 Breakes forth into a second course of mischief, e
 Killing in relaps of mortalitie :
 Let me speake proudly,

Ther's not a peece of feather in our campe,
 Good argument I hope we shall not flye :

64

.

68

72

76

80

[p. 87]
[col. 1]

84 For certainly, thou art so neere the Gulfe,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy
The Constable desires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules
May make a peacefull and a sweet retyre
88 From off these fields: where(wretches)their poore bodies
Must lye and fester.

King. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

92 *King.* I pray thee beare my former Answer back:
Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones.
Good God, why should they mock poore fellowes thus?
The man that once did sell the Lyons skin
96 While the beast liu'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find Natiue Graues: vpon the which, I trust
Shall witness liue in Brasse of this dayes worke.
100 And those that leaue their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buryed in your Dunghills,
They shall be fam'd: for there the Sun shall greet them,
And draw their honors reeking vp to Heauen,
104 Leauing their earthly parts to choake your Clyme,
The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France.
Marke then abounding valour in our English:
That being dead, like to the bullets crafing,
108 Breake out into a second course of mischiefe,
Killing in relapse of Mortalitie.
Let me speake proudly: Tell the Constable,
We are but Warriors for the working day:
112 Our Gaynesse and our Gilt are all besmyrcht
With raynie Marching in the painefull field.
There's not a piece of feather in our Hoast:
Good argument(I hope)we will not flye:

107.] *grasing.*112.] *be-smyrcht 3. 4.*

82.] *flouendry.* 2.

83.] *hearts within are trim*
2.

85.] *They'l* 3.

89. *uone*] om. 2.

93. *am*] *vm* 3.

95. *Her.*] *Hor.* 2.

And time hath worne vs into flouendry.
 But by the mas, our hearts are in the trim,
 And my poore souldiers tel me, yet ere night
 Theyle be in fresher robes, or they will plucke
 The gay new cloathes ore your French souldiers eares,
 And turne them out of seruice. If they do this,
 As if it please God they shall,
 Then shall our ranfome soone be leuied. [89. E 2. v.]
 Saue thou thy labour Herauld :
 Come thou no more for ranfom, gentle Herauld.
 They shall haue nought I fweare, but these my bones :
 Which if they haue, as *I* wil leaue am them,
 Will yeeld them litle, tell the Constable.
Her. *I* shall deliuer fo.

Exit Herauld.

Yorke. My gracious Lord, vpon my knee *I* craue,
 The leading of the vaward.

Kin. Take it braue *Yorke.* / Come souldiers lets away : /
 And as thou pleasest God, dispose the day.

Exit.

[In the Qq. the following scene is preceded by
 next, "*Enter the foure French Lords.*", and
 begins page E. 3 v.]

Enter Pistoll, the French man, and the Boy.

Pist. Eyld cur, eyld cur.

84

88

92

96

[IV. 4]

[p. 87]
[COL. 2]

And time hath worne vs into flouerie.
 But by the Masse, our hearts are in the trim :
 And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
 They'le be in fresher Robes, or they will pluck
 120 The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,
 And turne them out of seruice. If they doe this,
 As if God please, they shall ; my Ranfome then
 Will soone be leuyed.

124 Herald, faue thou thy labour :
 Come thou no more for Ranfome, gentle Herald,
 They shall haue none, I sweare, but these my ioynts :
 Which if they haue, as I will leaue vm them,
 128 Shall yeeld them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, King *Harry*. And so fare thee well :
 Thou neuer shalt heare Herald any more. *Exit.*

King. I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a
 Ranfome.

Enter Yorke.

132 *Yorke.* My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge
 The leading of the Vaward.

King. Take it, braue *Yorke*.

Now Souldiers march away,
 136 And how thou pleasest God, dispose the day. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Excursions.

Enter Pistoll, French Souldier, Boy.

Pist. Yeeld Curre.

French. *Je pense que vous estes le Gentilhome de bon qua-*
litee.

4 *Pist.* Qualtitie calmie culture me. Art thou a Gentle-
 man ? What is thy Name ? discusse.

French. *O Seigneur Dieu.*

Pist. O Signieur Dewe should be a Gentleman : per-

130.] shall 3.

2.] *Gentil-home . . . bone*3.] *qualité*4.] *Quality 4.*

2.] *Monfieur* 3. and so in
rest of scene.

4 *Arm* om. 3.

5] *elle*. 2.

10, 11.] one line 3.

11.] *ferke*. 2. *ferke*. 3.

13.] *couple votre gorge*. 3.

14.] *Onye* 3.

14. *ma* | *may* 2.

16.] In Italics 2.

19.] *voutueres* 3.

20.] *Je . . . petit* 3.

21.] *captaine*

22.] *iee*

French. O Monfire, ie vous en pree aues petie de moy.

Pijl. Moy thall not ferue. I will haue fortie moys.

Boy aske him his name.

Boy. Comant ettes vous apelles ?

French. Montfier Fer.

Boy. He faies his name is Master *Fer*.

Pijl. He Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him :

Boy difcus the same in French.

Boy. Sir I do not know, whats French

For fer, ferit and ferakt.

Pijl. Bid him prepare, for I wil cut his throate.

Boy. Feate, vou preat, ill vouilles coupele votre gage.

Pist. Ony e ma foy couple la gorge.

Vnlesse thou giue to me egregious raunfome, dye.

One poynt of a foxe.

French. Qui dit ill monfiere.

Ill ditye fi vou ny vouly pa domy luy.

Boy. La gran ranfome, ill vou tueres.

French. O Iee vous en pri petit gentelhome, parle

A cee, gran capataine, pour auez mercie

A moy, ey Iee donerees pour mon ranfome

Cinquante ocios. Ie fuyes vngentelhome de *France*.

Pist. What sayes he boy ?

4

8

12

16

20

24

[p. 87]
[COL. 2]

pend my words O Signieur Dewe, and marke : O Signieur Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox, except O Signieur thou doe giue to me egregious Ranfome.

French. O prenes miserecordie aye pitez de moy.

12 *Pist.* Moy fhall not serue, I will haue fortie Moyes : for I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in droppes of Crimfon blood.

French. Est il impossible d'eschapper le force de ton bras.

16 *Pist.* Brasse, Curre? thou damned and luxurious Moun-
taine Goat, offer'ft me Brasse?

French. O pardonne moy.

20 *Pist.* Say'ft thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moyes? Come hither boy, aske me this flauie in French what is his Name.

Boy. Escoute comment estes vous appelle?

French. Mounfieur le Fer.

24 *Boy.* He sayes his Name is M.Fer.

Pist. M. Fer : Ile fer him, and firke him, and ferret him : discusse the same in French vnto him.

28 *Boy.* I doe not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firke.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

French. Que dit il Mounfieur?

32 *Boy.* Il me commande a vous dire que vous faite vous prest, car ce soldat icy est disposee tout asture de coupes vostre gorge.

36 *Pist.* Owy, cuppele gorge permafoy pefant, vnlesse thou giue me Crownes, braue Crownes; or mangled fhalt thou be by this my Sword.

French. O le vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu : ma pardonner, le suis le Gentilhome de bon maison, garde ma vie, & le vous donneray deux cent escus.

40 *Pist.* What are his words?

Boy. He

11.] *prenes . . . -corde*
. . . ayez . . . pitie

13.] *rym 4.*

15.] *Est-il . . . la force 2,*
3. 4. impossible 3. 4.

18.] *pardonne*

22.] *appellé*

23.] *Monsieur*

24-5.] *Mr 4.*

30] *dit-il Monsieur?*

31. a] *de*
vous faite vous] vous
vous teniez

32.] *couper*

34.] *parmafoy*

37. ma] *me*

38. le] *om. . . bonne*

Boy. Marry fir he sayes, he is a Gentleman of a great
Houle, of *France*: and for his ranfome,
He will giue you 500. crownes.

Pist. My fury shall abate,
And I the Crownes will take.

28

And as I suck blood, I will some mercie shew.
Follow me cur.

Exit omnes.

[In Qq. the following scene precedes the last above.]

Enter the foure French Lords.

[IV. 5]

[p. 88]
[COL. 1]

Boy. He prayes you to faue his life, he is a Gentleman of a good house, and for his ranfom he will giue you two hundred Crownes.

44 *Pist.* Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crownes will take.

Fren. Petit Monsieur que dit il ?

48 *Boy.* *Encore qu'il et contra son Iurement, de pardonner aucune prisonner : neant-mons pour les escues que vous layt a promets, il est content a vous donnes le liberte le franchisement.*

52 *Fre.* *Sur mes genoux se vous donnes milles remerciours, et le me estime heurux que le intombe, entre les main. d'un Cheualier le peuse le plus braue valiant et tres distinie signieur d'Angleterre.*

Pist. Expound vnto me boy.

56 *Boy.* He giues you vpon his knees a thousand thanks, and he esteemes himselfe happy, that he hath falne into the hands of one (as he thinkes) the most braue, valorous and thrice-worthy signeur of England.

60 *Pist.* As I sucke blood, I will some mercy shew. Follow mee.

Boy. *Saaue vous le grand Capitaine ?*

64 I did neuer know so full a voyce issue from so emptie a heart: but the saying is true, The empty vessel makes the greatest sound, *Bardolfe* and *Nym* had tenne times more valour, then this roaring diuell i'th olde play, that euerie one may payre his nayles with a wooden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and so would this be, if hee durst steale any thing aduenturously. I must stay with the Lackies with the luggage of our camp, the French might haue a good pray of vs, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes. *Exit.*

[IV. 5]

*Enter Constable, Orleance, Burbon, Dolphin,
and Ramburs.*

46.] dit-il 2. dit-ill 3. 4.

47.] est contre

48-9.] prisonnier: neant-moins . . . escus . . . luy promettez (promisses 2,3) . . . de vous donner la . . . de franchise.

50-3.] ie vous donne . . . remerciement, & ie . . . heurux . . . se ne tombe . . . mains . . . ie pense . . . destine

55. his] is 3.

56. and he] and

61.] Sauue 2. Suave 3. 4. Capitaine! 3. 4.

62. full] woofull

63. saying] song

70.] prey

a.] *Morda a.*

Ge. O diabello.
Coqtl. Mor du ma vie.
Or. O what a day is this /
Bur. O Iour dei houte all is gone, all is loft.

4

5.] *enow 3.*

Con. We are inough yet liuing in the field,
 To smother vp the English,
 If any order might be thought vpon.

8. *the om. 1*

Bur. A plague of order, once more to the field,
 And he that will not follow *Burton* now,
 Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,
 Like a base leno hold the chamber doore,
 Why leaft by a flauie no gentler then my dog,
 His faireft daughter is contamuracke.

8

11.] *base*

Con. Diforder that hath fpoyle vs, right vs now,
 Come we in heapes, wee le offer vp our liues
 Vnto thefe English, or elfe die with fame.

12

Come, come along,
 Lets dye with honour, our shame doth laft too long.

16

Exit omnes. [E 3]

... *King* with his ...
 and ... 2 ... *King*.
 his *Nobles*, and 3.

Enter the King and his Nobles, Piftoll.

[IV. 6]

2.] *als not done, the*
French keepes still 3.

King. What the French retire? [I. E. 3. v]
 Yet all is not done, yet keepes the French the field.
Exe. The Duke of *Yorke* commends him to your Grace.

[p. 88]
[COL. I]*Con.* O Diable.*Orl.* O *figueur le iour et perdia, toute et perdie.**Dol.* Mor Dieu ma vie, all is confounded all,

4 Reproach, and euerlasting shame

Sits mocking in our Plumes.

*A short Alarum.**O meschante Fortune,* do not runne away.*Con.* Why all our rankes are broke.8 *Dol.* O perdurable shame, let's stab our felues :

Be these the wretches that we plaid at dice for ?

Orl. Is this the King we sent too, for his ransome ?*Bur.* Shame, and eternall shame, nothing but shame,

12 Let vs dye in once more backe againe,

And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand

Like a base Pander hold the Chamber doore,

16 Whilst a base slaue, no gentler then my dogge,

His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder that hath spoyl'd vs, friend vs now,

Let vs on heapes go offer vp our liues.

20 *Orl.* We are enow yet liuing in the Field,

To smother vp the English in our throngs,

If any order might be thought vpon.

Bur. The diuell take Order now, Ile to the throng ;

24 Let life be short, else shame will be too long.

Exit.

[IV. 6]

*Alarum. Enter the King and his trayne,
with Prisoners.**King.* Well haue we done, thrice-valiant Countrimen,
But all's not done, yet keepe the French the field.*Exe.* The D. of York commends him to your Maiesty2.] *signeur, (et) &, (et) &.*3.] *Mort 3.*10.] *to*12. *dye] flye*16.] *Whilst by a*1.] *thrice valiant 4.*

[p. 88]
[COL. 2]

King. Liues he good Vnckle : thrice within this houre
I saw him downe ; thrice vp againe, and fighting,
From Helmet to the spurre, all blood he was.

8 *Exe.* In which array (braue Soldier) doth he lye,
Larding the plaine : and by his bloody fide,
(Yoake-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds)
The Noble Earle of Suffolke also lyes.
Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all haged ouer
12 Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,
And takes him by the Beard, kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawne vpon his face.
He cries aloud ; Tarry my Cofin Suffolke,
16 My soule shall thine keepe company to heauen :
Tarry (sweet soule) for mine, then flye a-breft :
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our Chualrie.
20 Vpon these words I came, and cheer'd him vp,
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe, sayes : Deere my Lord,
Commend my seruice to my Soueraigne,
24 So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke
He threw his wounded arme, and kift his lippes,
And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A Testament of Noble-ending-loue :
28 The prettie and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me, which I would haue stop'd,
But I had not so much of man in mee,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
32 And gaue me vp to teares.

King. I blame you not,
For hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mixtfull eyes, or they will issue to.
36 But hearke, what new alarum is this same ?

7.] *Soldiers* 3.21.] *caught* 3, 4.*Alarum*35.] *too* 3, 4.

Bid euery fouldier kill his prifoner.

Pift. Couple gorge.

Exit omnes.

[35 E. 4]

Enter Flewellen, and Captaine Gower.

[IV. 7]

Flew. Godes plud kil the boyes and the luyge,
Tis the arrants peece of knauery as can be defired,
In the worrell now, in your conscience now.

Gour. Tis certaine, there is not a Boy left aliue,
And the cowerdly rafcals that ran from the battell,
Themfelues haue done this slaughter :
Beside, they haue carried away and burnt,
All that was in the kings Tent :
Wherypon the king caufed euery prifoners
Throat to be cut. O he is a worthy king.

Flew. I he was born at *Monmorth.*
Captain *Gower*, what call you the place where
Alexander the big was borne ?

Gour. *Alexander* the great.

Flew. Why I pray, is nat big great ?
As if I fay, big or great, or magnanimous,
I hope it is all one reconing,
Saue the frafe is a litle varation.

Gour. I thinke *Alexander* the great
Was borne at *Macedon.*

His father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*, || As I take it.

Flew. I thinke it was *Macedon* indeed / where *Alexander*

4.] *there's* 3.

10.] *Oh* 3.

11.] *I, . . . Monmouth* 3.

14.] *great* 2.

15.] *not* 3. *big*, 2.

17.] *tis* 3.

21.] *Macedon*, 2.

4

8

12

16

20

[p. 88]
[COL. 2]

The French haue re-enforc'd their scatter'd men :
Then euery fouldiour kill his Prifoners,
Giue the word through.

*Exit*37.] *re-enfor'd 3.**Actus Quartus.*

[IV. 7]

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expreffely
againft the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a peece of knaue-
ry marke you now, as can bee offert in your Confcience
now, is it not ?

4

Gow. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left aliuie, and the
Cowardly Rascalls that ranne from the battaile ha' done
this slaughter: befides they haue burned and carried a-
way all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King
moft worthily hath caus'd euery foldiour to cut his pri-
foners throat. O 'tis a gallant King.

8

Flu. I, hee was porne at *Monmouth* Captaine *Gower* :
What call you the Townes name where *Alexander* the
pig was borne ?

12

Gow. *Alexander* the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or
the grear, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnani-
mous, are all one reckonings, faue the phrafe is a litle va-
riations.

16

Gower. I thinke *Alexander* the Great was borne in
Macedon, his Father was called *Phillip* of *Macedon*, as I
take it.

20

Flu. I thinke it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is
porne.

10.] *prisoner's 3. 4.*15. *you,] you. 4.*16.] *great*

[p. 89]
[COL. 1]

24

28

32

36

40

44

48

52

porne : I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the Maps of the Orld, I warrant you shall finde in the comparifons betweene *Macedon* & *Monmouth*, that the situations looke you, is both alike. There is a Riuer in *Macedon*, & there is also moreouer a Riuer at *Monmouth*, it is call'd Wye at *Monmouth*: but it is out of my praines, what is the name of the other Riuer : but 'tis all one, tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you marke *Alexanders* life well, *Harry of Monmouthes* life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. *Alexander* God knowes, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his chollers, and his moodes, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his praines, did in his Ales and his angers (looke you) kill his best friend *Clytus*.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he neuer kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done (marke you now) to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures, and comparifons of it: as *Alexander* kild his friend *Clytus*, being in his Ales and his Cuppes; so also *Harry Monmouth* being in his right wittes, and his good iudgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly doublet: he was full of iests, and gypes, and knaueries, and mockes, I haue forgot his name.

Gow. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

Flu. That is he: He tell you, there is good men porne at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Heere comes his Maiefty.

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Burbon
with prisoners. Flourish.

47.] *iest.* 4.

W. B. 124

Clayton was not angry since I came into France,

As in the house

asked the English Herald.

52

And so he made the soldiers on yon hill :

And so he fought with us till they come downe,

And so he fought with us till they defend our fight :

Which he should have done we will come to them,

55

And so he fought with us till they are full

As they are full of the old Aonian things.

And so we will be the friends of those we haue,

And so we will be the friends of our mercy.

60

Clayton. I am a man.

And so we will be the friends of those we haue

And so we will be the friends of those we haue

And so we will be the friends of those we haue

And so we will be the friends of those we haue

64

We may have time to buy all our dead.

Which in the field he spoyled and troden on.

[p. 89]
[COL. 1]

King. I was not angry since I came to France,
 Vntill this instant. Take a Trumpet Herald,
 Ride thou vnto the Horsemen on yond hill :
 56 If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,
 Or voyde the field : they do offend our fight.
 If they'l do neither, we will come to them,
 And make them sker away, as swift as stones
 60 Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
 Besides, wee'l cut the throats of those we haue,
 And not a man of them that we shall take,
 Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montioy.

64 *Exe.* Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege

Glou. His eyes are humbler then they vs'd to be.

King. How now, what meanes this Herald ? Knowst
 thou not,

That I haue fin'd these bones of mine for ranfome?

68 Com'ft thou againe for ranfome ?

Her. No great King :

I come to thee for charitable License,

That we may wander ore this bloody field,

72 To booke our dead, and then to bury them,

To fort our Nobles from our common men.

For many of our Princes (woe the while)

Lye drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood :

76 So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbes

In blood of Princes, and with wounded steeds

Fret fet-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage

Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead masters,

80 Killing them twice. O giue vs leaue great King,

To view the field in safety, and dispose

Of their dead bodies.

66. this] their

67. not] nor 2.

69. yet a] yet 2.

75.] *Crispin, Crispianus.* 3.

84. will take no] will not 2.

90.] *country-man*

91.] *country-man* 2.

Yesu 3.

92.] *hoo* 3.

Kin. I tell thee truly Herauld, / I do not know whether
The day be ours or no : / [67. F] 68
For yet a many of your French do keep the field.

Hera. The day is yours.

Kin. Praised be God therefore.

What Cattle call you that ? 72

Hera. We call it *Agincourt.*

Kin. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt.*
Fought on the day of *Cryspin, Cryspin.*

Flew. Your grandfather of famous memorie,
If your grace be remembered, 76
Is do good seruice in *France.*

Kin. Tis true *Flewellen.*

Flew. Your Maiestie sayes verie true. 80

And it please your Maiestie,
The Wealchmen there was do good seruice,
In a garden where Leekes did grow.

And I thinke your Maiestie will take no scorne, 84
To weare a Leake in your cap vpon S. *Dauies* day.

Kin. No *Flewellen*, for I am wealch as well as you.

Flew. All the water in *ITye* wil not wash your wealch
Blood out of you, God keep it, and preferue it, 88
To his graces will and pleasure.

Kin. Thankes good countryman.

Flew. By Iesus I am your Maiesties countryman :
I care not who know it, so long as your maiesty is an honest 92
(man.

[p. 89]
[COL. 2]

84 *Kin.* I tell thee truly Herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horsemen peere,
And gallop ore the field.
Her. The day is yours.

88 *Kin.* Praised be God, and not our strength for it :
What is this Cattle call'd that stands hard by.
Her. They call it *Agincourt*.
King. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*,
92 Fought on the day of *Crispin Crispianus*.
Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please
your Maiefty) and your great Vncle *Edward* the Placke
Prince of Wales, as I haue read in the Chronicles, fought
96 a most prauie pattle here in France.
Kin. They did *Fluellen*.
Flu. Your Maiefty sayes very true : If your Maiefties
is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good seruice in a
100 Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Leekes in their
Monmouth caps, which your Maiefty know to this houre
is an honourable badge of the seruice : And I do beleeeue
your Maiefty takes no scorne to weare the Leeke vppon
104 S. Taues day.
King. I weare it for a memorable honor :
For I am Welch you know good Countriman.
Flu. All the water in Wye, cannot wafh your Maie-
108 fties Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that :
God plesse it, and preferue it, as long as it pleases his
Grace, and his Maiefty too.
Kin. Thanks good my Countrymen.
112 *Flu.* By Ieshu, I am your Maiefties Countreyman, I
care not who know it : I will confesse it to all the Orld, I
need not to be ashamed of your Maiefty, praised be God
so long as your Maiefty is an honest man.

96. a most] most 3, 4.

109. plesse it.] pless, 4.

111.] Countryman

114.] God, 4.

[p. 89]
[COL. 2]*King.* Good keepe me so.*Enter Williams.*

Our Heralds go with him,
Bring me iust notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

120 *Ere.* Souldier, you must come to the King.

Kin. Souldier, why wear'ft thou that Gloue in thy
Cappe?

124 *Will.* And't please your Maiefty, tis the gage of one
that I should fight withall,if he be aliue.*Kin.* An Englishman?

Wil. And't please your Maiefty, a Rascall that swag-
ger'd with me last night: who if aliue, and euer dare to
challenge this Gloue, I haue sworne to take him a boxe
a'th ere: or if I can see my Gloue in his cappe, which he
swore as he was a Souldier he would weare(if aliue)I wil
strike it out foundly.

132 *Kin.* What thinke you Captaine *Fluellen*, is it fit this
souldier keepe his oath.

Flu. Hee is a Crauen and a Villaine else, and't please
your Maiefty in my conscience.

136 *King.* It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great
fort quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Ientleman as the diuel is,
as Lucifer and Belzebub himselfe, it is necessary (looke
your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath: If hee
bee periur'd (see you now) his reputation is as arrant a
villaine and a Iacke sawce, as euer his blacke shoo trodd
vpon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conscience law

144 *King.* Then keepe thy vow firrah, when thou meet'ft
the fellow.*Wil.* So, I wil my Liege, as I liue.*King.* Who seru'ft thou vnder?*Wil.*116. *Gooa*] *God* 3. 4.125.] *English man* 3.129.] *o' th' ear* 4.133.] *oath* ?143.] *conscience*, 4.

[p. 90]
[COL. 1]*Will.* Vnder Captaine *Gower*, my Liege.*Flu.* *Gower* is a good Captaine, and is good knowledge and literated in the Warres.*King.* Call him hither to me, Souldier.152 *Will.* I will my Liege. *Exit.*156 *King.* Here *Fluellen*, weare thou this fauour for me, and sticke it in thy Cappe : when *Alanfon* and my selfe were downe together, I pluckt this Gloue from his Helme : If any man challenge this, hee is a friend to *Alanfon*, and an enemy to our Person ; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do'ft me loue.160 *Flu.* Your Grace doo's me as great Honors as can be defir'd in the hearts of his Subiects : I would faine see the man, that ha's but two legges, that shall find himselfe agreefd at this Gloue ; that is all : but I would faine see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.

159.] do's 3. does 4.

164 *King.* Know'ft thou *Gower* ?*Flu.* He is my deare friend, and please you.*King.* Pray thee goe seeke him, and bring him to my Tent.168 *Flu.* I will fetch him. *Exit.**King.* My Lord of *Warwick*, and my Brother *Gloster*, Follow *Fluellen* closely at the heeles.

172 The Gloue which I haue giuen him for a fauour, May haply purchase him a box a'th'eare.

It is the Souldiers : I by bargaine should

Weare it my selfe. Follow good Coufin *Warwick* :

If that the Souldier strike him, as I iudge

176 By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word ;

Some sodaine mischiefe may arise of it :

For I doe know *Fluellen* valiant,

And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,

180 And quickly will returne an iniurie.

162.] agree'd 2. agriev'd
3. 4.

172.] a box 2. o' th' 4.

176. By his] By this 3. 4.

[p. 90]
[COL. 1]

Follow, and see there be no harme betweene them.
Goe you with me, Vnckle of Exeter. *Exeunt.*

18x. no] not 4.

[IV. 8]

*Enter Gower and Williams.**Will.* I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.*Enter Fluellen.*

Flu. Gods will, and his pleasure, Captaine, I beseech
you now, come apace to the King: there is more good
toward you peradventure, then is in your knowledge to
dreame of.

Will. Sir, know you this Gloue?*Flu.* Know the Gloue? I know the Gloue is a Gloue.*Will.* I know this, and thus I challenge it.*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant Traytor as anyes in the Vniuer-
fall World, or in France, or in England.

Gower. How now Sir? you Villaine.*Will.* Doe you thinke Ile be forsworne?

Flu. Stand away Captaine *Gower*, I will giue Treason
his payment into plowes, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traytor.

Flu. That's a Lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his
Maiesties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke
Alanfons.

*Enter Warwick and Gloucester.**Warw.* How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, heere is, prayfed be God
for it, a most contagious Treason come to light, looke
you, as you shall desire in a Summers day. Heere is his
Maieftie. *Enter King and Exeter.*

King. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor,
that looke your Grace, ha's strooke the Gloue which

9.] 'Sblud, 3. 'Sblud, 4.
any's 4.

14.] <i>Maiestie</i> in person/ <i>Alanson</i> : 3. 15.] <i>witnesses,</i> / <i>testimonies,</i> 3.	Which your <i>Maiestie</i> / tooke out of the helmet of <i>Alonfon</i> : / And your <i>Maiestie</i> will beare me witnes, / and testimony, And auouchments, / that this is the gloue. /	16
18.] <i>to</i> 3.	<i>Soul.</i> And it please your <i>Maiestie</i> , / that was my gloue. / He that I gaue it too in the night, Promised me to weare it in his hat :	20
21.] <i>in's</i> 3.	I promised to strike him if he did. I met that Gentleman, with my gloue in his hat, And I thinke I haue bene as good as my word.	20
24.] <i>man-hoode</i> , 3.	<i>Flew.</i> Your <i>Maiestie</i> heares, / vnder your <i>Maiesties</i> <i>Manhood</i> , / what a beggerly lowfie knaue it is. /	24
	<i>Kin.</i> Let me see thy gloue. / Looke you, This is the fellow of it. / It was I indeed you promised to strike. [27 F 2. v.] And thou thou hast giuen me most bitter words. How canst thou make vs amends ?	28
	<i>Flew.</i> Let his necke answere it, If there be any marshals lawe in the worell. <i>Soul.</i> My Liege, / all offences come from the heart : / Neuer came any from mine / to offend your <i>Maiestie</i> . /	32
34.] <i>me</i> but <i>as</i> 3.	You appeard to me as a common man : / Witnesse the night, your garments, / your lowlineffe, And whatsoeuer / you receiued vnder that habit, / I beseech your <i>Maiestie</i> impute it / to your owne fault And not mine. / For your selfe came not like your selfe : / Had you bene as you seemed, / I had made no offence. /	36
38.] <i>not to mine.</i> / 3. 39.] <i>Seemed</i> then to me, / 3. <i>offence</i> , my gra- cious Lord, / 3.	Therefore I beseech your grace to pardon me. <i>Kin.</i> Vnckle, fill the gloue with crownes, And giue it to the souldier. / Weare it fellow, /	40

[p. 90]
[COL. 2]

28

your Maiestie is take out of the Helmet of *Alanson*.

32

Will. My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the fellow of it: and he that I gaue it to in change, promis'd to weare it in his Cappe: I promis'd to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my Gloue in his Cappe, and I haue been as good as my word.

32.] *haue] haue haue 2.*

36

Flu. Your Maiestie heare now, fauing your Maiesties Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowfie Knaue it is: I hope your Maiestie is peare me teftimonie and witnesse, and will auouchment, that this is the Gloue of *Alanson*, that your Maiestie is giue me, in your Conscience now.

35.] *Man-hood*38. *Maiestie is] Majesties 4.*

40

King. Giue me thy Gloue Souldier; Looke, heere is the fellow of it: 'Twas I indeed thou promised't to strike, And thou hast giuen me most bitter termes.

44

Flu. And please your Maiestie, let his Neck anfwere for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the World.

King. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

48

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: neuer came any from mine, that might offend your Maiestie.

King. It was our selfe thou didst abuse.

52

Will. Your Maiestie came not like your selfe: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witnesse the Night, your Garments, your Lowlinesse: and what your Highnesse suffer'd vnder that shape, I beseech you take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you bene as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I beseech your Highnesse pardon me.

56

King. Here Vnckle *Exeter*, fill this Gloue with Crownes, And giue it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow,

59. *And] Add 2.*

<p>47.] <i>silling</i> 3.</p>	<p>As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it. Giue him the crownes. Come Captaine <i>Flewellen</i>, I must needs haue you friends. / <i>Flew.</i> By Iesus, the fellow hath mettall enough In his belly. / Harke you fouldier, there is a shilling for you, /</p>	<p>44</p>
<p>48.] <i>prabbles</i>, 3.</p>	<p>And keep your selfe out of brawles / & brables, & diffentiōs, / And looke you, it shall be the better for you. <i>Soul.</i> Ile none of your money fir, not I.</p>	<p>48</p>
<p>51.] <i>silling</i> 3. 52.] <i>squeamish</i> 2. 53. <i>you</i>] om. 2.</p>	<p><i>Flew.</i> Why tis a good shilling man. Why should you be queamish? / Your shoes are not so good : / It will ferue you to mend your shoes.</p>	<p>52</p>
<p>56.] <i>Bouchquall</i></p>	<p><i>Kin.</i> What men of fort are taken vnckle ? <i>Exe.</i> <i>Charles</i> Duke of <i>Orleance</i>, Nephew to the King. <i>Iohn</i> Duke of <i>Burbon</i>, and Lord <i>Bouchquall</i>. Of other Lords and Barrons, Knights and Squiers, Full fiteene hundred, besides common men. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French, that in the field lyes flaine. Of Nobles bearing banners in the field,</p>	<p>56</p>
	<p>[61 F 3]</p>	<p>60</p>

[p. 90]
[COL. 2]

And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe,
Till I doe challenge it. Giue him the Crownes:
And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.

64 *Flu.* By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's met-
tell enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelue-pence for
you, and I pray you to serue God, and keepe you out of
prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and diffentions, and I
warrant you it is the better for you.

68 *Will.* I will none of your Money.

Flu. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will serue
you to mend your shooes: come, wherefore should you
be so pashfull, your shooes is not so good: 'tis a good
72 filling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herauld.

King. Now Herauld, are the dead numbred?

Herauld. Heere is the number of the slaught' red
French.

76 *King.* What Prifoners of good fort are taken
Vnckle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,
John Duke of Burbon, and Lord *Bouchiquald*:

80 Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,
Full fiteene hundred, besides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lye slaine: of Princes in this number,
84 And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead
One hundred twentie six: added to these,
Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen,
Eight thousand and foure hundred: of the which,
88 Fiue hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights.

So that in these ten thousand they haue loft,
There are but fiteene hundred Mercenaries:
The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,

And

65. to serue] serus 3, 4.

<p>62.] <i>Constable</i> 3. 64.] <i>Crosse-Armes</i>, 3. <i>Alonson</i> 65.] <i>Rambieres</i>, 3. 66.] <i>Charillat</i>, 2.</p>	<p><i>Charles de le Brute</i>, hie Constable of France. <i>Jaques of Chastillon</i>, Admirall of France. The Maister of the crosbows, <i>John Duke Alphon</i>. Lord <i>Rambieres</i>, hie Maister of France. The braue sir <i>Guizara</i>, <i>Dolphin</i>. Of <i>Notelle Charillas</i>,</p>	<p>64</p>
<p>67.] <i>Prie</i> 3.</p>	<p>Gran <i>Prie</i>, and <i>Raffi</i>, <i>Fauconbridge</i> and <i>Fay</i>. <i>Gerard</i> and <i>Verton</i>. <i>Vandemant</i> and <i>Lejira</i>.</p>	<p>68</p>
<p>69.] King. prefixed. 69.] <i>Heeres</i> 3. <i>death</i>,</p>	<p>Here was a royall fellowship of death. Where is the number of our English dead?</p>	
<p>71.] Exc. prefixed.</p>	<p><i>Edward</i> the Duke of <i>Yorke</i>, the Earle of <i>Suffolke</i>,</p>	
<p>72.] line dropped out 2.</p>	<p>Sir <i>Richard Ketly</i>, <i>Dauy Gam Eiquier</i> :</p>	<p>72</p>
<p>73.] <i>all the other</i>. 3.</p>	<p>And of all other,</p>	
<p>74.] King. prefixe l.</p>	<p>but fīue and twentie. O God thy arme was here,</p>	
<p>77.] <i>euen in</i> 3.</p>	<p>And vnto thee alone, ascribe we praise.</p>	
<p>78.] <i>another</i> ? 3.</p>	<p>When without stratagem,</p>	<p>76</p>
<p>79.] <i>it O God</i> 3.</p>	<p>And in euen shock of battle, was euer heard</p>	
<p>82.] <i>proclaim'd</i> 3.</p>	<p>So great, and litle losse,</p>	
<p></p>	<p>on one part and an other.</p>	
<p></p>	<p>Take it God, for it is onely thine.</p>	
<p></p>	<p><i>Ere</i>. Tis wonderfull.</p>	<p>80</p>
<p></p>	<p><i>King</i>. Come let vs go on proceffion through the camp :</p>	
<p></p>	<p>Let it be death proclaimed to any man,</p>	
<p></p>	<p>To boast hereof, or take the praise from God,</p>	<p>84</p>
<p></p>	<p>Which is his due.</p>	
<p></p>	<p><i>Flew</i>. Is it lawful, and it please your Maiestie,</p>	
<p></p>	<p>To tell how many is kild ?</p>	
<p></p>	<p><i>King</i>. Yes <i>Flewellen</i>, / but with this acknowledgement, /</p>	<p>88</p>
<p></p>	<p>That God fought for vs.</p>	

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[COL. I]

<p>96 And Gentlemen of bloud and qualitie. The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead : <i>Charles Delabreth</i>, High Constable of France, <i>Iaques</i> of Chatilion, Admirall of France, The Master of the Crosse-bowes, Lord <i>Rambures</i>, Great Master of France, the braue Sir <i>Guichard Dolphin</i>, <i>Iohn</i> Duke of Alanfon, <i>Anthonie</i> Duke of Brabant,</p> <p>100 The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie, And <i>Edward</i> Duke of Barr : of lustie Earles, <i>Grandpree</i> and <i>Rouffie</i>, <i>Faulconbridge</i> and <i>Foyes</i>, <i>Beaumont</i> and <i>Marle</i>, <i>Vandemont</i> and <i>Lestrале</i>. Here was a Royall fellowship of death.</p> <p>104 Where is the number of our English dead ? <i>Edward</i> the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke, Sir <i>Richard Ketly</i>, <i>Dauy Gam</i> Esquire ; None else of name : and of all other men,</p> <p>108 But fие and twentie. O God, thy Arme was heere : And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone, Ascribe we all : when, without stratagem, But in plaine shock, and euen play of Battaile,</p> <p>112 Was euer knowne so great and little losse ? On one part and on th'other, take it God, For it is none but thine.</p> <p>116 <i>Exet.</i> 'Tis wonderfull. <i>King.</i> Come, goe me in procession to the Village : And be it death proclaymed through our Hoast, To boast of this, or take that prayse from God, Which is his onely.</p> <p>120 <i>Flu.</i> Is it not lawfull and please your Maiestie, to tell how many is kill'd ? <i>King.</i> Yes Captaine : but with this acknowledgement, That God fought for vs.</p>	<p>98.] <i>Anthonie</i></p> <p>101.] <i>Faulconbridge 4.</i></p> <p>102.] <i>Vaudemont</i></p> <p>109.] King. prefixed</p> <p>115.] <i>none's 4.</i></p> <p>117. <i>me] we</i></p>
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[p. 91]
[COL. 1]*Flu.* Yes, my conscience, he did vs great good.*King.* Doe we all holy Rights :Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*,

128 The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay :

And then to Callice, and to England then,

Where ne're from France arriu'd more happy men.

Exeunt.

[V.]

*Actus Quintus.**Enter Chorus.*

Vouchsafe to those that haue not read the Story,

That I may prompt them : and of such as haue,

I humbly pray them to admit th'excuse

4 Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,

Which cannot in their huge and proper life,

Be here presented. Now we beare the King

Toward Callice : Graunt him there ; there seene,

8 Heaue him away vpon your winged thoughts,

Athwart the Sea : Behold the English beach

Pales in the flood ; with Men, Wiues, and Boyes,

Whose shouts & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,

12 Which like a mightie Whiffler 'fore the King,

Seemes to prepare his way : So let him land,

And solemnly see him set on to London.

So swift a pace hath Thought, that euen now

16 You may imagine him vpon Black-Heath :

Where, that his Lords desire him, to haue borne

His bruised Helmet, and his bended Sword

Before him, through the Citie : he forbids it,

7.] ; And *there* being *scene*,10.] with *Wives*,11.] *deepmouth'd* 2.

2. *day*] om. 3.

Enter Gower, and Flewellen.

Gower. But why do you weare your Leeke to day? [1— F 3 v.]
Saint *Dauies* day is past?

Flew. There is occasion Captaine *Gower*,
Looke you why, and wherefore,

[V. 1]

4

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[COL. 2]

Being free from vain-nesse, and selfe-glorious pride ;
 Giuing full Trophee, Signall, and Ostent,
 Quite from himselfe, to God. But now behold,
 In the quick Forge and working-houſe of Thought,
 24 How London doth powre out her Citizens,
 The Maior and all his Brethren in beſt fort,
 Like to the Senatours of th'antique Rome,
 With the Plebeians ſwarming at their heeles,
 28 Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring *Cæſar* in :
 As by a lower, but by louing likelyhood,
 Were now the Generall of our gracious Empreſſe,
 As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,
 32 Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword ;
 How many would the peacefull Citie quit,
 To welcome him ? much more, and much more cauſe,
 Did they this *Harry*. Now in London place him.
 36 As yet the lamentation of the French
 Inuites the King of Englands ſtay at home :
 The Emperour's comming in behalfe of France,
 To order peace betweene them : and omit
 40 All the occurrences, what euer chanc't,
 Till *Harryes* backe returne againe to France:
 There muſt we bring him ; and my ſelfe haue play'd
 The *interim*, by remembering you 'tis paſt.
 44 Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes aduance,
 After your thoughts, ſtraight backe againe to France.
Erit.

20.] *vainneſſe*40.] *chanc'd, 4.*43.] *Interim,*

[V. 1]

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Nay, that's right : but why weare you your
 Leeke to day ? *S. Dauies* day is paſt.

Flu. There is occaſions and cauſes why and wherefore

2.] *Saint*

The other day looke you, *Pistolles*
 Which you know is a man of no merites
 In the wordell, is come where I was the other day,
 And brings bread and fault, and bids me
 Eate my Leeke: twas in a place, looke you,
 Where I could moue no difcentions:
 But if I can see him, I shall tell him,
 A hile of my desires.

5

12

Go. Here a comes, fwelling like a Turkecocke.

Enter Pistoll.

Leeke. Tis no matter for his fwelling, and his turkecocks,
 God plese you Antient *Pistoll*, you scall,
 Be soerly, lowte knane, God plese you.

16

Pis. Ha, art thou bedlem?
 Wast thou thurtl bafe Troyan,
 To come me folde vp *Parcas* fatall web?
 Hence, I am qualmth at the finell of Leeke.

20

Leeke. Antient *Pistoll*, / I would defire you because
 To doth not agree with your stomacke, and your appetite, /
 And your digstions, to eate this Leeke.

Pis. Not for *Cadwalleder* and all his goates.

24

Leeke. There is one goate for you Antient *Pistol*.

He strikes him.

Pis. Hooe Troyan, thou shall dye.

Leeke. I know I shall dye, / meane time, I would
 Deuise you to lue and eate this Leeke. /

28

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[COL. 2]

8 in all things: I will tell you affe my friend, Captaine
Gower; the rascally, scauld, beggerly, lowfie, pragging
Knaue Pistoll, which you and your selfe, and all the World,
 know to be no petter then a fellow, looke you now, of no
 merits: hee is come to me, and prings me pread and
 fault yesterdady, looke you, and bid me eate my Leeke:
 12 it was in a place where I could not breed no contention
 with him; but I will be so bold as to weare it in my Cap
 till I see him once againe, and then I will tell him a little
 piece of my desires.

Enter Pistoll.

Gower. Why heere hee comes, fwelling like a Turkey-
 cock.

16 *Flu.* 'Tis no matter for his fwellings, nor his Turkey-
 cocks. God plesse you aunchient *Pistoll*:you scuruie low-
 fie Knaue, God plesse you.

20 *Pist.* Ha, art thou bedlam? doest thou thirst, bafe
 Troian, to haue me fold vp *Parcas* fatall Web? Hence;
 I am qualmish at the fmell of Leeke.

24 *Flu.* I pefeech you heartily, scuruie lowfie Knaue, at
 my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eate,
 looke you, this Leeke; because, looke you, you doe not
 loue it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your
 disgestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you
 to eate it.

28 *Pist.* Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you. *Strikes him.*

Will you be so good, scauld Knaue, as eate it?

Pist. Bafe Troian, thou shalt dye.

32 *Flu.* You say very true, scauld Knaue, when Gods
 will is: I will desire you to liue in the meane time, and
 eate your Viçtuals: come, there is sawce for it. You
 call'd me yesterdady Mountaine-Squier, but I will make
 you

16.] swelling, 4.

17. plesse you] plesse 3. 4.

18.] blesse 3. 4.

26.] does 4.

35.] yesterdady 2.

29.] *him*, it is enough. 13.

31.] *nights* too, *but* 3.

After 35.] He makes Ancient Pistol bite of the Lecke [in one line] 3.

38.] Looke you now, *there is a shilling for you* 1 3.
39.] *shilling* † 2.

43.] / I will 3.

45.] *And* buy *cudgels*.
And so *God* be with *you*,
3.
46.] *plesse* 3.

Gower. Inough Captaine, / you haue astonisht him. /
Flew. Astonisht him, / by Iesu, Ile beate his head
Foure dayes, / and foure nights, but Ile
Make him / eate some part of my Lecke. /

Pist. Well must I byte? [33—F 4]
Flew. I out of question or doubt, or ambiguities
You must byte.

Pist. Good good.
Flew. I Leekes are good, Antient *Pistoll*. /
There is a shilling for you / to heale your bloody coxkome.

Pist. Me a shilling.
Flew. If you will not take it,
I haue an other Lecke for you.

Pist. I take thy shilling in earnest of reconing.
Flew. If I owe you any thing, / ile pay you in cudgels, /
You shalbe a woodmonger,
And by cudgels, God bwy you,
Antient *Pistoll*, God bleise you,
And heale your broken pate.
Antient *Pistoll*, if you see Leekes an other time,
Mocke at them, that is all : God bwy you.

Exit Flewellen.

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

32

36

40

44

48

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[COL. I]

you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you fall too, if you can mocke a Leeke, you can eate a Leeke.

36. too] to

Gour. Enough Captaine, you haue astonisht him.

40 *Flu.* I say, I will make him eate some part of my leeke, or I will peate his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is good for your greene wound, and your ploodie Coxecombe.

Pist. Must I bite.

43.] bite ?

44 *Flu.* Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this Leeke, I will most horribly reuenge I eate and eate I sweare.

46.] reuenge :

47.] eat and, eat, 4.

48 *Flu.* Eate I pray you, will you haue some more sauce to your Leeke: there is not enough Leeke to sweare by.

Pist. Quiet thy Cudgell, thou dost see I eate.

52 *Flu.* Much good do you scald knaue, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your broken Coxcombe; when you take occasions to see Leekes heereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.

Pist. Good.

56 *Flu.* I, Leekes is good: hold you, there is a groat to heale your pate.

Pist. Me a groat?

60 *Flu.* Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I haue another Leeke in my pocket, which you shall eate.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of reuenge.

64 *Flu.* If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels: God bu'y you, and keepe you, & heale your pate.

64.] Gud 3. 4.

Exit

Pist. All hell shall stirre for this.

68 *Gow.* Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knaue, will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began vppon an

67.] Kave, 2.

111

112

113

114

Dost Fortune play the hufwye with me now?
 Is honour endgeld from my warlike lines?
 Well Pallas farewell, newes haue I certainly
 That Doll is toke. One mallydie of France,
 The warres affordeth nought, home will I trug.
 Bowd will I runne, and vse the flyte of hand:
 In Ireland will I steale, And there Ile steale.
 And paches will I get vnto these skarres,
 And so will I get them in the Gallia warres.

Exit Pistoll.

Enter King Henry the fifth, the King of England and his Lords. And at
 the same time, the King of France, Queene Katherine, the
 Duke of Bourbon, and others.

115

116

King Henry the fifth. Welcome to this meeting, wherefore we are met. /
 And so farewell to France, Fare time of day. [I—F 4 v]

117

Enter Katherine. Welcome to our lovely cousin Katherine.
 And so farewell, and meane it of this flock:

We desire you Duke of Burgundie.

Duke of Burgundie. Right loyous are we to behold
 Your face.
 To me we haue English every one.

52

56

60

[V. 2]

4

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[COL. 1]

honourable respect, and worne as a memorable Trophee
of predeceased valor, and dare not auouch in your deeds
any of your words. I haue seene you gleeking & galling
72 at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because
he could not speake English in the natiue garb, he could
not therefore handle an English Cudgell: you finde it o-
therwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach
76 you a good English condition, fare ye well. *Exit*

Pist. Doeth fortune play the hufwife with me now?
Newes haue I that my *Doll* is dead i'th Spittle of a mala-
dy of France, and there my rendezous is quite cut off:
80 Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is
Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ile turne, and something leane to
Cut-purse of quicke hand: To England will I steale, and
there Ile steale:

84 And patches will I get vnto these cudgeld scarres,
And swore I got them in the Gallia warres. *Exit.*

84.] *cudgel'd* 3. 4.85.] *swear* 3. 4.

[V. 2]

*Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwicke,
and other Lords. At another, Queene Isabel,
the King, the Duke of Bourgogne, and
other French.*

Bourgoigne 2. *Burgoign* 3.

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met;
Vnto our brother France, and to our Sifter
Health and faire time of day: Ioy and good wishes
4 To our most faire and Princely Cosine *Katherine*:
And as a branch and member of this Royalty,
By whom this great assemlly is contriu'd,
We do salute you Duke of *Burgogne*,
8 And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.

1.] *are we* 3. 4.7.] *Burgoigne*, 2. 4. *Bar-*
goigne, 3.

Fra. Right ioyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England, fairely met,
So are you Princes (English) euery one.

10. *fairely*] *faire* 2. *fair*
3. 4.
11.] (*English . . one*) 4.

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[COL. 2]

Quee. So happy be the Issue brother Ireland
 Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
 As we are now glad to behold your eyes,
 Your eyes which hitherto haue borne
 16 In them against the French that met them in their bent,
 The fatall Balls of murthering Bafiliskes :
 The venome of such Lookes we fairely hope
 Haue lost their qualitie, and that this day
 20 Shall change all griefes and quarrels into loue.
Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare.
Quee. You English Princes all, I doe salute you.
Burg. My dutie to you both, on equall loue.
 24 Great Kings of France and England : that I haue labour'd
 With all my wits, my paines, and strong endeours,
 To bring your most Imperiall Maiesties
 Vnto this Barre, and Royall interview ;
 28 Your Mightinesse on both parts best can witnesse.
 Since then my Office hath so farre preuayl'd,
 That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye,
 You haue congregated : let it not disgrace me,
 32 If I demand before this Royall view,
 What Rub, or what Impediment there is,
 Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,
 Deare Nourse of Arts, Plenties, and ioyfull Births,
 36 Should not in this best Garden of the World,
 Our fertile France, put vp her louely Visage ?
 Alas, shee hath from France too long been chas'd,
 And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes,
 40 Corrupting in it owne fertilitie.
 Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
 Vnpruned, dyes : her Hedges euen pleach'd,
 Like Prisoners wildly ouer-growne with hayre,
 44 Put forth disorder'd Twigs : her fallow Leas,

12. *Ireland*] *England*15, 16.] *Your . . . in them /*
Against
bent, [so arranged
*2, 3, 4.]*27.] *Bar.* 3. 4.40.] *it's* 3, 4.42.] *even, pleach'd* 3, 4.

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[COL. 2]

The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Femetary,
 Doth root vpon; while that the Culter rufts,
 That should deracinate such Sauagery :
 48 The euen Meade, that erst brought sweetly forth
 The freckled Cowflip, Burnet, and greene Clouer,
 Wanting the Sythe, withall vncorrected, ranke ;
 Conceiues by idlenesse, and nothing teemes,
 52 But hatefull Docks, rough Thistles, Kekfyes, Burres,
 Loofing both beautie and vilitie ;
 And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges,
 Defectiue in their natures, grow to wildnesse.
 56 Euen fo our Houses, and our felues, and Children,
 Haue lost, or doe not learne, for want of time,
 The Sciences that should become our Countrey ;
 But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will,
 60 That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,
 To Swearing, and sterne Lookes, defus'd Attire,
 And every thing that seemes vnnaturall.
 Which to reduce into our former fauour,
 64 You are assembled : and my speech entreats,
 That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace
 Should not expell these inconueniences,
 And bleffe vs with her former qualities.
 68 *Eng.* If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace,
 Whose want giues growth to th'imperfections
 Which you haue cited; you must buy that Peace
 With full accord to all our iust demands,
 72 Whose Tenures and particular effects
 You haue enschedul'd briefly in your hands.
Burg. The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet
 There is no Answer made.
 76 *Eng.* Well then : the Peace which you before so vrg'd,
 Lyes in his Answer :

45.] *Fumitory*, 4.52.] *Kecksies*, 3. 4.53.] *Losing*59. *grow*] *gou* 2.61.] *diffus'd* 3. 4.68.] *Burgony**France. I*

15.] *cursorary* 3.16.] *Ore viewd them*: 2.
Ore-view'd them; 3.

Fran. We haue but with a curfenary eye,
Oreviewd them pleafeth your Grace,
To let fome of your Counfell fit with vs,

16

We fhall returne our peremptory anfwere.

Har. Go Lords, and fit with them,
And bring vs anfwere backe.

20

Yet leaue our coufen *Katherine* here behind.

22. *With-all* 2.

Exit French King 3.
Hrry] Harry 2. King
Henry 3.

France. Withall our hearts.

Exit King and the Lords. Manet, Hrry, Katherine, and the Gentlewoman.

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[COL. I]

80	<p><i>France.</i> I haue but with a curfelarie eye O're-glanc't the Articles : Pleaseth your Grace To appoint some of your Councell presently To fit with vs once more, with better heed To re-furuey them; we will suddenly Passe our accept and peremptorie Answer.</p>	78.] <i>curselary</i> 79.] <i>O're glanc't</i>
84	<p><i>England.</i> Brother we shall. Goe Vnckle <i>Exeter</i>, And Brother <i>Clarence</i>, and you Brother <i>Gloucester</i>, <i>Warwick</i>, and <i>Huntington</i>, goe with the King, And take with you free power, to ratifie, Augment, or alter, as your Wisdomes best Shall see aduantageable for our Dignitie, Any thing in or out of our Demands, And wee'le configure thereto. Will you, faire Sister, Goe with the Princes, or stay here with vs?</p>	85. <i>you</i>] om.
92	<p><i>Quee.</i> Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them : Happily a Womans Voyce may doe some good, When Articles too nicely vrg'd, be stood on.</p>	94.] <i>Happely</i> 2. 3. <i>Haply</i> 4.
96	<p><i>England.</i> Yet leaue our Coufin <i>Katherine</i> here with vs. She is our capitall Demand, compris'd Within the fore-ranke of our Articles. <i>Quee.</i> She hath good leaue. <i>Exeunt omnes.</i></p>	
100	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Manet King and Katherine.</i></p> <p><i>King.</i> Faire <i>Katherine</i>, and most faire, Will you vouchsafe to teach a Souldier tearmes, Such as will enter at a Ladyes eare, And pleade his Loue-fuit to her gentle heart.</p>	100. <i>and</i>] om. 3, 4.
104	<p><i>Kath.</i> Your Maiestie shall mock at me, I cannot speake your England.</p>	
108	<p><i>King.</i> O faire <i>Katherine</i>, if you will loue me foundly with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you con- fesse it brokenly with your English Tongue. Doe you</p>	106.] <i>you</i> 2.

23. Hate.] Kate. 2. Har.
3.

Hate. Now *Kate*, / you haue a blunt wooer here
Left with you. /

24

25.] *Leape-frog*, 3.

If I could win thee at leapfrog,
Or with vawting with my armour on my backe,
Into my faddle,
Without brag be it spoken,
Ide make compare with any.

28

[P. 93.]
[COL. I]like me, *Kate*?*Kath.* *Pardonne moy*, I cannot tell wat is like me.112 *King.* An Angell is like you *Kate*, and you are like an Angell.*Kath.* *Que dit il que Je suis semblable a les Anges?**Lady.* *Ouy verayment (sauf vostre Grace) ainsi dit il.* 114.] *verament*116 *King.* I said so, deare *Katherine*, and I must not blush to affirme it.*Kath.* *O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes sont plein de tromperies.*120 *King.* What sayes she, faire one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits? 119. *the*] om. 4*Lady.* *Ouy*, dat de tongeus of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de *Princede*. 121.] *tongues*124 *King.* The *Princede* is the better English-woman: yfaith *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy vnderstanding, I am glad thou canst speake no better English, for if thou could'ft, thou would'ft finde me such a plaine King, that thou wouldst thinke, I had sold my Farme to buy my 128 Crowne. I know no wayes to mince it in loue, but directly to say, I loue you; then if you vrge me farther, then to say, Doe you in faith? I weare out my suite: Giue me your answer, yfaith doe, and so clap hands, and a bargain: how say you, *Lady*? 131. *so*] om. 3, 4.132 *Kath.* *Sauf vostre honneur*, me vnderstand well. 133.] *honour*,136 *King.* Marry, if you would put me to Verses, or to Dance for your sake, *Kate*, why you vndid me: for the one I haue neither words nor measure; and for the other, I haue no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could winne a *Lady* at Leape-frogge, or by vawting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe; 140 vnder the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leape into a *Wife*: Or if I might buffet for my 139.] *vauling* 3, 4.

34.] *sunburning.* 2.39.] *beard? Kate.* 3.41.] *France?* 2.42.] *It is* 3.But leauing that *Kate*.

If thou takest me now,

Thou shalt haue me at the worst : [32--G]

And in wearing, thou shalt haue me better and better,

Thou shalt haue a face that is not worth sun-burning.

But dooft thou thinke, that thou and I,

/ Betweene Saint *Denis*,And Saint *George*, / shall get a boy,That shall goe to *Constantinople*, /And take the great Turke by the beard, / ha *Kate?* /[See quarto
lines 82,
83, 84,
85, 86,
87, 88.][See quarto
lines 89,
90, 91, 92.]*Kate.* Is it possible dat me fallLoue de enemie de *France*.*Harry.* No *Kate*, / tis vnpossibleYou should loue the enemie of *France* : /For *Kate*, I loue *France* so well,

32

36

40

44

[P. 93]
[COL. 2]

144 Loue, or bound my Horfe for her fauours, I could lay on
like a Butcher, and fit like a Iack an Apes, neuer off. But
before God *Kate*, I cannot looke greenely, nor gaspe out
my eloquence, nor I haue no cunning in protestation;
148 onely downe-right Oathes, which I neuer vse till vrg'd,
nor neuer breake for vrging. If thou canst loue a fellow
of this temper, *Kate*, whose face is not worth Sunne-bur-
ning? that neuer lookes in his Glasse, for loue of any
thing he sees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I speake
152 to thee plaine Souldier: If thou canst loue me for this,
take me? if not? to say to thee that I shall dye, is true; but
for thy loue, by the L. No: yet I loue thee too. And
while thou liu'ft, deare *Kate*, take a fellow of plaine and
156 vncoyned Constancie, for he perforce must do thee right,
because he hath not the gift to wooe in other places: for
these fellowes of infinit tongue, that can ryme themselues
into Ladyes fauours, they doe alwayes reason themselues
out againe. What? a speaker is but a prater, a Ryme is
160 but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a strait Backe will
stoope, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curl'd Pate will
grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax
hollow: but a good Heart, *Kate*, is the Sunne and the
164 Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it
shines bright, and neuer changes, but keepes his course
truly. If thou would haue such a one, take me? and
take me; take a Souldier: take a Souldier; take a King.
168 And what say'ft thou then to my Loue? speake my faire,
and fairely, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I fould loue de ennemie of
Fraunce?

172 *King.* No, it is not possible you should loue the Ene-
mie of France, *Kate*; but in louing me, you should loue
the Friend of France: for I loue France so well, that I

146.] *us'd* 3. 4.150. *thy*] *the* 4.157.] *himselſe* 4.172. *you*] that *you* 3. 4.

	That Ile not leaue a Village, Ile haue it all mine: then <i>Kate</i> ,	48
	When <i>France</i> is mine, And I am yours,	
	Then <i>France</i> is yours, And you are mine.	
	<i>Kate</i> . I cannot tell what is dat.	
52.] <i>Kate</i> 2.	<i>Harry</i> . No <i>Kate</i> , Why Ile tell it you in French,	52
53.] <i>it om.</i> 3.	Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride	
	On her new married Husband.	
56.] <i>Denis</i> 2.	Let me see, Saint <i>Dennis</i> be my speed.	56
	Quan <i>France</i> et mon. <i>Kate</i> . Dat is, when <i>France</i> is yours.	
	<i>Harry</i> . Et vous ettes amoy. <i>Kate</i> . And I am to you.	60
	<i>Harry</i> . Douck <i>France</i> ettes a vous :	
	<i>Kate</i> . Den <i>France</i> fall be mine.	
	<i>Harry</i> . Et Ie suyues a vous.	
	<i>Kate</i> . And you will be to me.	64
	<i>Har</i> . Wilt beleeue me <i>Kate</i> ? tis easier for me	
	To conquer the kingdome, / thē to speak so much	
	More French. / [67—G v]	
68.] <i>enough</i> 3.	<i>Kate</i> . A your Maiefty / has false <i>France</i> inough	68
	To deceiue / de best Lady in <i>France</i> . /	
70.] <i>But Kate</i> prethee tell	<i>Harry</i> . No faith <i>Kate</i> not I. / But <i>Kate</i> ,	
me in 8v. 3.	In plaine termes, / do you loue me ?	
71.] <i>I Dost thou</i> 3.	<i>Kate</i> . I cannot tell.	72
	<i>Harry</i> . No, can any of your neighbours tell?	
	Ile aske them. Come <i>Kate</i> , I know you loue me.	
	And soone when you are in your cloffet,	76
	Youle question this Lady of me.	
	But I pray thee sweete <i>Kate</i> , vse me mercifully,	
	Because I loue thee cruelly.	

[See quarto
ll. 35-6.]

[p. 93]
[col. 2]

176

will not part with a Village of it; I will haue it all mine: and *Kate*, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat.

180

King. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang vpon my tongue, like a new-married Wife about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be shooke off; *Je quand sur le possession de Fraunce, & quand vous aues le possession de moy.* (Let mee see, what then? Saint *Dennis* bee

184

my speede) *Donc vostre est Fraunce, & vous estes mienne.* It is as easie for me, *Kate*, to conquer the Kingdome, as to speake so much more French: I shall neuer moue thee in French, vnlesse it be to laugh at me.

188

Kath. *Sauf vostre honeur, le Francois ques vous parleis, il & melieus que l' Anglois le quel le parle.*

189.] *melius* 3, 4.

192

King. No faith is't not, *Kate*: but thy speaking of my Tongue, and I thine, most trucly falsely, must needes be graunted to be much at one. But *Kate*, doo'st thou vnderstand thus much English? Canst thou loue mee?

Kath. I cannot tell.

196

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate*? He aske them. Come, I know thou louest me: and at night, when you come into your Clofet, you'le question this Gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to her disprays those parts in me, that you loue with your heart: but good *Kate*, mocke me mercifully, the rather gentle Princeesse, because I loue thee cruelly. If euer thou beest mine, *Kate*, as I haue a fauing Faith within me tells me thou shalt; I get thee with skambling, and thou must therefore needes proue a good Souldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint *Dennis* and Saint *George*, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe English,

203. a] om. 3, 4.

204

k

that

[p. 94]
[COL. I]

that shall goe to Constantinople, and take the Turke by the Beard. Shall wee not? what say'st thou, my faire Flower-de-Luce.

Kate. I doe not know dat.

212 *King.* No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise :
doe but now promise *Kate*, you will endeauour for your
French part of such a Boy; and for my English moytie,
216 take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How answer
you, *La plus belle Katherine du monde mon trescher & deuin*
deesse.

Kath. Yqur Maiestee aue fause Frenche enough to
deceiue de most sage Damoiseil dat is en Fraunce.

220 *King.* Now fye vpon my false French: by mine Honor
in true English, I loue thee *Kate*; by which Honor, I dare
not sweare thou louest me, yet my blood begins to flat-
ter me, that thou doo'st; notwithstanding the poore and
224 vntempering effect of my Visage. Now beshrew my
Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Ciuill Warres
when hee got me, therefore was I created with a stub-
borne out-side, with an aspect of Iron, that when I come
228 to wooe Ladyes, I fright them: but in faith *Kate*, the el-
der I wax, the better I shall appeare. My comfort is, that
Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more
spoyle vpon my Face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at
232 the worst; and thou shalt weare me, if thou weare me,
better and better: and therefore tell me, most faire *Ka-*
therine, will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Blushes,
auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of
236 an Empreffe, take me by the Hand, and say, *Harry* of
England, I am thine: which Word thou shalt no sooner
blesse mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alowd, Eng-
land is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and *Henry*
240 *Plantaginet* is thine; who, though I speake it before his

215.] *Batchelor* 3, 4.219.] *Damoisel* 3, 4.223.] *doo'st; yet notto-* 3, 4.234- *your*] *those* 3, 4.

[P. 94]
[COL. I]

	<p>Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt finde the best King of Good-fellowes. Come your Answer in broken Musick; for thy Voyce is Musick, and thy English broken: Therefore Queene of all, <i>Katherine</i>, breake thy minde to me in broken English; wilt thou haue me?</p>	
244	<p><i>Kath.</i> Dat is as it shall please <i>de Roy mon pere</i>.</p>	
248	<p><i>King.</i> Nay, it will please him well, <i>Kate</i>; it shall please him, <i>Kate</i>.</p>	
	<p><i>Kath.</i> Den it fall also content me.</p>	250.] shall 3, 4.
	<p><i>King.</i> Vpon that I kisse your Hand, and I call you my Queene.</p>	
252	<p><i>Kath.</i> <i>Laisse mon Seigneur, laisse, laisse, may foy: Je ne veus point que vous abbaisse vostre grandeus, en baisant le main d'une nostre Seigneur indigne seruiteur excuse moy. Je vous supplie mon tres-puissant Seigneur.</i></p>	254.] grandeur, 256.] supply
256	<p><i>King.</i> Then I will kisse your Lippes, <i>Kate</i>.</p>	
	<p><i>Kath.</i> <i>Les Dames & Damoisels pour estre baisee deuant leur nopcese il net pas le costume de Fraunce.</i></p>	258.] baise
260	<p><i>King.</i> Madame, my Interpreter, what sayes shee?</p>	
	<p><i>Lady.</i> Dat it is not be de fashon pour le Ladies of Fraunce; I cannot tell wat is buisse en Anglish.</p>	261. if] om. 3, 4. not to be 4.
	<p><i>King.</i> To kisse.</p>	262.] fashion what 4. English 3, 4.
264	<p><i>Lady.</i> Your Maiestee <i>entendre bettere que moy</i>.</p>	
	<p><i>King.</i> It is not a fashion for the Maids in Fraunce to kisse before they are married, would she say?</p>	265.] Is it 3, 4.
	<p><i>Lady.</i> <i>Ouy verayment.</i></p>	
268	<p><i>King.</i> O <i>Kate</i>, nice Customes cursie to great Kings. Deare <i>Kate</i>, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the weake Lyft of a Countreyes fashion: wee are the makers of Manners, <i>Kate</i>; and the libertie that followes our Places, stoppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I</p>	
272	<p>will doe yours, for vpholding the nice fashion of your</p>	

Therefore *Kate* patience perforce and yeeld.
Before God *Kate*, you haue witchcraft
In your kisses :
And may perfwade with me more,
Then all the French Councill.
Your father is returned.

112

Kings, 3.

*Enter the King of France, and
the Lordes.*

[p. 94]
[col. 2]

276 Country, in denying me a Kisse: therefore patiently,
and yeelding. You haue Witch-craft in your Lippes,
Kate: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of
them, then in the Tongues of the French Councill; and
they should sooner perfwade *Harry* of England, then a
280 generall Petition of Monarchs. Heere comes your
Father.

*Enter the French Power, and the English
Lords.*

Burg. God faue your Maiestie, my Royall Coufin,
teach you our Princesse English?

284 *King.* I would haue her learne, my faire Coufin, how
perfectly I loue her, and that is good English.

Burg. Is shee not apt?

288 *King.* Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condi-
tion is not smooth: so that hauing neyther the Voyce nor
the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot so coniure vp
the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare in his true
likeneffe.

292 *Burg.* Pardon the franknesse of my mirth, if I answer
you for that. If you would coniure in her, you must
make a Circle: if coniure vp Loue in her in his true
likeneffe, hee must appeare naked, and blinde. Can you
blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros'd ouer with the
296 Virgin Crimfon of Modestie, if shee deny the apparance
of a naked blinde Boy in her naked seeing selfe? It were
(my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to configure
to.

300 *King.* Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Loue is blind
and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they see

285. *not*] om. 3, 4.296.] *apparance* 3, 4.

117.] *ordered* 3.

How now my Lords?
France. Brother of England,
We haue ored the Articles,
And haue agreed to all that we in fedule had.

116

[p. 94]
[col. 2]

304

not what they doe.

King. Then good my Lord, teach your Coufin to consent winking.

305.] *consent to winking.*

308

Burg. I will winke on her to consent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholomew-tyde, blinde, though they haue their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

312

King. This Morall tyes me ouer to Time, and a hot-Summer; and so I shall catch the Flye, your Coufin, in the latter end, and thee must be blinde to.

312.] *ties 3. 4.*

316

Burg. As Loue is my Lord, before it loues.

King. It is so: and you may, some of you, thanke Loue for my blindnesse, who cannot see many a faire French Citie for one faire French Maid that stands in my way.

320

French King. Yes my Lord, you see them perspectiuely: the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath entred.

324

England. Shall *Kate* be my Wife?

324. England.] *King.*

France. So please you.

328

England. I am content, so the Maiden Cities you talke of, may wait on her: so the Maid that stood in the way for my Wish, shall shew me the way to my Will.

332

France. Wee haue consented to all termes of reason.

England. Is't so, my Lords of England?

West. The King hath graunted euery Article: His Daughter first; and in sequele, all, According to their firme propos'd natures.

334.] *and then in**Exet. Onely*

119. <i>'his]</i> to <i>this</i> 2.	<p><i>Exe.</i> Only he hath not subscribed this, Where your maiestie demaunds, That the king of <i>France</i> hauing any occasion To write for matter of graunt, Shall name your highnesse, in this forme : And with this addition in French.</p>	120 124
125.] <i>d' Angleterre</i> 3.	<p><i>Nostre tresher filz, Henry Roy D'anglaterre,</i> <i>E heare de France.</i> And thus in Latin :</p>	
127-8.] <i>Anglia . . Francia</i> 3.	<p><i>Preclarissimus filius noster Henricus Rex Anglie,</i> <i>Et heres Francie.</i></p>	128
	<p><i>Fran.</i> Nor this haue we so nicely stood vpon, But you faire brother may intreat the same.</p>	
	<p><i>Har.</i> Why then let this among the rest, Haue his full course : And withall,</p>	
132.] <i>recourse</i> 2.	Your daughter <i>Katherine</i> in mariage.	132
	<p><i>Fran.</i> This and what else, Your maiestie shall craue.</p>	
	God that dispoſeth all, giue you much ioy.	136
	[133—G 3 v]	
	<p><i>Har.</i> Why then faire <i>Katherine</i>, Come giue me thy hand :</p>	
139.] <i>matriage</i> 3.	<p>Our mariage will we present solemnise, And end our hatred by a bond of loue.</p>	140

[p. 95]
[COL. 1]

Exet. Onely he hath not yet subscribed this :
Where your Maieftie demands, That the King of France
hauing any occafion to write for matter of Graunt, fhall
name your Highneffe in this forme, and with this additi-
340 on, in French : *Noftre trescher filz Henry Roy d' Angleterre*
Heretere de Fraunce : and thus in Latine ; *Præclariffimus*
Filius nofter Henricus Rex Angliæ & Heres Franciæ.

France. Nor this I haue not Brother fo deny'd,
344 But your request fhall make me let it paffe.

England. I pray you then, in loue and deare allyance,
Let that one Article ranke with the reft,
And thereupon giue me your Daughter.

France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayfe vp
348 Iffue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
Of France and England, whofe very shoares looke pale,
With enuy of each others happineffe,
352 May ceafe their hatred ; and this deare Coniunction
Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet Bosomes : that neuer Warre aduance
His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and faire France.

356 *Lords.* Amen.

King. Now welcome *Kate* : and beare me witneffe all,
That here I kiffe her as my Soueraigne Queene.

Flourish.

Quee. God, the beft maker of all Mariages,
360 Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one :
As Man and Wife being two, are one in loue,
So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes fuch a Spoufall,
That neuer may ill Office, or fell Iealoufie,
Which troubles oft the Bed of bleffed Marriage,
365 Thrufft in betweene the Patien of thefe Kingdomes,
To make diuorce of their incorporate League :
That Englifh may as French, French Englifhmen,

[COL. 2]
365

338. any] om. 3, 4.

340.] *Roy'd* 2, 3. *Roy,d'* 4.353.] *Neighbourhood*365.] *Passion* 3, 4.367.] *English men* 3, 4.

142.] *be p 2.*

Then will I fweare to *Kate*, and *Kate* to mee :
And may our vowes once made, vnbroken bee.

142

F I N I S.



[G 4]

[p. 95]
[col. 2]

Receiue each other. God speake this Amen.

*All. Amen.**King.* Prepare we for our Marriage : on which day,370. *we]* om. 3. 4.372 My Lord of Burgundy wee'le take your Oath
And all the Peeres, for suretie of our Leagues.Then shall I sweare to *Kate*, and you to me,
And may our Oathes well kept and prosp'rous be.*Senet. Exeunt.*

Sonet

*Enter Chorus.*Thus farre with rough, and all-vnable Pen,
Our bending Author hath pursu'd the Story,
In little roome confining mightie men,
4 Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time : but in that small, most greatly liued
This Starre of England. Fortune made his Sword ;
By which, the Worlds best Garden he atchieued :

8 And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord.

8.] *Lord,**Henry* the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King succeed :
Whose State so many had the managing,12 That they lost France, and made his England bleed :
Which oft our Stage hath showne ; and for their fake,
In your faire minds let this acceptance take.12.] *make*

F I N I S.

[Triangular tail-piece as generally inserted in original whenever
sufficient space is left.]

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- Series II. Cymbeline:** *a.* A Reprint of the Folio of 1623; *b.* a revised Edition with Introduction and Notes, by W. J. Craig, Esq., M.A., Trinity College, Dublin.

The following works have been suggested for publication:—

1. Parallel Texts of the imperfect sketches of *b.* Hamlet, and its Quarto 2 (with the Folio and a revised Text); *c.* Merry Wives of Windsor, and Folio 1; *d.* The Contention, and Henry VI, Part 2, in F1; The True Tragedy, and Henry VI, Part 3, in F1.
2. Parallel Texts of the following Quarto Plays and their versions in the First Folio, with collations: Richard III, Q1; 2 Henry IV, Q1; Troilus and Cressida, Q1; Lear, Q1: to show the relations of the Folio text to that of the previous editions. Of Othello, four Texts, Q1, Q2, F1, and a revised Text.
3. Parallel Texts of the two earliest Quartos of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Merchant of Venice*; to show which edition is the better basis for a revised text.
4. The First Quartos of *Much Ado about Nothing*; *Loues Labour's Lost*; *Richard II*; *1 Henry IV*; from which the copies in the Folio were printed.

Reprints in Quarto of the remaining Folio Plays, with collations. When possible, the passages which Shakspeare used from North's Plutarch, Holinshed's and Halle's Chronicles, &c., will be printed opposite the texts of his Roman and Historical Plays. Also the plots of the old plays of 'The Taming of a Shrew,' 'Promos and Cassandra,' 'The troublesome raigne of King John,' &c., will be printed parallel with the plots of Shakspeare's Plays that were founded on them. In all Reprints of Quarto and Folio editions of Shakspeare's Plays, the numbers of act, scene, and line, will be given in the margin, so as to make the books handy to work with.

Series V. *The Contemporary Drama.* Works suggested by Mr Richard Simpson (see *The Academy*, Jan. 31, 1874, p. 120-1):—

- a.* The Works of Robert Greene, Thomas Nash (with a selection from Gabriel Harvey's), Thomas Lodge, and Henry Chettle.
- b.* The Arraignment of Paris (Peele's); Arden of Feversham; George-a-Greene; Lochrine; King Edward III (of which Act ii. is by a different hand, and that, almost certainly Shakspeare's); Mucedorus; Sir John Oldcastle; Thomas Lord Cromwell; The Merry Devil of Edmonton; The London Prodigal; The Puritan; A Yorkshire Tragedy; Faire Em; The Birth of Merlin; The Siege of Antwerp; The Life and Death of Thomas Stucley; A Warning to Fair Women. (Perhaps 'The Prodigal Son,' and 'Hester and Ahasuerus,' extant in German Translations.)
- c.* The Martinist and Anti-Martinist Plays of 1589-91; and the Plays relating to the quarrel between Dekker and Jonson in 1600.
- d.* Lists of all the Companies of Actors in SHAKSPEARE'S time, their Directors, Players, Plays, and Poets.
- e.* Dr Wm. Gager's *Meleager*, a tragedy, printed Oct. 1592 (with the correspondence relating to it between Dr Gager of Christ Church, and Dr John Reynolds of Corpus (Univ. Coll. Oxf. MS. J. 18; and at Corpus). Also, Reynolds's rejoinder in 1593, 'The Overthrow of Stage Plays,' &c., with the letters between him and Gentilis. Also, Gentilis's 'Disputatio de Actoribus et Spectatoribus Fabularum non notandis.' Hannov. 1659. And 'Fucus sive Histriomastix' (a play against Reynolds), Lambeth MS. 838).
- f.* Robert Chester's *Love's Martyr*—from which Shakspeare's lines to the 'Phoenix and Turtle' were taken—with an Introduction showing who Salisbury was, to whom the Chorus Vatum dedicates the book; and showing the relation between Chester's poem and Shakspeare's *Cymbeline*.

Richard II, and the other Plays in Egerton MS. 1994 (suggested by Mr J. O. Halliwell).
The Returne from Parnassus, 1606; to be edited by the Rev. A. B. Grosart.

Series VI. Edward Hake's *Touchstone*, 1574; William Stafford's *Compendious or briefe Examination of certeyne ordinary Complaints of divers of our Countreyemen, in these our Days*, 1581; and Thomas Powell's *Tom of all Trades*, 1631; edited by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A.

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Henry the Fifth.

REPRINTED FROM THE FIRST FOLIO, 1623.

EDITED BY

DR. B. NICHOLSON.

PUBLISHED FOR

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2. Parallel Texts of the following Quarto Plays and their versions in the First Folio, with collations: Richard III, Q 1; 2 Henry IV, Q 1; Troilus and Cressida, Q 1; Lear, Q 1. Of Othello, four Texts: Q 1, Q 2, F 1, and a revised Text.

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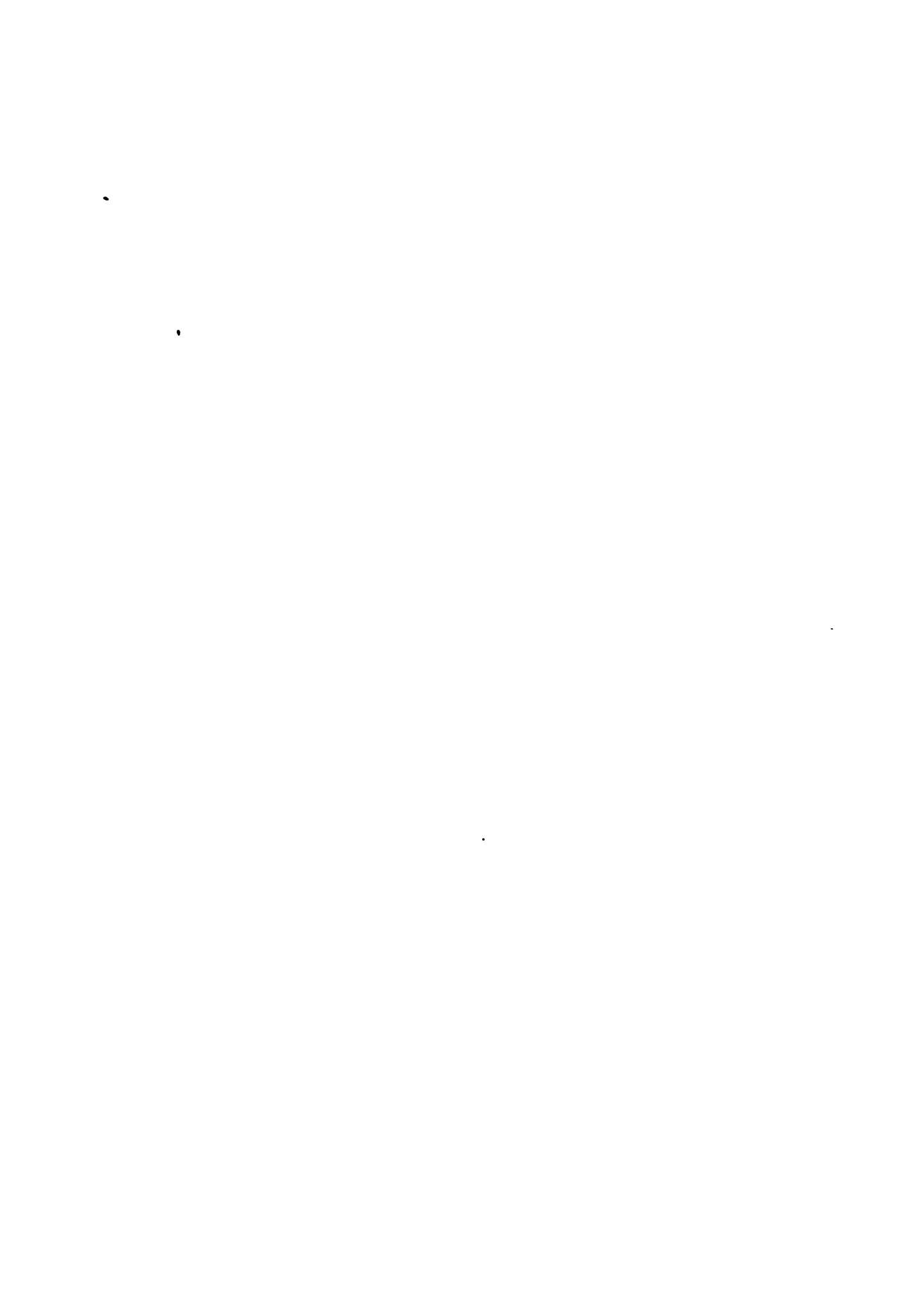
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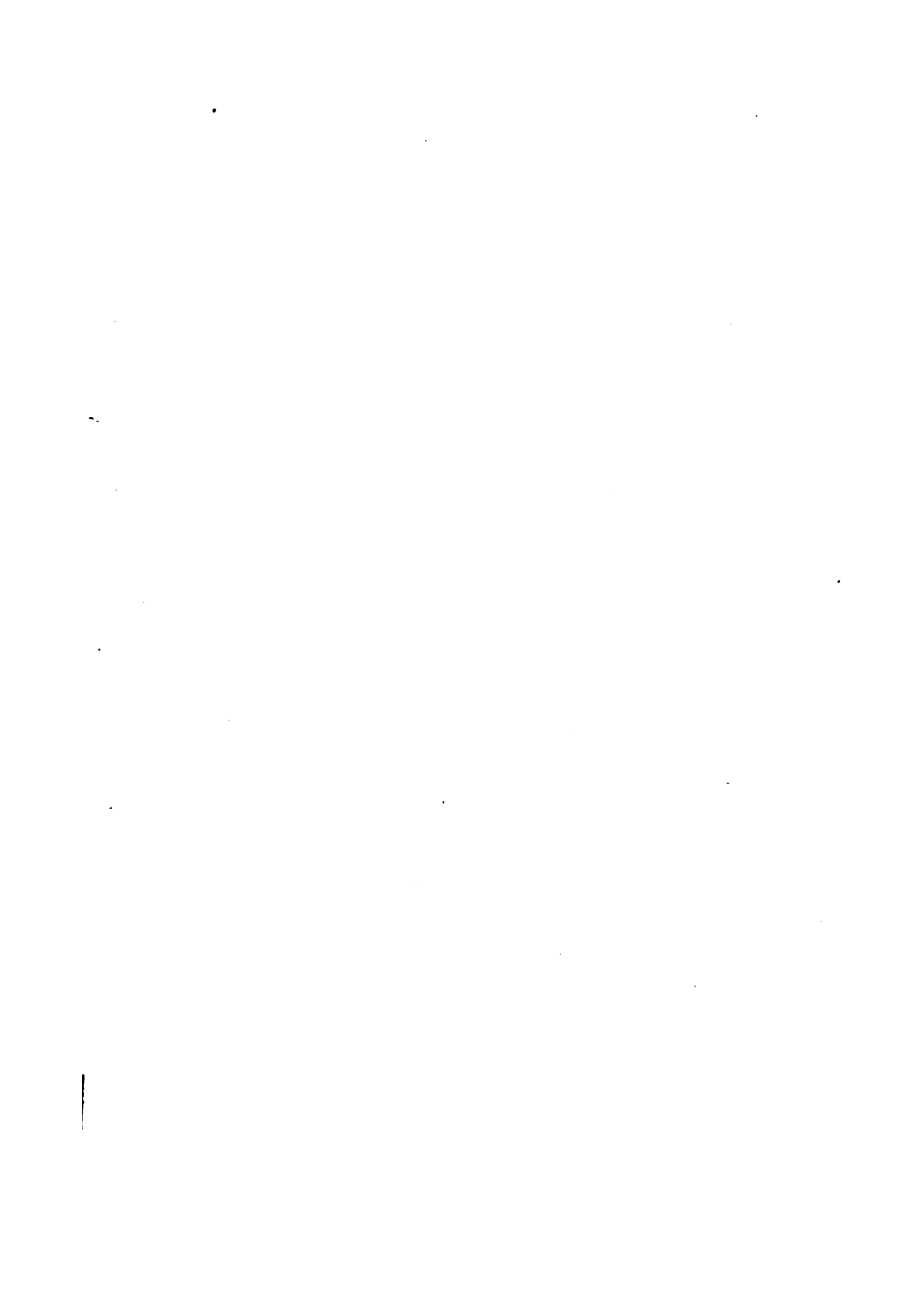
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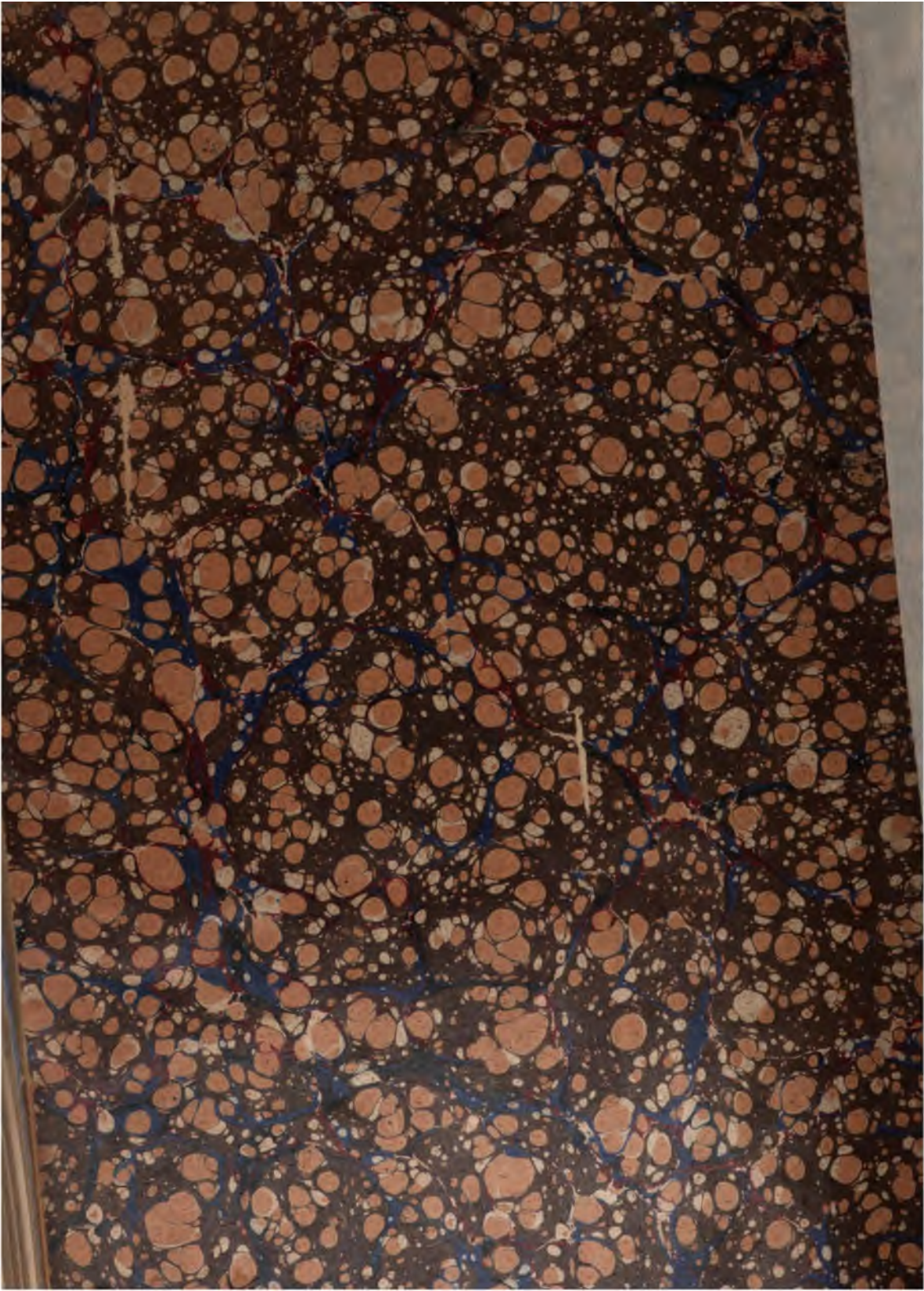
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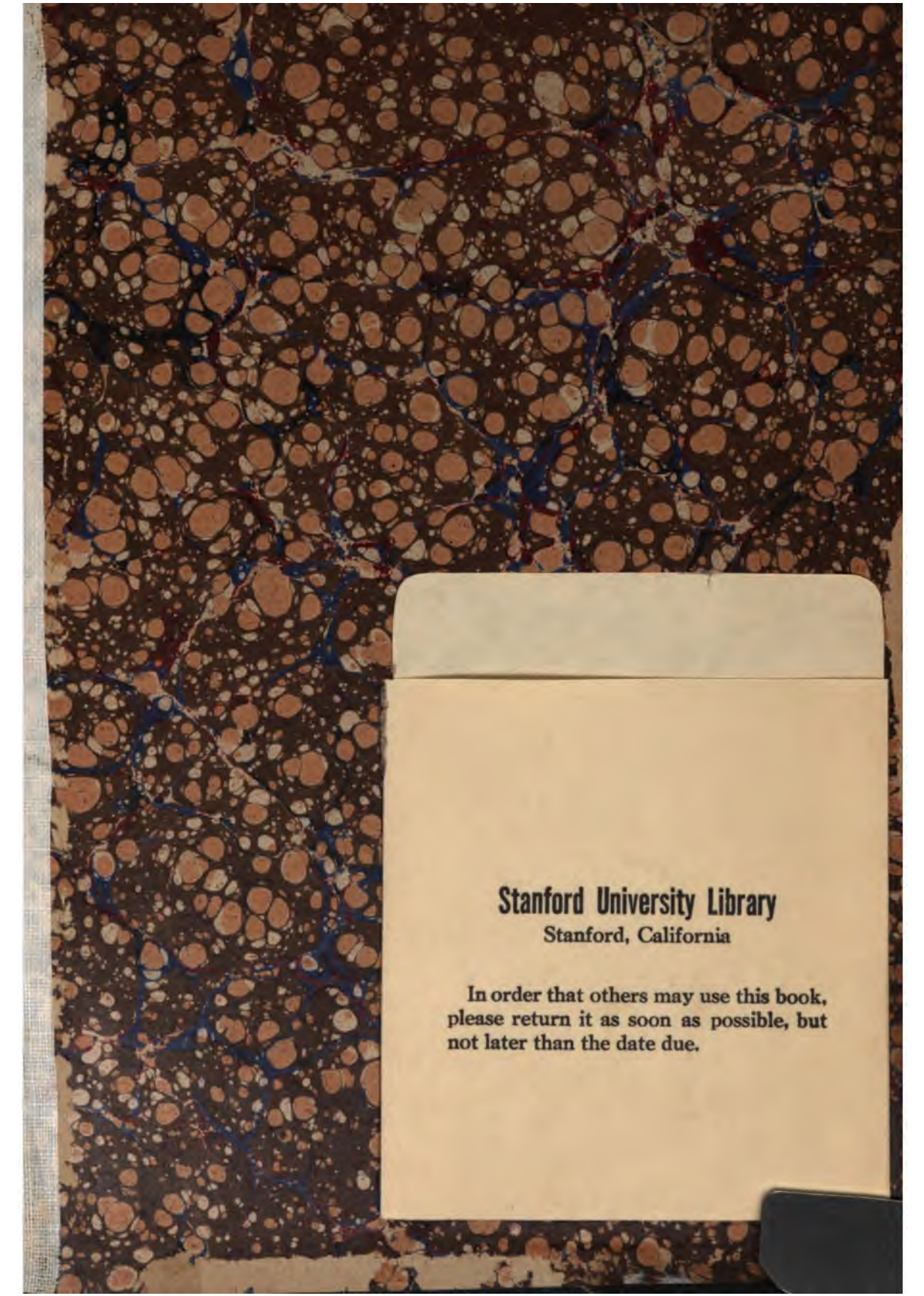












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